

December 8, 1965

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper

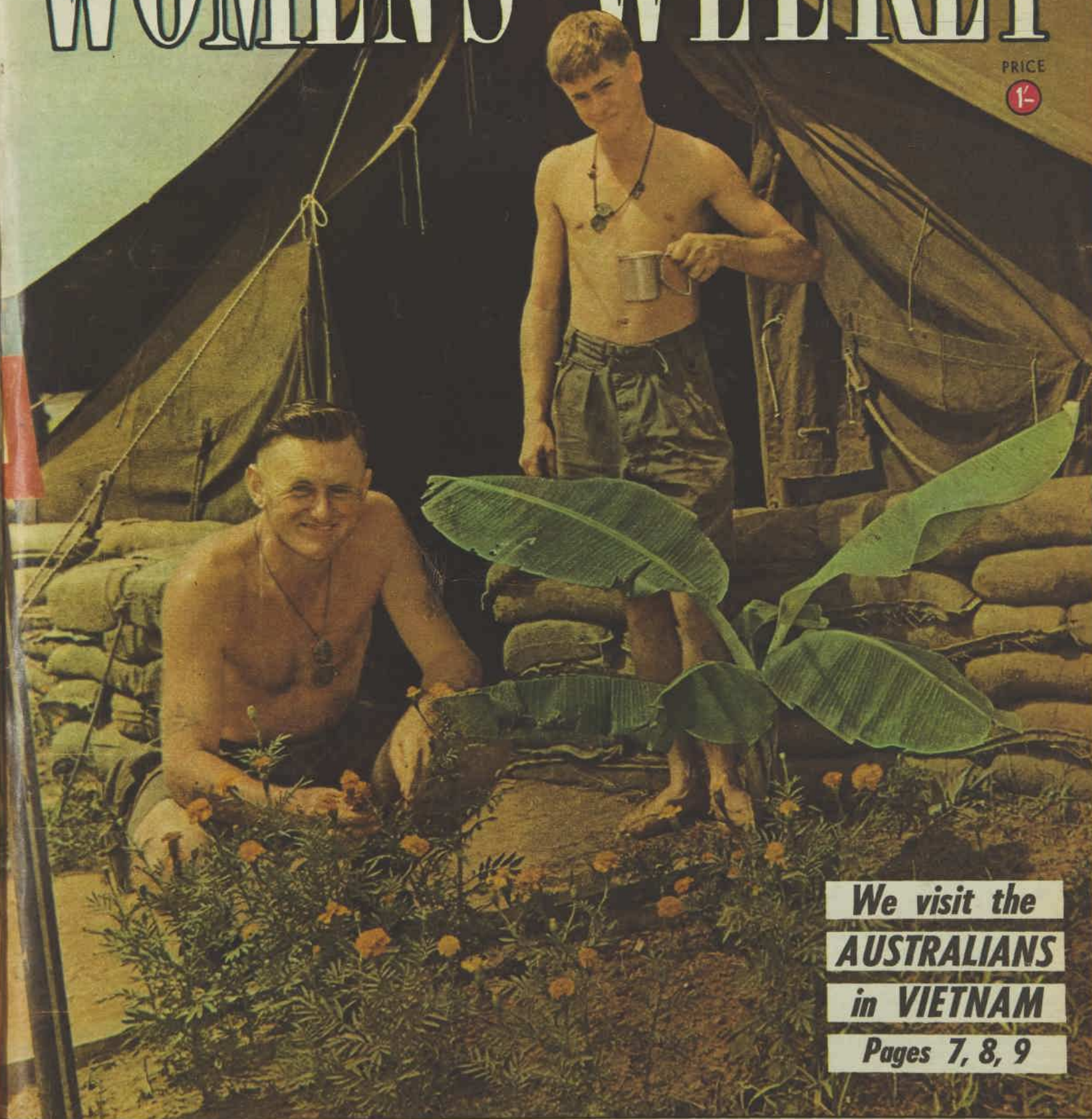
The Australian

Over 830,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

1/-



**We visit the
AUSTRALIANS
in VIETNAM
Pages 7, 8, 9**

**16-PAGE COOKBOOK | How to make KITES | COLOR PICTURES OF
BY ROBERT CARRIER | How to play A GUITAR | INLAND WALKABOUT**

Wiltshire

CRAFTSMAN-MADE CUTLERY

gifts
she'll treasure
every day

Choose from the beautiful range created for Australian homes by Australian craftsmen.

No. 140 CARVING SET

An elegant 3-piece set — knife with precision hollow-ground blade, handsome fork with permanent guard, and a special sharpening steel. Wide choice of handles. In attractive gift boxes from only 69/6. With lustrous pearl handles, 85/-.



No. 701 'FIESTA' CHEF SET

Five keen kitchen knives with colour-harmonised handles, on an exclusive permanently magnetised wall rack. Convenient, safe and colourful. Protects knife edges. Only 95/-, in attractive gift box.



No. 45 GRILL SET

Wiltshire grill knives have hand ground scalloped serrations that give a smooth, continuous cutting action. With matching white-handled forks in a gift pack of 8 pieces the price is only 79/6 with lustrous pearl handles, only 92/6.



The above are only part of over 100 items in the Wiltshire Cutlery range which includes fine kitchen knives, fish sets, buffet forks, etc. Stocked by all good stores.



Moping Mark yesterday A 'model boy' today!

"Mark just mopes about the house", said his mother. "Could be temporary constipation", replied the family chemist. So last night Mark's mother gave him Laxettes, the children's laxative. Today he's bright and active as could be. Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative. When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes! 3/6. (35 cents).

MAY WE SUGGEST . . .

The ideal gift for everyone is a subscription to
The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

RATES	AUST.	NEW GUIN.	N.Z.	BRIT. DOMS.	FOREIGN
1 YEAR	£1 3s 6d	£2 3s 6d	£2 12s 0d	£2 12s 6d	£3 3s 6d
1 YEAR	£3 9s 0d	£4 7s 0d	£5 4s 0d	£5 5s 0d	£6 11s 0d

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 408F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 34-36 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 389A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

Printed by Compress Printing Ltd., of 163 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

DECEMBER 8, 1965

Vol. 33, No. 28

Special Features

Report from Vietnam	7-9
How To Make Kites	29-33
Northern Walkabout	37-43
THE ROBERT CARRIER COOKBOOK	Centre lift-out

Fashion

Flowery Fashions for Summer	22, 23
Dress Sense, Betty Keep	24
Fashion Frocks	78
Needlework Notions	92
Butterick Patterns	111

Fiction

Today Is Ours, Elizabeth Field	47
The Third Wife, Darrell Bates	49
Personal Account, Olga Rosmanith	50, 51
Strictly a Loser (Serial — Part 2), Edna Sherry	52

CONTENTS

Regular Features

Social	10, 11
TV Parade	15
Letter Box, Ross Campbell	35
Stars	89
Mandrake, Crossword	103
Teenagers' Weekly	107-110
Family Affairs	
Prize Recipes	61
Gardening: Chosen for the Foliage	71-73
Collectors' Corner, Home Hints	77
Two Readers' Stories	81
At Home with Margaret Sydney	87
Transfer	90

WORTH REPORTING

THE only Australian girl in uniform in South Vietnam is pretty 25-year-old Pam Spence, of Bentleigh, Victoria, reports our News Editor, Dorothy Drain, who is in Vietnam (story, page 7).

Pam is an Australian Red Cross Field Service Officer and she looks after the welfare of Australians who pass through the American 3rd Military Field Hospital at Saigon.

To this hospital Australian casualties are brought from the American field hospital at Bien Hoa. Serious cases are evacuated to Butterworth, Malaya.

Pam shares an office with Miss Dorothy Welker, American Red Cross Field Director, and the two girls combine their work for patients at this hospital, which was recently expanded from 100 beds to 321.

They visit the men twice a day with coffee and cookies (the cookies are flown from Japan, where they are home-made by American servicemen's wives); they send

OUR COVER

• In Vietnam, Company Sergeant-Major Eric Smith, of Macquarie Fields, N.S.W., tends the garden outside his tent (he has planted marigolds, bananas, and two pineapples), watched by Private John Thatcher, of Moe, Victoria. The cover picture was taken by staff photographer Ron Berg, who, with our News Editor, Dorothy Drain, is visiting Australian troops serving in Vietnam (story and pictures, pages 7 to 9).

messages to families and units, write letters for the wounded, provide comforts such as slippers, writing materials, and toilet gear.

Pam works 13 days out of 14, lives with American nurses at a villa next door to the hospital. She came to Saigon in July from Singapore, where she had worked for 15 months. Before she went on overseas service, she taught handicrafts to servicemen in Melbourne.

Although an average of five or six Australians are usually in this hospital, there was only one on the day of my visit. Pam is pictured handing him coffee. He is Regimental Sergeant-Major Don McKay, of Ingleburn,

N.S.W., who won a Military Medal at Kokoda in 1942.

Originally this hospital was built as a school for children of U.S. servicemen. It was finished early this year, had been occupied only two months when dependents were moved out of South Vietnam.

To tour gardens

GARDENING expert Mr. Owen Fletcher, FRHS, will lead about 20 Australian garden-lovers on a month's tour of British and Dutch gardens, leaving Sydney on April 29.

Mr. Fletcher planned the tour to include his favorite gardens—public gardens at their peak and private gardens not usually open to tourists.

He wants to give Australian gardeners a wonderful opportunity to gather ideas for improving gardens here.

Mr. Fletcher's nursery at Burradoo, N.S.W., is probably Australia's most photographed garden.

Import regulations will prevent him from taking any plants to present to gardens on the tour route. But if he meets British gardeners interested in a specific Australian plant, Mr. Fletcher will arrange to have it sent along—as a thank-you from the tour group.



• Pam Spence and RSM Don McKay.

Advertisement

Summer Beauty



Mrs. M. Reynolds, Beauty Skin Care Consultant.

THIS can be the most beautiful summer you've ever known. Although the face of summer may be as pale as milk-and-roses or faintly tanned to satin-gold, above all it must be soft-complexioned, fresh and flawless. To achieve a lovely summer beauty you need only smooth a film of moist tropical oil over your complexion. Used as a powder base under your make-up. Oil of Ulan will cherish your skin all through summer and help to keep your complexion looking youthfully fresh and flawless all day long. Here are some beauty suggestions that will help you to remain radiantly lovely throughout the summer and beyond.

A Beauty Tonic

GIVE your skin a delightful bloom to last through the driest and hottest of summers. Damp a cloth in ice-cold water, on which sprinkle some lemon Delph freshener, and smooth it over your face and neck. Feel how the skin responds to the toning and refreshing action. Now, to nourish and hold the bloom, smooth on your oil of Ulan and use it always under your make-up to protect against the weather and to give the skin that youthful, dewy look.

Outdoor Beauty

FUN in the sun can give your looks that extra little sparkle, but don't overdo it in the early stages and be especially careful when sunbathing. Sun can also be drastically harsh on your complexion, so be sure to protect your skin by smoothing on a film of oil of Ulan before going into the sunshine. This Ulan oil fulfils the function of protecting and nourishing the complexion against the drying effects which cause wrinkle dryness.

The magazine
of
brighter
reading
Everybody's

look alive with The
The Bulletin
Political comment • News & Views
EVERY WEEK, ONLY 2/-

Now it's the "Granny" dress

By LESLIE WILSON in New York

● A usually unflappable New York traffic policeman flipped, cab-drivers cheered, truckies gave right of way with a whistle and a grin, and dour people in busy Manhattan nodded approval as models appeared in the streets in the latest teenage fashion — the "Granny" dress.

"GRANNY" dresses—a complete reversal of form from the Shrimpton skirt styles—are sweeping America, plummeting hemlines from high above the knee to almost ground length.

The same youngsters who so recently screamed for Courreges and Mary Quant skirt lengths have now latched on to the "Granny"—which resembles neither.

The "Granny" looks what it sounds—a throwback to Grandma's day. There's nothing complicated about it—simply an Empire-line with lots of frills, eyelets, and bows. The big click is the long skirt.

Origin of America's "Granny" dress is uncertain.

The story goes that a teenager was chided during a televised dance party about her ultra-short skirt. For the next night's show she had a hemline an inch above the

ground, and everyone wanted a similar outfit.

"Grannies" were first named "Gooseys"—some say after Mother Goose of nursery-rhyme fame—but "Granny" was the name finally adopted within the teenage cult along the go-ahead West Coast, including Disneyland and Hollywood.

Best selling "Granny" so far is in small patterned calico print; but floral designs, and even towelling, are catching on fast.

As the fashion snowballs, splinter styles like the two-piece "Granny Hugger" (below right) and the bare midriff "Granny Frugger" (right) have developed.

Teenagers have been wearing the slit-skirt "Grannies" for parties and teen balls.

Now it is suggested as a line for swinging young matrons, and perhaps as a comfortable sleeping outfit.

For as little as £A5 a 16-year-old can feel glamorous and her mum can have a comfortable, youthful-looking dress.

Pictures by Bill Wilson



FLOOR-LENGTH skirts mark the "Granny" dress. Both teenagers and young matrons use the style for day wear on the West Coast of the U.S. The more conservative East is beginning to follow suit.



"GRANNY FRUGGER" dress with bare midriff catches the eye—even the normally imperturbable policeman is interested (above). This is a splinter style, varying the "Granny" theme.

COMFORT is a keynote, and there's plenty of color, too, in the "Granny" at left. All the pictures were taken as the new style was shown in New York streets.

TWO-PIECE "Granny Hugger" (right)—another splinter style. London's "In" group has ankle-length Mod dresses, but they're more like shifts—that grew—quite different from "Grannies."



NEXT WEEK

● From Christmas Eve to Twelfth Night on January 5, the festive fortnight of the Christmas season means the housewife must plan gala meals of all types . . . and our **Sixteen-page lift-out**

The 14 days of Christmas

gives recipes for all occasions — from traditional dinners to informal meals (this beauty is a Twelfth Night cake).



And:



● When he was six, Gerald Durrell knew exactly what he wanted to do when he grew up: he would have his own zoo. Now a famous animal expert and author, he has his zoo—on Jersey, in the Channel Isles. In the first long instalment of **"Menagerie Manor"**

. . . he describes the joys—and headaches—of running his zoo.



And:

● Does your hair get ruffled and untidy and difficult in summer?



Well, now. Keep your hair trim and tidy with our

NEW BIKINI HEADGEAR

There are five new fashions to make—like this headband plait.

And:

First love, first heartbreak

. . . the rapture and confusion of a young girl's first romance.

And:

● The story behind the new film **"LIFE AT THE TOP"**

WRITING HIS WAY TO THE TOP

By BERENICE CRAIG

● William Dick has literally written his way out of Melbourne's Footscray slums where he was raised. His novel, **"A Bunch of Ratbags,"** has been a success and he is working on a second book.

THE nice young man who opened the door of the neat, attractive villa in one of Melbourne's quiet eastern suburbs looked a typical product of his surroundings.

Tallish, broad-shouldered, impeccably groomed in dark blue slacks, lighter blue lambswool sweater with matching shirt and tie, his manner was pleasant, his brown eyes direct, his handshake firm and friendly.

An ex-Grammar School boy, perhaps? Or from one of the high schools in the area?

Surely not the prototype of Terry Cooke, bodge hero of the recently published Australian novel **"A Bunch of Ratbags"**?

But this was William Dick, whose vivid, 95 percent autobiographical account of his life in Footscray (called Goodway in the book), one of Melbourne's slums, way over on the other side of town, will shock his present neighbors and many others.

If it does, then 27-year-old William Dick will be happy. This was the only sort of shock he aimed for when he wrote the book; a book which paints a horrifying picture of how juveniles become delinquents, and does it so simply and logically that it hits harder than any contrived social message.

The novel was launched in England some months ago and is already into its second impression there.

In Australia, it is selling well.

The criminology department at the University of Melbourne has accepted the

book to put on their list as preliminary reading for students.

Australian best-selling author Morris West wrote the introduction to **"A Bunch of Ratbags"**. He describes it as "a natural—a sad, comic, violent, compelling document, the true record of a human spirit struggling to grow like a flower in a weed patch."

Sense of drama

"It has everything that makes a good book and a good writer: sincerity, narrative drive, a sense of the drama concealed in the commonplace."

William Dick was two-thirds of the way through his book, desperately ill and ready to give the whole thing away, when he read a magazine article about Morris West's **"Children of the Sun,"** the story of slum children in Naples.

"I thought to myself, 'His reasons for writing are my reasons,' he went in and took a look, I'm looking out," explained Dick.

"I wasn't a literary person. I never read books, but I read **'Children of the Sun'**. After that, I kept every cutting I could find on Morris West. The guy became my idol."

"It took me five long, hard years to complete **'A Bunch of Ratbags'**, but when I finished it I sent it to him."

Five months ago, a publishers' advance enabled William Dick to move his married sister Shirley ("Joanie" of the book) and her six-year-old daughter, Debra, both of whom he has taken under his wing, from under the grey, smoke-dimmed Footscray skies into the high, clean atmosphere of their present home.

Although he says he is still "more than fond of Footscray" and regards it as his hometown, he is convinced that three-quarters of the young hoodlums who formed his boyhood gang there would follow his example—if they could.

"But so many of them are stuck with it," he said simply. "If people could choose where to be born,

they'd never choose a slum. In their hearts, slum people would very much like to live on the other side of town. There is a jealousy of the luckier ones, and where there's jealousy there's trouble."

It was this resentment, grown to a baffled anger in himself, that made him start to write **"A Bunch of Ratbags."**

"It was a resentment against poverty and people allowing it to exist," he said.

"I hoped my book would create a bit of understanding and teach people to try to treat cause rather than effect."

"I chose the title because I want those who read it to ask, 'Who are the ratbags? Are they the kids, society in general, the dogooders, the police, or the government?'"

Writing came hard and slow, and during this time the gastric ulcer which first made its presence felt when he was only 16 increased in severity. A nervous breakdown further complicated his confused young life and he was more off work than on.

The description of Terry Cooke's illness in **"A Bunch of Ratbags"** is William Dick's own medical history. Finally, he was sent back on the road to health.

From his pleasant home, Dick looks back on the activities of his bodge gang and makes no apologies.

"I'm not proud of any of it, but I'm not horrified, either," he said. "Things just couldn't have been any different for me. It's no use looking at the past. What I want to do now is try to stop those things happening to others in the future."

Beatings

Of the tough guys with whom he used to be proud to hold his own, he said:

"The tough guy isn't happy. He's dead scared underneath. He's scared all the time. He doesn't know this, but it's what makes him do the things he does to get even with the world."

Severe beatings, mostly from his father, were part of his young life and, like the dead-end jobs, the gang "blues," and stresses of his environment, contributed to his illness, but Dick bears no malice.

"I think slum parents are very brave, battling against impossible conditions. They get discouraged and often hopeless and, after a while, they accept the hopelessness and the despair that comes with it."

Both of Dick's parents, who are still in the house in Footscray which he describes room by room in **"A Bunch of Ratbags,"** were born in the country. Lack of work forced their families to the city.

"Footscray, with its factories, was the logical place to go. My father and mother met in Footscray and have never been anywhere else."

William Dick is a bachelor, but, like Terry Cooke, he hopes to marry the right girl some day.



● Young Melbourne author William Dick gets on with his second book in his favorite writing spot—the kitchen.

ADVENTURES WITH MUSIC

● *Symphony music is far from dull for Mrs. Diane Susskind. Ennis Honey learned of some of the hair-raising experiences of the Susskinds in this interview . . .*

WHEN famous Czech orchestral conductor Walter Susskind toured Australia recently for the ABC, one of the most enthusiastic members of his audience at every concert was his beautiful wife, Diane.

For Mrs. Susskind this is a complete change of role. She also is used to limelight and applause. Before her marriage four years ago she was American dancer Diane Hartman, star of nightclubs in New York and Las Vegas, and of Jack Benny's TV show from Hollywood.

Jack Benny introduced her to Walter Susskind. A year later they were married. She has no regrets. She finds life with her musician husband far more glamorous and exciting than Hollywood.

"I met interesting people in Hollywood, but I met many more now. I have lovelier clothes, and I travel all over the world," she said.

"I've been to a bullfight with Picasso—Walter knows him well; I've survived an earthquake and a revolution, and I've been blinded by tear gas."

(And some people say "good" music is dull!)

Frightening

The tear-gas incident occurred the day the Susskinds arrived in Santiago, capital of Chile.

"We set off on foot to see the sights and became mixed up with a demonstrating group of university students. Police broke up the demonstration with tear gas. Imagine how you feel when peeling onions; exaggerate it ten times and you have a faint idea of its effect."

From Santiago the Susskinds flew to Lima in Peru. They arrived in the middle of a presidential election in 1963 and thought the city was in the throes of a civil war.

"The atmosphere was quite frightening," Mrs. Susskind recalled. "The defeated candidates marched on the capital to the blaring of loudspeakers. Shops and other buildings were boarded up, and every second man seemed to be carrying a Tommy-gun."

"A crowd of excited Peruvians, realising we were strangers, followed us back to our hotel, shouting and gesticulating. I began to wonder what sort of reception Walter would get at that



ABOVE: Lovely Mrs. Diane Susskind, wearing a silk gown and matching sari. LEFT: Diane and her husband, Walter, make friends with a koala at Lone Pine Wild Life Sanctuary, Brisbane.

night's concert. To our surprise the audience was wonderful, gay, friendly, and enthusiastic.

"But that wasn't the end of the excitement. We had just got to bed when the city was rocked by a sudden earthquake. Our beds shook like ships in a hurricane, the towels waved wildly, and everything movable crashed to the floor. It was morning before it subsided."

"We were glad to get out of Lima, but we couldn't leave Peru without visiting Machu Picchu, the ancient Inca city in the Andes. I hadn't the faintest idea what the journey would entail."

"First we flew to Cuzco, 11,500 feet above sea-level, in an unpressurised plane. We had to breathe oxygen from most unhygienic-looking tubes. Worse still, Walter's tube broke. So he had to share mine. While one of us took a few puffs the other gasped for breath."

"The second stage of the journey was by a slow train which slid backwards each time it had to climb a steep bend. From the train we transferred to a small bus."

Eventually the bus pulled up at the edge of a deep ravine. Machu Picchu, the mountain-top sanctuary used by the Inca rulers in times of distress, is considered to be the most awe-inspiring

sight in South America, but to reach it the travellers had to cross the ravine, at the bottom of which was a turbulent river.

"The only way across that I could see," said Mrs. Susskind, "was by a hand-made Indian bridge swaying precariously in the breeze. I was sure I'd never have the courage to walk across it."

"Then the driver told us to get back into the bus. 'Ah,' I said to Walter. 'There must be a proper bridge farther along.'"

"But, no! To our horror our cheerful Latin driver drove on to the Indian bridge and rocketed us across."

"After a stiff climb on foot for another thousand feet

"As we wondered what was going to happen next, an American drove up. We jumped into his car, but he wouldn't answer questions either. Without a word of explanation he drove wildly out of the city for about 20 miles and dumped us on a deserted beach."

"We hitch-hiked back to Caracas to find the city had been bombed. That American had probably saved our lives. Fortunately the airport was still open and with only seconds to spare we caught the last plane out."

In 1962 Walter Susskind became artistic director of the famous summer music festival at Aspen, Colorado, which lasts for nine weeks. "I adore Aspen," Diane

spruce looking through the ceiling-to-floor windows. To reach it we either walk up 114 steps or use our ski-lift. It's only failed us once.

"As I was coming down one morning the cable snapped. The lift began to fall at three times its normal speed, and I could see myself with a broken neck as it hit the ground. So I jumped. Thanks to my ballet training I wasn't hurt at all."

Because she travels to so many countries Diane Susskind has an unusually varied wardrobe. Among her favorite clothes are Chanel suits and several silk dresses made by Italian designer Emilio Pucci. "Wonderful for travelling. They weigh only ten ounces and never crush."

She also has suede outfits from Madrid, silk and wool suits from Vienna, and several lovely Indian saris.

"Saris don't crush either. The first question I always ask is whether the clothes are uncrushable."

Walter Susskind designs many of his wife's clothes. One outfit of blue velvet, trimmed with silver mink and a Cossack-style hat, was for her to wear to the reception to the Russian ambassador during the Bolshoi Ballet's visit to Toronto.

"It made such a hit with the ambassador that he invited me to Russia."

Mrs. Susskind made

another hit with the Russians last year when her husband went back to his native Czechoslovakia for the first time in 25 years to conduct three music festivals.

A beaming official presented her with the Russian Medal of Beauty and another invitation to visit Russia.

Kept busy

Unlike most wives, Diane Susskind rarely has to do housework or cook. "We stay mostly in hotels or serviced apartments. But I'm kept busy," she said.

"I check all Walter's paraphernalia before each concert and do all the packing. It now takes me only an hour to pack for anywhere in the world."

"Protecting him keeps me busy. Aspiring musicians waylay him in hotel corridors asking for auditions or giving impromptu ones. They (and their mothers) even telephone at midnight. He'd hear them all if I let him—he's so kind."

Diane Susskind hopes to accompany her husband to South-East Asian countries soon, and expects they will give exciting surprises.

"But then, life with Walter is one surprise after another. One day, quite out of the blue, he gave me a mink coat. Another time it was a beautiful song he had written for me."

Susskinds on tour

and with our noses bleeding badly because of the high altitude, we reached Machu Picchu."

From Machu Picchu the Susskinds went to Caracas, Venezuela, and a revolution.

"It was not until later that we realised what was going on," said Mrs. Susskind. "But when we stepped out of the plane officials 'frisked' us—searched us for firearms. I suddenly felt very frightened. The atmosphere was eerie. No one would answer our questions."

Susskind said. "Walter took me there for our honeymoon and I look forward to going back every year. It was originally a Wild West town. Many of the old buildings including the opera house are still there. Last year I danced in Stravinsky's 'History of a Soldier' with Walter conducting. Many of the new buildings, including motels, are in Swiss chalet style, but we live in a 'tree-house.'"

"It's built out from the side of a hill over a deep gully with giant pines and



**The one
safe, sure way
to kill this
filthy fly,**

**spray
Mortein**



Just one fly. Yet he could 'be loaded with five million disease germs to menace your family's health. Polio, hepatitis, typhoid, gastro-enteritis and more. These are the deadly killers he could be carrying into your home. There is only one *safe*, sure way to kill flies . . . spray Mortein. **Flies and insects can never become immune to Mortein** Mortein kills all insects, even those resistant to DDT, dieldrin, lindane and other hazardous ingredients used in inferior insect sprays. Insects can never develop a

resistance to Mortein — powerful Mortein kills them all. **Mortein is deadliest to flies, yet safest to use** Mortein Pressure * Pak and Mortein Plus both contain costly African Pyrethrum, synergised with Piperonyl Butoxide. These are the most powerful insect killing ingredients known to science and the safest of all to use. Mortein is different from other insect sprays and can safely be sprayed near little children, food and pets. **Spray Safe . . . Spray Only Mortein.**



When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it! 



Dorothy Drain

In Vietnam: marigolds —and shrapnel scars

By DOROTHY DRAIN, our News Editor, who is in Vietnam. She is the first Australian woman journalist to visit the Australian troops serving there.

● To reach the Australian battalion at Bien Hoa (pronounced Bin Hwa) in South Vietnam, you travel 22 miles from Saigon. "You could take a taxi to the war" is the way an American officer put it.

YOU do not, of course, take a taxi, because that would be neither advisable nor permissible.

But, if you imagine going from Sydney to Liverpool or from Melbourne to the Dandenongs and finding yourself on the edge of hostile territory, you have some idea of the situation.

Eighteen miles of the route is along a four-lane highway, regarded as the only safe road out of Saigon. Safe by day, that is. After dark there has been some shooting at trucks. Now no military traffic uses it after nightfall.

Two days before we took the road to Bien Hoa staff photographer Ron Berg and I had flown a thousand miles across the South China Sea from Manila. By now the first shocks and surprises of Saigon had worn off.

We were inured to the steaming heat, to the bewildering swirl of cars, trucks, and bikes, bikes, bikes. There must be more bicycles, plain, motorised, and three-wheel, in Saigon than anywhere else in the world.

I no longer shuddered—or not so much — at the five stakes in the Market Place signifying the place of execution of five Vietnamese men by South Vietnam authorities within the past few months. (Some people say that all five were Viet Cong. Others say that four of them were ordinary criminals.)

We were accustomed to the shabby French colonial architecture of the centre of the city, a seedy tropic echo of the layout of Paris; to the shop signs in Vietnamese and French—relics of the 90-year occupation that ended in 1954 with the partitioning of Vietnam into North and South.

We had ceased to exclaim at the sight of the Vietnamese girls, their long colored silk split tunics flying out over their trousered legs as they sped by on bikes, solo or pillion.

We were resigned to the scarcity and deficiencies of hotel rooms. (A favorite local joke runs: "The Viet Cong will never take Saigon. They can't get accommodation.")

We had met Brigadier O. D. Jackson, Commander of the Australian Army Force, Vietnam; had been accredited by Vietnamese and American authorities. ("I tried not to spoil your hairstyle, ma'am," said the

American negro sergeant who had neatly clipped my oversized portrait to fit on the accreditation card.)

Therefore, we were free to "go to the war" and now we were tearing along the highway in a Land-Rover with Major Allan Hinds, Australian Army Public Relations Officer, and Sergeant Mike Shannon, Army photographer, both of them carrying guns.

"The rule is to travel as fast as you can with safety," explained Major Hinds as we whizzed in and out of military trucks and bikes.

You drive under the blazing sun through flat country, past padi fields, long stretches of low, scrubby vegetation dotted with straggly palms. The monsoon is over and swirling dust replaces mud where the red-brown earth is scarred by industrial developments.

You're there!

You leave the highway and pass through villages swarming with children and plastered with signs reading "Ice" and "Laundry" and turn into the huge airfield, where the Australians are attached to the American 173rd Airborne Brigade. You see a sign "New Gallipoli Barracks, 1st RAR," and you're there.

"What is it like there?" was the question I had most wanted to answer. It is easy enough to say what it looks like — the sandbagged green Army tents with their flaps rolled up; washing strung out neatly behind them; a few prefab aluminium huts; small banana trees planted round the tents.



● Pte. Barry Benson, of Liverpool, N.S.W., above, shakes hands with a Vietnamese boy. Right, Padre Gerald Cudmore, of Preston, Vic., with the bike a Company captured from the Viet Cong and presented to him.

It could be an Army camp in Central Queensland except for the bunkers placed at intervals; the deafening noise from an American artillery battery a few hundred yards away ("Just calibrating the guns," someone explains); and the drone of helicopters and jets landing and taking off from the nearby airstrip.

The role of the Australian Battalion Group (a battalion with support forces) is officially described as the defence of Bien Hoa airbase. It entails continuous patrolling of the four- or five-mile strip between the airbase and the Dong Nai River, and taking part in operations in War Zone D, the territory held by the enemy — the Viet Cong — stretching away from the opposite bank of the river.

Cheerful, serious boys answer questions. To most of them World War II is ancient history. They were babies when it ended.

But after a few exhausting months they are already seasoned soldiers, as their Commander, Lieut.-Colonel I. R. W. Brumfield, and his officers will tell you.

The band was practising as we went by. That's their sparetime job. They are the stretcher-bearers.

B Company Sergeant-Major Eric Smith, who is one of the few old enough to have served in World War II, showed us with pride the marigolds blooming outside his tent.

"The wife sent the seeds. She sent me a Cootamundra wattle, too, and someone swiped it with his big feet."

A minute later I was asking 20-year-old Private John Thatcher, of Moe, Victoria,



● Stakes in the Saigon Market Place signifying the execution place of five Vietnamese men by South Vietnam authorities.

about the shrapnel scars on his chest and arms. "A V.C. booby trap. Trip wires, mostly, with an old jam-tin bomb."

These two conversations seemed at the moment to exemplify the strange mixture that makes up war, but a couple of hours later we were to have the contrasts of this particular war illustrated even more vividly.

We accompanied an expedition to the village of Ong Huong near the Dong Nai River, from where you can look across to War Zone D, the area that has figured in some of Australia's longest casualty lists.

B Company has befriended this village, which is in their patrol area. Fired by the enthusiasm of their commanding officer, Major Ian McFarlane, the men have joined wholeheartedly in the project which is, in its small way, an example of the kind of work that is done on a big scale by huge American civil aid organisations.

B Company has no such organisation behind it — though it has the support of the Battalion commander. And it has Major McFarlane.

If you ask what inspired him he will answer, a little sharply, "It's part of soldiering." And he will go on to explain:



"We are here to help the Vietnamese to fight their war. It is their country. They are proud people. These villages are poor, but they don't want charity."

"What they do need is social services. A million and a half refugees poured into South Vietnam when the country was partitioned. Since then more and more people have been displaced."

"We need the friendship of the people. We enlisted the help of battalion doctors and the dental officer."

"Don't imagine that we were welcomed at first with open arms. We had to win their confidence, and to do that we had first to win the confidence of the Chief."

An hour later, after rattling four or five miles in an Armored Personnel Carrier, one of the three vehicles that made up the convoy, I was drinking a glass of hot tea with the Chief, a very small, thin, oldish man in black silk.

Tiny women

Around us, in the open front of the bamboo and thatch hut, were masses of women and children.

Two medical orderlies, Sergeant Ernest Ross and Corporal Mick Taylor, were putting ointment on head sores and bandaging cut feet. Medical officer Captain Peter Haslau was listening through interpreter Sergeant Ivan Welch to the symptoms of several thin, tiny women.

In the next hut, dental officer Captain Peter Naughton was filling a tooth of a boy. Beside him was a small monkey, chained to a post. "Don't go near it," warned the dental orderly, Corporal Peter Galland. "It only likes Vietnamese."

Outside, soldiers who had guarded us on the journey were giving sweets to a flock of children.

Pigs and chickens ran round between the huts.

Such of the population as did not need medical attention clustered round me. The periodic visits of the troops are popular enough. This time they had brought an entertainer. I didn't have to sing. The sight of an Australian woman was entertainment enough.

Nevertheless, the impressive thing about the visit was the troops' genuine feeling for the villagers' welfare.

"It's different from fighting," I said tentatively to a young private.

"More rewarding," he answered laconically.

It was time to go. I was plying with more tea and we were ready to board the vehicles which had been drawn-up on guard at the ends of the village street.

The chief made a speech to Major McFarlane and Sergeant Welch translated: "When you went on your last operation the village wished you well and hoped you would kill many Viet Cong."

Going back to the base I was staring out at the low scrub and the gloom of an old rubber plantation when Major McFarlane shouted a command to stop.

A young Vietnamese man, neatly dressed in civilian clothes, was walking along by the side of the track. Soldiers leapt out and asked for his papers. Ivan Welch examined them. There was doubt about their authenticity. He was to come back to the base for interrogation.

Docile, he sat down in the vehicle. He looked innocent enough, but he was in a forbidden area. Next day we learned that his papers were genuine. But in this country it is hard to tell an enemy from a friend.

● Continued overleaf



• Contrast of Vietnam war (above). A boy walks up a road used by Australians in Armored Personnel Carriers travelling to the village of Ong Huong.



• Carriers and villagers, right. Ong Huong village has been befriended by members of B Company — it is in an area the company regularly patrols.

VIETNAM (continued)

Where helping a village is part of soldiering

• Outside the 1st Australian Logistic Services Co. at Bien Hoa, right, Major Roderick Macdonald, of Singleton, N.S.W., with (from left) Corporal Alex McKean, of Darra, Qld., Sgt. Fred Howett, of Busselton, W.A., W/O. Stan Edwards, of Wacol, Qld.



• Colonel I. R. W. Brumfield (left), C.O. of the Australian Battalion Group in Vietnam, who says that after a few exhausting months the boys are seasoned soldiers.

• Dorothy Drain, invited to a glass of hot tea by the chief of the village of Ong Huong (right). With her at the table is Major Ian McFarlane, B Company C.O.





• Looking over B Company tents toward Bien Hoa airstrip. The Australian battalion is attached to the American 173rd Airborne Brigade at Bien Hoa. Role of the Australians is officially described as defence of the air base. Bien Hoa is pronounced "Bin Hwa."

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg



• Letter home. Pte. Bill Noble, of Warwick Farm, N.S.W., posts letters to his wife in a mailbox — improvised from an ammunition tin painted the familiar red — at Bien Hoa.



• At Bien Hoa—from left, Pte. Keith Elliott, of Nambour, Qld.; Pte. Gerry Van Hoof, of Summer Hill, N.S.W.; Pte. Kerry Benier, of Kings Cross, N.S.W.; Lieut. Ian Guild, of Woollahra, N.S.W. Below, Pte. Ross Ainscough, of Ipswich, Qld., mounts guard on a perimeter post.



Now! A PUSH-BUTTON WRINGER WASHER!



Only POPE has push-button controls to heat...to start!

With POPE 'Touch 'n' wash' you're still the expert, your POPE does the work giving the cleanest, whitest wash. YOU control the amount of water you use...how hot the water...how long the wash cycle...how much rinsing. POPE'S exclusive 2-way pump quickly empties or fills the big, family-size tub...gleaming, white porcelain enamel, inside and out...highly efficient, 8-position wringer. Every POPE feature is engineered for 'Lifetime Quality' and trouble-free service. Three super-efficient models, from 62 Gns...much less with trade-in.



POPE Touch 'n' Wash

Send for your copy of
the **ROBERT CARRIER**
COOKBOOK Now!

To Angus & Robertson Ltd., 89 Castlereagh St., Sydney.
Please send me immediately ... copy/ies of the Robert Carrier
Cookbook price 10 gns. plus 6/6 postage and packing.

I enclose ... for £ ...
Name ...
Address ...
State ...

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By
Mollie Lyons

THERE'S sure to be a big round of farewell parties as well as Christmas parties during the next few weeks with so many girls leaving soon for holidays overseas.

First off is Diana Maddox, who flies to Munich on December 8 with Margie White for six weeks skiing in Obergurgl and Zurs in Austria, before making London their headquarters for the six months they'll be away.

Julie Zerky will give a Sunday morning drinks-and-swimming party at her Vauluse home on December 5, so that many of Diana's friends will have a last chance to say au revoir.

John Baker is still finalising plans for the party he is arranging at his home at Darling Point on December 22 to farewell Mitty McCoy, Marg Watson, and Kay Vernon, who will sail in the Himalaya on January 3 for Europe and a month's skiing in Zurich and Zurs.

When they reach London the girls plan to buy a car and drive through the Continent together before Mitty meets her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner McCoy, in London in July to return home through the United States. Kay plans to stay at least a year.

On January 18 Justine McCarthy flies off to London again to resume her modelling career, but plans to be back in Australia in November of next year to celebrate her 21st birthday.

TOP broken this week to Mrs. Ashley Bente, who, despite two broken wrists, is going ahead with the Christmas party on December 3 which she and her husband arranged before they left in August for a three-month trip around the world. She tripped on the balcony of their hotel room in Acapulco, Mexico, just after getting out of the swimming-pool and has been in plaster since then—October. Her greatest handicap, she tells me, is being unable to open a door. "If it slams I'm trapped," she said, "and it does happen."

MANY parents to whom I've spoken during the past few weeks tell me they're bracing themselves for the end-of-school round of parties. Best score I've heard of to date is the North Shore lass whose invitations number 31.

NEIGHBORS of Pat and Cedric Flower must often wonder whether they're hearing things when the sound of Greek cowbells comes from the Flowers' three-storey house in Paddington. This is their unique way of communicating when Pat is in her study writing whodunits and Cedric is painting in his studio, where the telephone is. Their house sounds fascinating. Pat's study, which is a separate wing, is reached along an outside catwalk on the second floor. Their most exciting find during the renovation was a wonderful old sandstone wall behind a three-ply partition which they pulled down.

DATE for your diary... the Pied Piper Committee's street stall at Double Bay on December 10. This is always stocked with goodies, and I hear that, as well as home-made cakes and jams, this year there will be an exciting collection of children's bikinis with matching muu-muus.



LUNCHEON. Mrs. John Hearder (left) and Mrs. John Stanbury were among guests at the Christmas luncheon arranged by the newly formed Red Cross city social committee at Prince's Restaurant. The president, Mrs. Sidney Lennon, welcomed more than 150 women, who heard a recital by classical guitarist Gerhard Reese.

MRS. FRANK McCall Power's niece, Gillian Dennis, will be guest-of-honor on December 11 at a kitchen tea Mrs. McCall Power will give for her at her home at Double Bay. Gillian marries John Goldstein at St. Stephen's Church, City, on January 29.

INTERESTING visitor in our midst just now is Princess Maria Auersperg, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. K. Takach De Duka, whom she has not seen for sixteen years. Princess Maria will leave by air on December 7 to rejoin her husband and their five children at their home in Vienna. She told me the family spend quite a lot of time at their country house—Schloss Weitworth—a three-storey castle about ten miles out of Salzburg, which was originally the hunting lodge of the Archbishops of Salzburg.

NEWSY letter from Diana Williams in London tells of her plans to go abroad again — this time for a month's skiing in St. Anton, Austria, with fellow Sydney girl Mary Elizabeth Burns. Di has already visited nine countries on a recent visit to the Continent, and spent one dramatic night in East Germany, when she and her friends were unable to leave in time and were questioned by the police. One of her most exciting outings in London was to the Opening of Parliament. "We had such marvellous seats that the members passed us only a few inches away and we could see the Queen quite clearly."

DUE back in the Orsova on December 17 after eighteen months overseas are Australian author Maysie Greig and her husband, Jan Sopoushek.

STRIKING twosome at a Point Piper yacht club enjoying Sunday morning aperitifs were Mrs. Eric Abrahams and Mrs. Archie Robertson. Mrs. Abrahams teamed slim cyclamen silk slacks with a wonderful patterned silk blouse in lighter pink and Mrs. Robertson's slender pants in sunshine yellow were topped by a white-and-yellow floral silk blouse.

THE 100th anniversary of the birth of the Finnish composer Sibelius is the reason Mr. and Mrs. Thor Thorvaldson (he is the Consul for Finland) are giving a cocktail party at their home at Pymble on December 8. They're hoping for a fine evening, so the 100 guests can wander in the illuminated garden, where recordings of Sibelius's work will be played.

BUSY making plans for twelve months overseas is youthful Antoinette La Farge, who leaves in January for a month's skiing in Switzerland and Austria before settling in Paris, where she will study at the Sorbonne.



ENGAGED. Miss Helen McEachern and Mr. Ian Watson, of "Bandemar" Trangle, who have announced their engagement. Miss McEachern, who is just back from abroad, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. McEachern, of Darlington, Victoria. Her fiancé is the son of Dr. and Mrs. D. G. Watson, of Neutral Bay.



AT LEFT: Newly engaged Miss Margaret Lemmon, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Lemmon, of Double Bay, with her fiancé, Mr. Robert Bookallil, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bookallil, of Dover Heights. They are planning to marry late next year.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hooke with their attendants, Mrs. John Cullen-Ward, Mrs. Ted Hooke, Miss Phillipa Ruprecht, and Miss Judy Anderson (left to right), outside St. Thomas's Church, North Sydney, after their marriage. The bride was Miss Susan Jeffrey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Royce Jeffrey, of Cremorne. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Murray Hooke, of Taree.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Derek Cassidy at the Art Gallery Society's Christmas Gala at the National Art Gallery. The St. Gregory Chorale under Dr. David Branagan gave a recital of Christmas carols.



INSPECTION. Mrs. Ian James (left) with Mrs. Helen McEwen, whose Paddington home was one of several inspected during "A Day In Woollahra and Paddington," which was arranged by the ladies' central auxiliary of the Dental Health Education and Research Foundation. More than 200 people viewed the houses.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Ross Barwick after their marriage at St. Martin's Church, Killara, with their attendants (left to right), Miss Jenny Rickard, Miss Diane Barwick, Mrs. John Thomas, and Mrs. Sam Pratten. The bride was Miss Robyn Rickard, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Rickard, of Lindfield. The bridegroom is the only son of Sir Garfield and Lady Barwick, of Beecroft.

Visibly Younger



For
your
daily
beauty-care



A wonderfully soft, delicately perfumed Cosmetic Cream, enriched with vitamins.

AND IN PARTICULAR:

it has the well-known biological activity of Placentubex which rejuvenates and preserves the skin.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A SAMPLE.



Special Cosmetic
Frankfurt/Main
Germany

Agents for Australia:

POTTER and BIRKS
(Distributors) Pty. Ltd.,
6-8 McLachlan Avenue,
Artarmon, N.S.W.

for your
littlest angel
this Christmas



Bouncinette
and new Sun Cover

'Bouncinette' take-anywhere cradle, 58/11. New detachable Sun Cover, fits any 'Bouncinette' ever made, 29/11.

Prices slightly higher in country areas and Tas.

Honeymoon in Egypt first, then . . .

Bride was offered holiday in Italy

By RITA DUNSTAN

● If your husband offered you the choice of a beautiful dress ring or a trip to Italy — alone — as a wedding present, which would you choose?

FORMER South Australian schoolteacher Mary Boyle chose the trip to Italy when her husband, mountaineer Peter Taylor, made this unusual offer.

Mary and Peter, who are now living in Alexandria, Egypt, were married there last August.

Peter was the leader of the South Australian Himalayan Expedition which attempted to climb Langtang Lirung, a 23,770ft. peak in the Himalayas, last year. (It was featured in color in a January issue of *The Australian Women's Weekly*.)

Canadian-born Mary Boyle was a member of the expedition.

After the climb, Peter returned to Adelaide for a few weeks before taking up an appointment as geophysicist in Egypt. Mary stayed with friends in India before joining Peter in Egypt.

In a letter to our Adelaide office, Peter writes, "We were married in the British Consulate at Alexandria on August 12 and left the following day for Cairo on a four-day honeymoon."

"We travelled in the same vehicle which had taken us across India less than a year before. As we drove along, it occurred to me that this wasn't much of a honeymoon for Mary.

"So I gave her the choice of a dress ring or three weeks' holiday in Italy — my work would prevent my going with her."

"Mary decided on Italy."

"We arrived in Cairo in the late afternoon and I drove to the Nile Hilton Hotel, on the east bank of the Nile, where we took an apartment on the ninth floor overlooking the river."

"The receptionist (a cool devil) smiled wisely as he pointed out that Mary's passport described her as single."

"Mary produced the wedding certificate, rather an impressive document — all stamps and cachets and on the back a complete translation in Arabic script."

Romantic

"Mary thinks the script adds a touch of romance. To me it looks like a lot of dots, commas, and banana skins."

"After a couple of days at the Nile Hilton we drove to the Mena House, near the Pyramids."

"Relics of the past usually leave me cold, and so did these. A few centuries ago they were probably more impressive, isolated on the hill near Giza."

"Today a macadam highway runs right around the Pyramids and one jockeys into a parking lot within easy reach of a golf course, motels, and nightclubs."



● Mr. and Mrs. Peter Taylor after their wedding at the British Consulate in Alexandria, Egypt.

"Did we need a guide? Of course not! The young Egyptian rode away disappointedly on his chromium-plated camel."

"Toward evening on the first day, I decided to climb the Great Pyramid (Cheops). This time I had to have a guide because of local regulations. Mary decided to stay at the base and watch the ascent."

"Do not worry, madame," the guide croaked. "I will bring him back to you safely."

"With creaking legs, the old boy took me up in 12 minutes flat—an easy climb."

"At the top, I looked out over the Western Desert and for the first time some of

the enchantment of the place caught up with me."

"Here above the traffic, the hot breath of the desert throbbed past, the desert unchanged since the time of the Pharaohs."

"Mary was relieved to have me back on solid ground again."

"Voilà, madame, I have brought him back safely to you," the guide said. He seemed relieved, too. We walked to the parked car and Mary whispered, "I think he's gorgeous!"

"I looked curiously at the guide. Had I missed some quality? He gave me a snaggle-toothed grin. Before I could counter Mary's remark, she said, 'He keeps calling me Madame!'"

THE SMITH FAMILY CHRISTMAS APPEAL

● The Smith Family trucks are working overtime as Christmas draws closer, delivering extra provisions and toys for children. In addition, a huge drive for tinned food by the young people of the churches is taxing the Family's storage space.

For these reasons, the Family asks you to hold your gifts of furniture until the New Year, when they will be most gratefully received. It will continue to collect your much-needed gifts of clothing, food, and money at all times.

If you can help the Family's Christmas

appeal with money, send it to The Smith Family, 137-143 Crown Street, Sydney.

If you can help with clothing and food, send them to the same address or ring 31-0911 or 31-7771 and a van will call. Only The Smith Family vans are authorised to collect your donations.

Looking

back through the years in a quiet old church

"A SENSE of continuity and deep-down roots" — the Church of St. John the Baptist, the Anglican parish church at Ashfield.



"...Where so little has happened, and so much"

AT RIGHT: Examining early volumes of the church's registry, dating from 1840, are (from left) Brother Richard Howe, catechist; Mr. Bruce Scott, head server; Mr. Lyle Johnson, server and churchwarden; and the Rev. F. Shaw.



By KAY KEAVNEY

LINBURNER, JOHN." The index entry, penned in finest copperplate by a hand that has been dust this century or more, tells you exactly where to look.

You open the big Registry of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, kept up to date since 1840 by the Church of St. John the Baptist, Ashfield, N.S.W., and there on the indicated page you find it.

"JOHN LINBURNER."

This entry, in another hand, impatient and dashing, writes finis to the life of a citizen of Ashfield, this same John Linburner. Date of death September 2, of burial September 3, 1847. Age, one hundred and four years.

You do quick mental arithmetic — 1847 less 104 leaves 1743.

There, in the big old book held in your hands, is a visible link with a man who was born in 1743!

Only yesterday to a Roman or Athenian, but no matter. You're an Australian, and 1743 is treasure trove.

You ask the Rector, the Rev. F. Shaw, and his young assistants about John Linburner. It's said, they say, that he came here with the First Fleet.

Your interest quickens. You try hard to decipher the scrawl against the old man's name which will establish his "quality."

A little lower down in the old Registry there's a "Landholder." Over the page, there's a "Tailor" and a "Publican." Farther over there's a "Waterman" and a "Mounted Policeman."

But you can't decipher the scrawl which should sum up the life of John Linburner.

You are left to wonder about the old man of 104, who sleeps in the old churchyard beyond the vestry door, who may or may not have seen Governor Phillip in the flesh, and been part of the birth of a nation.

They show you his headstone in the quiet churchyard. A car, 1965 model, turns and revs up in the street nearby.

The small slab of sandstone Sacred to the Memory of John Linburner is in poor condition. You reflect, aloud, that time has been as harsh to it as life may have been to the living man.

The Rector and the three young men who love this church and serve at its altar put you right.

Time was kind. It was vandals, 1965-model, who defaced this grave and others up to a century and a quarter old, who smashed windows and stole the poorbox and the microphone at the pulpit and anything else that was portable and had value.

Anniversary

September 9, 1840, is the technical birth-date of St. John's, when the Lord Bishop of Australia laid the foundation stone; and on September 9, 1965, the old church began celebrating its 125th anniversary.

But Anglican services had been held since 1833 in the "great house" which would give the outlying district its name—the home of widowed Mrs. Elizabeth Underwood, of "Ashfield Park."

Today, motorists wait fuming at the traffic lights where Croydon and Parramatta Roads intersect, in the heart of what was once this gracious lady's garden.

The estate of the Underwoods, merchants and ship-owners of the colony,



DEFACED by vandals, the headstone for 104-year-old John Linburner, who died in 1847, is the smaller one in right foreground.

covered 500 acres. But the town came creeping out, then as now, and the big old places, then as now, began to be cut up and sold to the developers.

When Mrs. Underwood advertised the subdivision of "Ashfield Park" she informed "the future villagers of Ashfield and the inhabitants on the Parramatta and Liverpool Roads" that an acre had been set aside, as her gift, for the building of a church.

The new parish, centred on Ashfield, sprawled out to Balmain, Strathfield, Enfield, Burwood, Concord, Annandale, Canterbury, and ultimately Five Dock (written in the old Registry as 5 Dock) and points west.

It was enough to make the stoutest clerical heart quail.

It was formed in 1840, the year when Victoria and Albert married, the year when the transportation of convicts to N.S.W. ceased.

The parish was huge but the population sparse, and

contributions toward the new brick church disappointingly scanty.

Two years later, at last the walls were nearly finished. That ubiquitous colonial architect and consultant, Edmund Blacket, being consulted, took one look at the walls and ordered them pulled down.

The third rector, the Rev. Frederick Wilkinson, was in command when the church was finally opened in March, 1843.

Woodcarver

This was a very good thing, because Mr. Wilkinson (he whose dashing, impatient hand wrote finis to the life of John Linburner) was both a man of stamina and a talented woodcarver.

You can still see his handiwork in the beautiful cedar-carving at the eastern end of the church.

"I remember," states an old letter, "carting the cedar to 'The Meads' at Enfield, where the Old Par-

son, as we called him, lived. He had a large workshop fitted up with all the appliances for carving, at which he was an adept."

In this same house the remarkable cleric established the best collegiate school in the colony.

For a mere £100 he bought more land round the church from Mrs. Underwood, making possible a graveyard.

On May 1, 1845, the first interment was recorded: an infant, Mrs. Underwood's own grandson.

Two new churches in the far-flung parish owe Mr. Wilkinson their genesis: St. Mary's, Balmain, and St. Thomas', Enfield.

In 1855, the woodcarver, builder, teacher, and shepherd of souls went "home" to England and never returned. But his heart, they say, was here, and after he left here he was restless.

If not his heart, his monument is here, in the mother

church of much of the Western Suburbs.

Under his successors, church after church sprang up as the population grew and the parish contracted.

One of the rectors rejoiced in the name of Cave-Brown-Cave. His tenure was brief, and so is his biography in a parish publication, which includes these words:

"Early in his short ministry, a day was set apart for 'general humiliation under the present drought.' On his last Sunday as rector, a special collection was made for the 'Floods and Relief Fund.'"

A potted biography of both the Rev. Mr. Cave-Brown-Cave and this strange extremist Wide Brown Land.

Unquenchable

With the years a tower was added to the church, a gallery removed, a fine new memorial window installed, low-key highpoints in a quiet, uneventful history.

But the Registry brings history to an unquenchable life.

You sit in a quiet pew and people the old church with bustling dames and young dandies and bluff watermen and bright-eyed children, whose names and vicissitudes are on record and who thus have identity.

You wonder if old Linburner came here often and where he sat, and you sense an old anguish. But joy is here, too, faith and doubt, tolerance and intolerance, all of it here.

Dull chapters in dull books take on meaning in the 125-year-old church where so little happened and so much.

In the peopled quiet you find what you came in search of—a sense of continuity, of deep-down roots.

Sensational gift-giving offer!



and only
WOOLWORTHS
could do it!

Elegant glassware you'll be proud to give...

Compare the prices elsewhere for the same fine quality, then rush to Woolworths and save many shillings on exquisitely etched imported glassware.

Pilseners, Goblets, Parfaits in delicately tinted harlequin sets. Sundaes and Sparkling Wines are crystal clear.

THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT

WOOLWORTHS

MONEY BACK CHEERFULLY UNLESS COMPLETELY SATISFIED

VARIETY STORES & SUPERMARKETS



6 GLASSES
IN GIFT BOX

25!



SHINTARO— master swordsman

By NAN MUSGROVE

Television

- "The Samurai," the first Japanese show telecast on Australian TV to have such a phenomenal success, is doing better than ever in its first repeat on Sydney's TCN9.

EVERY Sunday at 12.30 p.m. Shintaro once more lays about him with his Samurai sword, upholding the honor of the Shogun of Japan. (The Shogun was the hereditary commander-in-chief and virtual ruler in the days before the Emperors.)

If inquiries, letters, and demands for photographs are a guide, Shintaro has a bigger TV audience than ever.

The age group of fans has certainly risen, for as well as the young TV set, many frustrated dads and grandads who couldn't see the premiere run at 5.30 p.m. are catching up with the exploits of the Samurai and the Ninjas.

"The Samurai" took over TCN9, Sundays at 12.30, from Shirley Temple, which seems to signify something, and it looks as if it will take over smartly from Santa Claus, for Shintaro arrives in Sydney in person to star at Sydney's Stadium from Boxing Day on.

Ninjas on stage

Shintaro in person is Koichi Ose, 28, married to movie actress Chizura Takachiho. He will be supported on stage by 13 Ninjas and have his own henchman who, sadly, will not be Tombei. I have no doubt, though, he will be of similar sterling character.

From what I gather, Shintaro will star in a kind of "Samurai in the round" that is a mixture of pantomime and story.

Many members of the cast do not speak English (Shintaro only has a word or two), but those that do will speak and those that don't won't.

The main plot will be an attempt on Shintaro's life by the Kishu and Negechi Ninjas, and the sub plot, Shintaro's rescue of the Shogun's little daughter, a princess, who has been abducted.

The princess is to be chosen from Japanese or Australian/Japanese children living in Australia, but so



far no definite choice has been made.

Plans for the Stadium production are elaborate and complicated. The scenery is being painted in Sydney but banners, temple ornaments, and so on are being imported from Japan.

The roof above the ring in the Stadium will be entirely redecorated in the spirit of the Samurai TV series.

Ninjas, I am told, will fly in the Stadium, leap up and down, and disappear and appear in an elaborate series of trapdoors.

For those who are not as familiar as they would like to be with the Samurai, Shintaro works for the Shogun.

The Shogun had to subdue the warlords of the 73 provinces before he became Shogun, and Shintaro, on the move among the warlords, is a spy for the Shogun and his insurance against provincial uprisings.

The Ninjas are the henchmen of the provincial warlords, many of whom naturally are antagonistic to the Shogun and Shintaro.

Shintaro is a Samurai, a hereditary warrior, the

scion of a noble family, and has dedicated his life to the service of the Shogun.

I feel sure that "The Samurai" will always be with us on TCN9, that it will become a TV perennial like "Robin Hood."

Shintaro has bowed out of the series because of film commitments, but this certainly does not mean the end of the TV "Samurai."

A New Year treat on TCN9 will be "The New Samurai," starring a Japanese actor called Shin-ichiro Hayashi as Shinnosuke Kage.

Shinnosuke is one up on Shintaro. Before he became a Samurai he was a hereditary leader of the Kage Ninja, and as such is not only a Master Swordsman, but also a skilled Ninja and can pull a Ninja trick with the best of them.

Pardon me if I haven't explained a Ninja to you.

Supermen

A Ninja is a skilled performer of Ninjitsu, a unique form of martial art.

Each province has its own Ninja society, ruled by a Master Ninja who has absolute authority over his subordinates.

Ninjas always wear black clothes and a mask that covers the lower half of their face, which helps them to become invisible. They can walk 100 miles a day, have hearing 14 times as strong as ordinary men, and can see in the dark like a cat. They can also jump 18ft. broad and 16ft. high.

As you see, a Ninja is a rather nasty adversary. When you get a hero like Shinnosuke, who is a combination Ninja and Samurai, you have a real Oriental superman.

Death-wish in space

"CAMPAIGN FOR ONE,"

ABC-TV's Wednesday drama about an astronaut who wanted to die in space instead of coming back to earth, was one of the best local TV productions for ages.

Indeed, it was so good that until that seasoned old stager Edward Howell turned up as an Air Force chief I thought it was an English production.

Set two years in the future, the play was the story of an astronaut who, a long mission completed (including a space walk, most skilfully produced), decides the earth has nothing for him.

He is estranged from his wife and feels his co-workers take him for granted.

He decides to die in space with his capsule as a kind of death carousel in which he will whirl until lack of oxygen kills him.

But the scientists won't let him have his wish and send a missile to bring about his end swiftly.

The astronaut changes his mind at the last moment and wants Out, and the last moments of the play are tense with the effort to beat the already launched missile.

The missile wins.

Ever since I saw it, I have been wondering what the powers would do if, for some reason or other, a real astronaut chose to stay in space.

Would they bring him down with a missile or let him have his wish?

I suppose the space authorities would simply deny it could happen with astronauts of magnificent calibre chosen.



NINJAS (left), clad traditionally in black and masked, to help them become invisible, take on Shintaro.

SHINTARO (above), fast becoming No. 1 pin-up for children, is in real life actor Koichi Ose, 28.

FOR nine years now, we have been hearing the sad story of how TV has taken the audience away from movies and the gilt off movie profits. Here are telling facts in U.S. dollars.

In 1946 CBS, an American TV network, earned 65 million dollars. This year, CBS earned ten times that amount—650 million dollars.

Meantime, one of the world's major film producers, Paramount Studios in Hollywood, earned 106 million dollars in 1946. They earned 116 million dollars this year—only a 10-million dollar increase in 19 years.

Flashbacks on old favorites

JOT down a memory tickler for yourself and make sure you catch up some time with Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster on ABC-TV, Saturdays, 7.15 p.m. It is worth it if you like a laugh.

The whole title of the show is "Wayne and Shuster take an affectionate look at," which means they parade before you many of their favorite film and TV stars in old film and TV show clips.

I missed the first of the shows, which starred Jack Benny, but was lucky enough to see the next one, which looked at George Burns.

George must surely be high on the list of people who have made people laugh around the world.

It was interesting to meet George, young and callow, getting into show business, and watch him develop until he became the male half of that delightful duo George Burns and Gracie Allen.

I don't usually go for the female impersonations, but Jack Benny impersonating Gracie in a sketch with George was one of the funniest things I have ever seen.

Both George and Benny are pastmasters at timing, and both of them were at their top, their superb best.

And Gracie—there's never been anyone who can approach her own daffy brand of humor. George has certainly tried with Connie Stevens in "Wendy and Me," but good as Connie is, she doesn't approach Gracie.

Wayne and Shuster are going to look at quite a few of the famous, including the Marx Brothers, Bob and Bing, Alfred Hitchcock, and Mae West.

ASSURED FOOT COMFORT by SURGICAL BOOTMAKERS

For people with BUNIONS, HAMMER TOES, CALLOUSES and FALLEN METATARSALS. We can adjust, alter or surgically correct your shoes for perfect comfort. Heed the advice of experts re the type of shoes you should wear. By having the correct alteration it can ease the pain caused by ARTHRITIS or RHEUMATISM at any PRESSURE POINT.

We have had over 50 years' experience in the Art of Bootmaking and SURGICALLY CORRECTING shoes of all types. Make walking a pleasure by seeing

BYRNE BROS. PTY. LTD.
15 WILMOT ST., SYDNEY
(opposite Tricadara)
61-5865

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the Week

Momma once said, "Isn't it amazing, in the 20th century, that people can still be superstitious? How can walking under a ladder or having a black cat cross your path possibly affect your luck? Or by catching a bride's bouquet be guaranteed to be the next one wed? And how many times have you thrown a pinch of salt over your shoulder to ward off the evil spirits? Thank goodness I'm not superstitious... where's a piece of wood?"

Momma's moral: Have you noticed that if you carry too many large bundles in both arms at the same time it will cause your nose to itch?

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

WOOLWORTHS SUGGEST

GIVE FRAGRANCE

THE EVER-WELCOME GIFT



Bubble bath and
toilet soap in basket

5/-



Talc and skin
perfume
"Tahiti Mist"

7/11



Talc, toilet soap
and bath cubes
"Lotus Blossom"

7/11

so easy to choose
so modestly priced at

WOOLWORTHS



Bath cubes,
asstd. fragrances set of 3

2/6



Talc and toilet soap
"Ashes of Lavender"

5/6



Bath
crystals
"Lavender
and Roses"

7/6



Champagne bubble bath

6/-



Talc and toilet soap
"Tahiti Mist"

5/-

A world of song

Television



LINE-UP of singers from ABC-TV's new series, "World of Song," above, are, from left, Robert McPhee, Jon Weaving, Suzanne Steele, Alan Light, and Brian Crossley. Stars Jon Weaving and Suzanne Steele delayed their return to England till January to appear in this musical TV series.

GLAMOROUS 22-year-old Cherrill Rowston will be seen in "World of Song," the 13-week half-hour musical series produced by ABC-TV. Cherrill was discovered by the show's producer, Fred Maxian, when she was in the chorus of "Finian's Rainbow."



BEAUTIFUL costumes to be seen in "World of Song" are shown off by Suzanne Steele (left) and Cherrill Rowston.

STARS of ABC-TV's "World of Operetta" Jon Weaving and Suzanne Steele have delayed again their return to England to do another series for the ABC—"World of Song"—which began on November 29 at 9 p.m.

This 13-week half-hour series follows the success of two previous operetta-inspired programs and a special called "Lola and the Highwaymen" made by the Steele-Weaving team and screened in September.

The new series will be mainly ballads and songs from musical comedies from the 1930s to the 1960s, says producer Fred Maxian.

A new face in "World of Song" will be 22-year-old Cherrill Rowston, discovered in the chorus of "Finian's Rainbow" by producer Maxian.

Others appearing in the spectacularly costumed series will be Alan Light, Robert McPhee, Valerie Hanlon, Brian Crossley, and the Channel 2 ballet.



Amethyst & Diamonds £45

Aquamarine & Diamonds £32.0.0

Sapphire & Diamond Cluster £65.0.0

Aquamarine & Diamonds £32.0.0

Opal & Diamonds £35.0.0

Cultured Pearls & Diamonds £115.0.0

£55.0.0

£65.0.0

£19.0.0

£18.0.0

£30.0.0

£12.10.0

PRECIOUS JEWELLERY

Outstanding values from Prouds rare Diamond and Precious Gemstone Collection. Magnificent new designs platinum set in 18 carat gold, by Prouds own jewellers.

Special Gift Sets of

Prouds
Mikimoto Pearls
CULTURED PEARLS

3-piece Set: necklet, earrings, ring. £14/10/-

2-piece Set: necklet and earrings. £10/10/-

Prouds

FROM PROUDS WONDERFUL WORLD OF CHRISTMAS.

Girl's Envoy in chrome steel case. £7/15/-

Boy's Envoy in chrome steel case. £7/15/-

Lady's Envoy Calendar. Chrome steel, £11/10/- Gold plated, £12/10/-

Envoy Pendant Watch, £13/10/-

PROUDS SWISS ENVOY

The finest Swiss Watch in its price range. Backed by Prouds 12 months' Australia-wide guarantee.

Envoy automatic calendar in chrome steel, £17/10/- Gold plated, £18/10/-

GENUINE ONYX TABLES FROM ITALY

Beautifully fashioned with large panels of rare Onyx in rich colour combinations, sculptured brass legs. Oblong, £35. Round, 20" diam., £25.

King-Pitt Streets, also Hotel Australia, 25-4021. Bourke Street, Melbourne, 63-6961. Also Gaunts (63-6767), Cnr. Adelaide-Edward Streets, Brisbane, 2-2646 and Rundle Street, Adelaide, 23-5438. There are Prouds stores also in Newcastle, 2-2709; Chadstone, 56-4343; Ballarat, 2-5461; Hobart, 3-2347; Canberra, 4-3916; Launceston, 2-3865; Sydney Suburban stores are at Chatswood, 41-5635; Caringbah, 52-0641; Dee Why, 98-0245 and Eastwood, 85-4274. Also Suva, Fiji.

NEWS IN MAKE-UP

THE ALL-BEIGE LOOK

● A big hit in beauty this season is the new look of beige make-up — muted beige worn all over the face (and neck), over lips, on eyelids, in one smooth sweep. The idea is to make the skin shimmer palely — without a hint of shine — in a one-color, long-lasting effect that needs a minimum of touch-ups. Here's the formula. —CAROLYN EARLE



COMPARE two halves of model's face—left side is made up with beige base and eye cosmetics, the right is untouched. Find your dreamiest beige complexion by setting one type of foundation against another until you discover which covers best, looks smoothest, flatters most.

FULL make-up begun with basic beige foundation stippled on in layers with fingertips and dusted with pearly powder.



EYES dominate this new make-up. Dab the eyelids with tissue to remove foundation from creases, then brush and pencil the brows lightly in brown. Next apply muted shadow and black liquid eye-liner. Make eyelashes (your own or false) as long and dark as you can manage.

HANDS AND NAILS are part of the beige story, too. Groom the hands with face - matching foundation and powder; frost fingernails with beige - white lacquer. Beige make-up is for all age groups, but older women would be wise to add a tiny bit of frosted color to their lips.



HAIR GOES GEOMETRIC

● Hairstyles can be what you like this summer — long, short, or mid-length, curly or dead straight. For the very young, top coiffeurs in Paris created these styles to harmonise with the newest geometric fashions.



POSTICHE CURL. Shoulder-length hair is drawn back (above), a false curl pinned at the back to flip sideways and up (by Carita).

SABRE - CUT. A fun style (left), long and straight, with two bows, created by Alexandre for the models at Yves St. Laurent's salon.



TURNED-UP ENDS make the style (right), cut short at temples but graduating to mid-length, appear quite short (by Carita).



ASYMMETRIC CUT. The longer side is wound behind the ear, the hair behind is coaxed forward over the cheek (Elrhodes).



EGYPTIAN PROFILE. Hair is parted in the centre, allowed to fall smooth and straight. For evening, an ear peeps out, adorned with an exotic chandelier earring (Carita).





CHIGNON SILHOUETTE for short hair. Sides are smooth, thick curl is pinned high at the back like a chignon (Guillaume).



NATURAL, BUT DISCIPLINED. Long, natural curls are kept under control with the mass of the hair drawn back to the nape, allowed to fall in a cascade (Therese Chardin).



SEVERE CUT with a fringe, long side-piece, and a square "cut-out" exposing most of the ear (Therese Chardin).



CHEKHOV HEROINE. Two thick plaits have their ends pinned up behind the ears, 19th-century Russian style (by Carita).



MONOCLE-CURL (longer than the other side) for thick, smooth hair was worn by couturier Ungaro's models (Guillaume).



LONG SIDE-BANG over the temples joins the fringe in this very short style, the rest swept back to bare the ear (Elrhodes).



STRAIGHT AND SQUARE. Long hair is cut straight and square all round — a style for those who dance "The Jerk."



SHORT, BOUFFANT FRINGE—continued right round the head — is rather reminiscent of the Beatles style (by Carita).



FLOWERY



● Small pink flowers on deep cream silk is the fabric choice for this immaculate two-piece. The sleeveless top has the new longer length, the skirt is styled with an important flurry of pleats.



● A splash of flowers gives special charm and femininity to this dress-jacket ensemble. New points to note — longer jacket and bodyline plus all-round knife-pleated skirt.

● Blue, lilac, and green flowers bloom on white silk in this late-day dress. The dress has three-quarter-length cuffed sleeves and a soft, turtle-type neckline.



● Exotic shift (right) bares one shoulder and flows gently to ankle length. The navy and orange flower print is outstanding and chic in a season of pretty pastels and flower-garden colors.



FASHIONS FOR SUMMER

● On the brink of summer, wildly pretty flower prints often steal the fashion limelight. These new prints come in varying weaves from crisp to sheer, and in colors from pale to brilliant. This flurry of flowers makes the simplest silhouette irresistibly feminine. The result is pretty, yet adult fashion—young but not ingenue.

—BETTY KEEP



● Elegant two-piece dress (left) has a moulded jumper top and soft front fullness in the skirt. The yellow wide-brimmed hat and shoes are matched to the color in the dress fabric.



● Bare-shouldered cocktail dress plunges deep down at the back and has a free swinging self-material panel. Neat bows on the shoulder straps are the only trim.



If ordinary polishes
give your silver
a one-week shine ...



... keep it shining 6 times longer
with Goddard's new
Long Term Silver Polish



Your silver stays shining longer because it's actually protected from tarnishing with Goddard's new Long Term Silver polish. No ordinary silver polish can do this. And no silver polish is easier to use. Just polish on—shine up with a soft cloth for silver brightness that lasts six times longer!

Goddard's

RECOMMENDED BY AUSTRALIA'S LEADING SILVERWARE MANUFACTURERS: RODD—GROSVENOR—HECWORTH.
T105

Dress Sense

By
BETTY KEEP

6466. — Co-ordinated jacket, skirt, overblouse, and pants. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6466. Price, 7/6, includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



● These cotton pants and drawstring overblouse are part of a pattern that also includes a jacket and skirt. I chose the pattern for a young reader who is taking a holiday at the beach.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"Could you let me have a pattern for a pair of cotton slacks, a jacket, skirt, and sleeveless top? I am only a very average dressmaker, so want the garments to be simple to make. I am in my teens and take a size 12."

Our pattern department includes one pattern that co-ordinates the four garments you asked about. The pattern is easy to make and includes full instructions for cutting and sewing. Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

"Is it correct to have a formal wedding gown made without a train?"

Quite correct. A formal wedding gown without a train looks best in ankle-length.

"My daughter, aged 13, has developed a rather lumpy figure. What type of dress would be best for her to wear?"

Either a semi-fit, A-line shift, or a jumper-dress and blouse.

"I have a pale pink linen suit — the pink so pale it is really only a tint. Would you tell me the correct color for the accessories to wear with it?"

The pale day-look is very new in fashion, so it would be best to wear pale accessories. My choice would be pale beige.

"Could you suggest a striking design for an outfit to wear to a formal afternoon wedding? I am very tall, nearly 6ft., and take an SSW fitting. My material is dark blue pure silk and I intend wearing black patent accessories."

A two-piece suit is very smart and new in current fashion and I suggest you follow this silhouette for your blue silk dress. Our pattern department includes a very attractive style in this category. The design features a long, slim tunic buttoned at the centre back. The neckline is plain and round. The tunic is worn over a narrowly pleated skirt.

If you decide to order, please quote Vogue pattern 6391 and state the size required. The price, 8/6, includes postage. The pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Could you supply me with a pattern for a front-buttoned coat-dress, finished with a collar and long sleeves?"

Yes, our pattern department includes a similar design to the one described in your letter. The pattern is available in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. The price, 7/6, includes postage. The pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. Please quote pattern number and size required. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 8, 1965



This year, try saying "Merry Christmas" in French

This is Teal, the luxury talc. It makes a great Christmas gift because it's perfumed by Robertet of Paris. And it comes gift-wrapped, at any chemist or store. Price? Just three French francs. (Or 5/11d.) Bon Noël!

Johnson & Johnson

MAKE...

- MEN'S AND BOYS' BEACHWEAR AND PYJAMAS FROM OUR WONDERFUL FREE PATTERNS




Christmas table decorations

- COMPLETE MENUS FOR SMALL DINNER PARTIES,



- COOL SUMMER DESSERTS, DELICIOUS FRUIT DRINKS, AND CHINESE COOKERY, FROM OUR HOME & FAMILY COOKBOOK

CHRISTMAS SPECIALS

- WHAT DID CHRIST REALLY LOOK LIKE? 
- CHILDREN'S READ-ALoud CHRISTMAS STORY BY RUTH PARK
- EXTRA HOLIDAY FICTION

PLUS...

PARTY HAIRSTYLES TO SET AT HOME



- NOUMEA DREAM HOLIDAY results
- McCALL'S PATTERNS
- OUT OF TOWN

Be sure to order your copy of the



Home Journal AUSTRALIAN AND FAMILY 2/-

FAMILY AFFAIRS

People DO care about the boy with the golden skin!

● In our November 3 issue we published "The Heartbreak of the Boy with the Golden Skin," a plea by an Australian mother of mixed blood for racial tolerance. "Does anyone care?" she asked in her story about the heartbreak her four-year-old son was experiencing at kindergarten because of taunts about his color, etc. Readers have shown that they certainly do care, in hundreds of letters — almost all of them sympathetic and shamefaced that this sort of discrimination could have occurred in an Australian kindergarten. Extracts from some of their letters are given below and opposite.

THE letter from the mother of the little golden-skinned boy was pathetic, and should make every one of us with white skins feel ashamed and angry to think that such things can happen here in a country where we pride ourselves on our democratic outlook and way of life.

What a wonderful opportunity the supervisor at the little boy's first kindergarten missed to teach the children to love their neighbor.

This mother's story should have taught us all a lesson in tolerance and Christian charity. And it should make every Australian parent aware of the need to teach their children to respect a colored child as they would a white one, and to be just as kind to one as the other.

It was a very sad story, and I'm not ashamed to say I had a weep over it.

—"GRANDMA," Qld.

Don't make it an issue...

PERHAPS the mother of the little golden-skinned boy has unknowingly brought about a lot of his misery herself.

In the first place, she says that until recently he had been very sheltered, went only where she went, and played only with his cousins, so naturally he would find it hard to mix with other children.

Certainly kiddies can be cruel without meaning it, or at times even without knowing it, but David may have been over-sensitive, too.

If his skin is only golden brown, he cannot look so noticeably colored. I have no negroid or dark blood in me, nor has my husband, yet two of our children have black hair and eyes and olive skin.

They've often been taken for foreigners or part-

aborigines, but they have only laughed and treated such comments as a joke.

So perhaps in David's case, if the whole thing wasn't made such an issue of but was treated in lighter vein, he would in time learn to accept his heritage.

—MRS. REICHARD, N.T.

Another form of prejudice!

AFTER reading the article "The Heartbreak of the Boy with the Golden Skin," I thought that this must surely be an isolated example, but as I bathed and dressed my young son I had second thoughts.

My family, consisting of parents and one brother, are Jewish. However, as I grew up I felt that the Jewish way of life was not in keeping with my own beliefs. It followed that I married a Protestant in his church.

Early this year, when our son was born, my sister-in-law asked what religion he would be. When informed that he would follow the faith of his father, she said it was a shame because our son would not be able to play with her child, who is Jewish.

I must admit that I was not heartbroken, as my niece lives several miles from us, and also there are plenty of other playmates nearby for our child. What I did find strange was such stupid bigotry in people who must have suffered greatly for centuries for prejudice in others.

Just how I can explain this situation to my son I do not know. Perhaps something like this, "No, we don't go to see your uncle. He is of a different religion to us." But what happens when he wants to play with the Catholic boy who lives opposite?

I have been brought up to

see people as individuals, not as races, sects, etc., so I am at a loss to know what to say to my son when he asks, as I know he will.

— "AT A LOSS," N.S.W.

A scar that's hard to erase

MY heart goes out to the boy with the golden skin. Life is going to be very difficult for him, and unless he learns to cope with his problem and make a joke when he is called names, his personality will be affected, and this is a scar which is hard to erase.

When will people learn that we do not make ourselves. From the comments unthinking people make, one would think that we had ordered ourselves to be black or white, tall or short, fat or thin, speedy or slow, crippled or whole.



wellaform
for UNRULY HAIR
contains exclusive
KOLESTRAL

to condition as it
adds lustre

wellaform

75c AT ALL CHEMISTS,
HAIRDRESSING
SALONS.

WFI

Children are cruel about anyone who is different . . . and the best defence is to learn to answer back, say readers

When I was a child I had two dreadful afflictions—that is according to the other children! I was too tall and I wore glasses, and so I was called "lanky legs," "long drink of water," "four eyes," etc.

I cowered whenever I was called these names, never knowing what to retort.

The result was I developed a great inferiority complex, hated meeting people, was terribly shy, shed many a silent tear, and the name-calling continued.

Now you'd think that when you're old enough to go to business that such childish things would cease, but that is not so. I think my trouble was that people could see me cringe and it amused them, so they kept up the taunts.

I didn't want to appear cheeky or rude, so I had to work out something to say that would put them in their place and leave me the victor. So when someone would say: "Aren't you tall?" I would say: "Yes, that is so I can overlook you." Or if the person had been extra rude about it I would say: "No, I'm not tall; you are standing in the gutter."

I was still being constantly asked why I wore glasses, so I would say, "All the better to see you with, my dear," or "I like to make a spectacle of myself."—And so the introvert became extrovert, and my personality problem was overcome.

The little boy with the golden skin has a far bigger problem than I had, for he has to fight prejudice as well, but he must let people see that words don't hurt him and learn to make suitable retorts that will put people firmly in their place while at the same time not say anything that would prejudice them further. I wish him well.

—L. VINCENT, N.S.W.

Just one of the gang

PERHAPS David's mother may find a little comfort in this story of my son John.

John is a warm-hearted little boy, a friend of the world. When he went to school he found a most wonderful mate named Michael. He talked Mikey at breakfast, dinner, and tea.

Mikey was the best drawer in the class. Mikey was the fastest runner. Came the great day when Michael was allowed to come home and play after school. They burst through the front door, arm in arm. "Here's Mikey, Mum," cried John.

We thought we knew all about him, but John had not even told us that from the top of his curly mop down to his long thin feet Michael was a little dark boy.

David's mother, I do feel you have been unlucky with your schools. From our teenage girl down to our blond baby we all loved Michael. All the boys in the street played with him.

He was just one of the gang, treated no differently from any of the other kids who came in to play.

By today's standards my family of five is a big family, and believe me each child has already had a share of heartache.

We have brought them up strictly, determined not to let them be spoilt by too many worldly possessions.

At one stage I found my daughter shedding bitter tears. The girls at school had been constantly telling her that her parents were too mean to buy her a watch, she lived in an old house, she wore the same shoes to school and for best, etc.

Yes, indeed, children can be cruel. Take small David in your arms and comfort him with all your love. A sweet can do a lot when he is only four. A surprise toy can work wonders and a special one taken to school often saves the day.

Try to make friends with some of the mothers and have little playmates home to help David. The mothers who withdrew their children from the first kinder are not the type you would want for friends anyway. Their children are not for your Davey. There are better mates for him.

Believe me, David's mother, we do care!
— "SYMPATHISER," N.S.W.

Don't make him feel ashamed

I'M sorry for David, the little boy with the golden skin, but I'm hopping mad at his mother for making her son ashamed of his color. And that's just what she has been doing.

How could she leave the little bloke crying by himself in his room while she had a whinge about her lot?

Life is full of battles, and the sooner this mother realises this fact, and teaches her son to accept it, the sooner he will be accepted by other kids.

Why can't he punch the other kids on the nose when they call him names? They'll soon stop. Granted he's a bit young to learn to laugh at them, but in time he'll be able to do this, too.

David's mother isn't the only mother in Australia with a colored child. There are nearly a million of us—some because of our heritage, but some, like myself, because of our own desire.

I have a daughter of my own, and when I was told I could have no more, my husband and I decided to adopt one. The waiting list, however, was 18 months, so rather than wait we applied to the Native Welfare Department, and within a week were given a State ward, a 5lb. 3oz. bundle with jet black hair and dark wrinkled skin. He has grown into a dear little chap with olive skin and a squashed nose, and we adore him. Our

only sorrow is that he's not yet legally ours.

We have lost a few friends because of our action, and some members of our family don't approve, but we still have many friends left, and our added happiness is really great.

David's mother has her family behind her, and I advise her to have more children if she can.

I beg of her not to let David down. I beg her to be proud of her heritage—to protect it and insure it, but never to apologise for it.

Only then will David be able to learn to live with himself and with others.

— "HAVE PRIDE," W.A.

They're more accepted now

I THINK we all realise mixed-color marriages produce beautiful children, and in Australia we are getting more accustomed to seeing them.

In my city some of our Australians brought home Japanese wives after World War II. These are accepted. Their children—and most attractive children they are—are accepted, too.

And now quite a number of Asian students are marrying Australians.

I feel by the time the boy with the golden skin is grown up color will not be noticed nearly as much in Australia. Already, despite his unhappy episode at kindergarten, it's a fact that color prejudice has been broken down tremendously in recent years.

David's mother should tell him of the many famous colored people in the world, from the wonderful secretary of the United Nations, U Thant, to the many great athletes, singers, etc.

If she gives her child and his little companions time to grow up, I'm sure he will find acceptance and happiness. Meanwhile, her love will help him cope. I'm sure.

— "A FRIEND," S.A.

The problems of the future

I'M the mother of four white children, doing my best to teach them all to live with their neighbor.

Yes, David's mother, I care about your problem and your child. I care more than words can ever express.

I know the meaning of intolerance, such as you've been experiencing, because I had a stepfather, and when I was at school this was an unbearable stigma.

Right now, my daughter is keeping company with a boy of mixed blood. I have discussed the future problems these two people could encounter if they marry, and I've been proud of my lass in her acceptance of the boy for himself.

I only hope I can help and encourage them to face life together. I'd be proud to have this boy call me "Mum."

— "UNDERSTANDING MUM," N.S.W.



Get the COLGATE Ring of Confidence!

(the confident feeling you get when you've brushed with Colgate)



Go ahead and whisper go ahead and laugh go ahead and kiss!

Any time, in any company, you feel confident when you've brushed with Colgate. Best-tasting Colgate helps stop bad breath. What's more, University Controlled Tests have proved Colgate the leader in fighting tooth decay. So, go ahead—get the Colgate Ring of Confidence. Brush today and every day with best-tasting Colgate Dental Cream.



BEST-TASTING DENTAL CREAM IN THE WORLD!

**NEW LOOK!
NEW FORMULA!**

Starlet

**SHEER MIST
HAIR SPRAY**

You get more than just a glamorous new can! You get a top quality hair spray, carefully prepared to an exacting new formula that makes it even better than ever, and you get it at a greatly reduced price!

Made from the finest ingredients, new formula Starlet Sheer Mist dries quickly without the slightest trace of lacquer stiffness to keep even the most difficult-to-control hair lovelier, softer and more naturally in place than ever before.

5'11

Note the New Low Prices!

LARGE ECONOMY SIZE 9'6

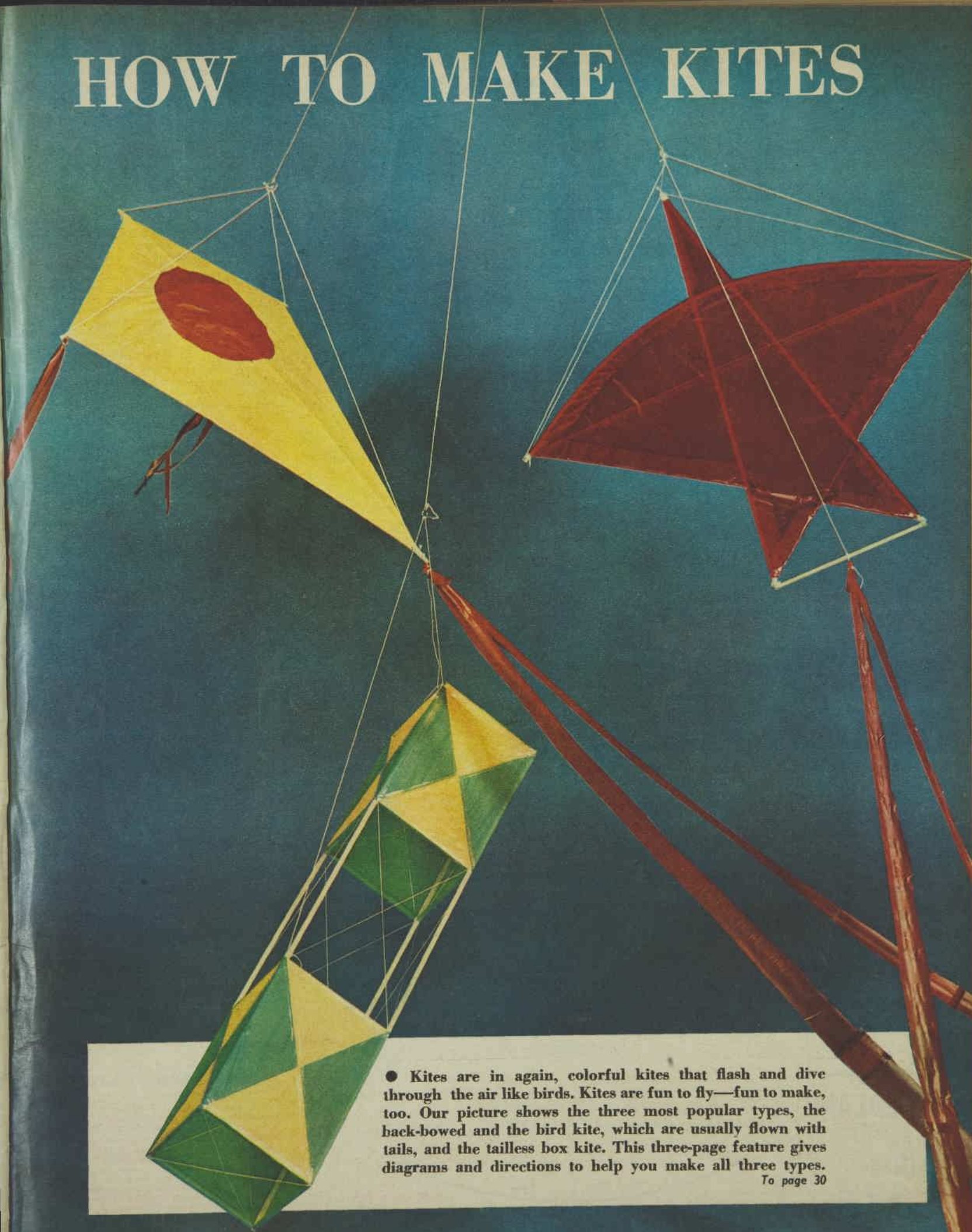
OBTAINABLE ONLY AT

COLES

THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA



HOW TO MAKE KITES



● Kites are in again, colorful kites that flash and dive through the air like birds. Kites are fun to fly—fun to make, too. Our picture shows the three most popular types, the back-bowed and the bird kite, which are usually flown with tails, and the tailless box kite. This three-page feature gives diagrams and directions to help you make all three types.

To page 30



Life is so much more exciting when you are **SLIM!**

And now it is so much easier to become slim—and to stay slim. No need for hard-to-keep, complicated diets; no need for sickly food substitutes; no boring exercises. You eat normal food . . . and simply take three American Slimming Tablets each day. They reduce your appetite for fattening foods, and also assist your digestive processes to prevent food turning to fat. Nothing could be simpler—or safer.

American Slimming Tablets are obtainable from Chemists, and they cost only 10/6 for 14 days' treatment—9d. a day to be slim!

AMERICAN SLIMMING TABLETS



don't be a lilywhite — tan overnight with **"magic tan"**

PLUS sun filter—protects from sunburn



IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT
FRIEDLAND
DO-IT-YOURSELF
DOOR CHIMES FROM
37'6

Clip and Mail this ad. with your address for FREE leaflets from
CANVIN & COLES PTY. LTD.
67 Market St., Pymble, N.S.W. Ph. (8-8)38

FC/A.W.W. 65

HOW TO MAKE KITES . . . from previous page

Flying light and high

● Follow these directions and you'll be delighted with the result — a perfectly balanced, high-flying kite.

FOR satisfactory results it is essential to make every section of a kite with care and from the most suitable materials.

When selecting timber for framework, remember that the lighter the kite the more successfully it will fly. Balsa wood (which is readily available from hobby shops), dowelling, and bamboo are all suitable materials.

Balsa wood is very light, but it is not strong. Any kite made from balsa will require cross-bracing with fine thread to strengthen the framework.

Bamboo is easy to split into narrow strips, and can be bent to many shapes. However, due to irregularities in its surface it is sometimes difficult to make a perfectly balanced kite with bamboo.

Timber dowelling is probably the most popular framing material for kites.

When selecting dowelling, try to choose lengths which are straight grained and free from defects. Also check that the dowel will bend evenly along its length. Quarter-inch diameter dowelling is suitable for kites up to a span of 3ft. For larger kites use 5/16in. or 3/8in.

Caution: When bending dowel for a bird, or a back-bowed kite, do not overbend. Overbending can cause stresses which may make the dowel snap in the event of a nosedive or heavy landing.

String is the most suitable material for making a frame round the outside of the kite. Select string that is both thin and strong. Avoid using cord that stretches, as a taut kite frame is most essential.

When framing, take care to make the shape as symmetrical as possible. A high-performance kite must be perfectly balanced about the centre line.

Covering material should be light and airtight. Tissue

paper is the most popular covering material for high-flying kites. Small sheets can be joined together by overlapping or butting together and joining with a continuous strip of cellulose tape.

Kites up to a 3ft. span can be covered satisfactorily with tissue paper. Larger kites will require something stronger, e.g., brown paper or wrapping paper. Colored lightweight plastic makes a gay cover and can be fixed with cellulose tape. However, it is slightly heavier than tissue paper and gives best results when used on kites with a span measuring about 3ft.

Cover carefully

Fine cloth, such as silk or rayon, makes excellent covering material, but it requires sewing round the string framework and special care to keep it taut.

Cut covering material so that it extends about 1½in. beyond the framework. Cov-

ering can then be folded over string frame and glued or secured with cellulose tape. Remember that the covering should always be fixed to the front of kite, and all turnovers and hem to the back. Try to keep cover as taut as possible and reinforce all corners and weak points with cellulose tape.

The bridle is a group of cords used to join the kite to the towline (see below). These cords are usually terminated at a small metal ring or washer. Lengths of various "legs" on the bridle can be adjusted to give kite the correct flying angle.

When covering and fixing bridle to a bowed kite, remember that the bowed surface faces into the wind.

A well-balanced kite should fly without a tail. However, the addition of a tail to a back-bowed or bird kite does help to stabilise the kite and prevent nosediving. Make the tail long at first, and gradually

shorten until the kite performs well. Tails can be made from old stockings, strips of cloth, plastic, or string, with pieces of paper attached approximately every 12in.

For best results, the tow- or flying-line should be as light as possible. The height to which a kite will fly depends on the weight of the towline. Nylon fishing line of about 15lb. breaking strain will hold a kite of up to a 3ft. span. Larger kites need a 25lb. breaking-strain line. Strong crochet or knitting cotton or string is also suitable for light wind conditions.

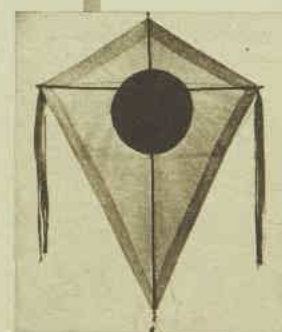
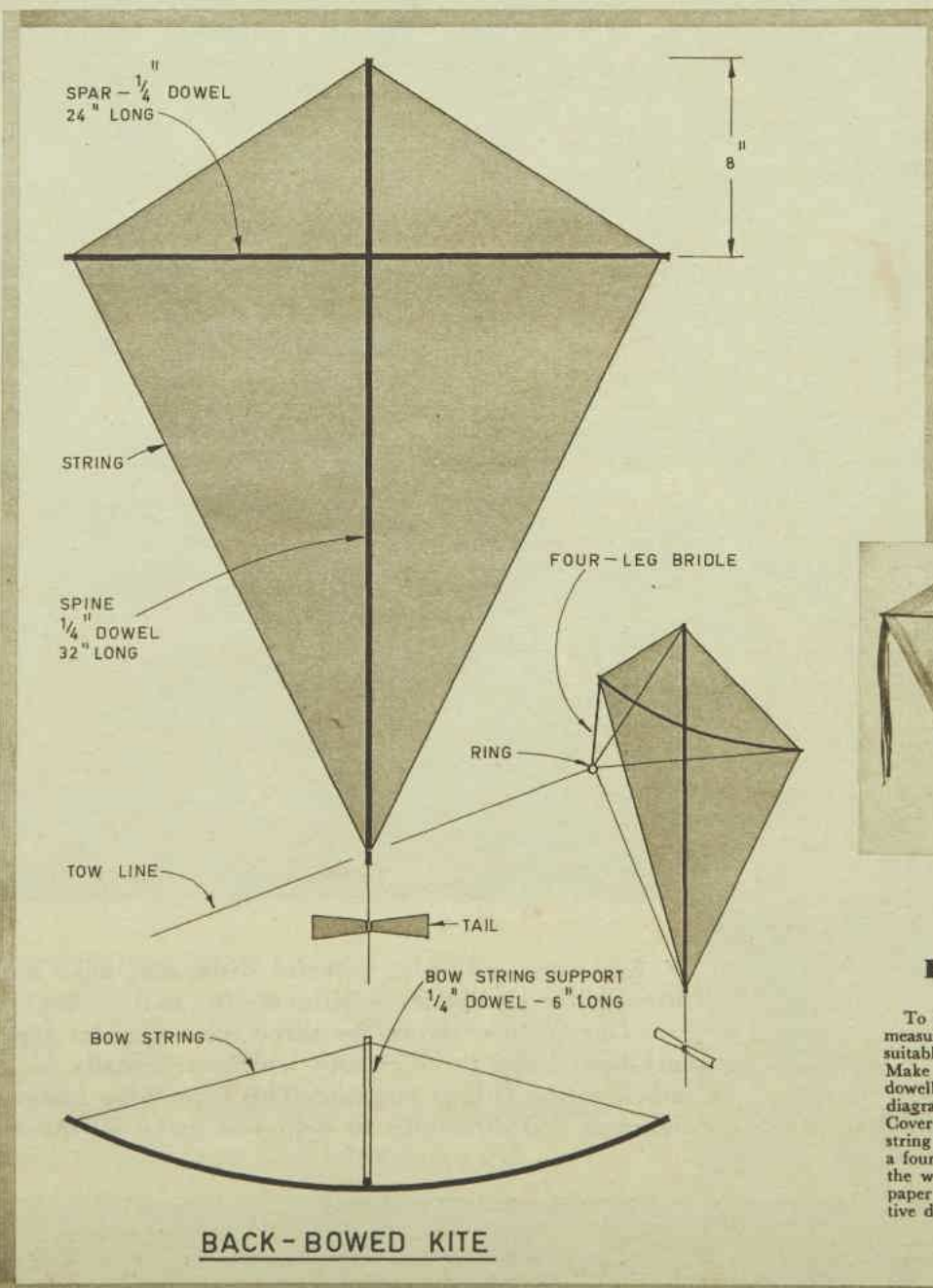
Decorations

Simple decorations add to the attractiveness of a kite. Pieces of colored tissue or plastic can be fixed to the front to form any number of patterns. Remember to seal all edges with glue or cellulose tape to prevent damage by wind. A paper-covered kite looks very effective, with animals or comic faces painted on with poster colors and a large brush.

Any one of the three kites illustrated would make a delightful Christmas or birthday gift for a boy or girl, and one which costs only a few shillings, a welcome change in these days of high-priced toys.

An older child, with perhaps a little help from father, could even make one of the kites himself and have a lot of fun at the same time.

● Diagram on this page is for the graceful back-bowed kite (see picture below). Diagrams and directions for making box and bird kites are on page 33.



BACK-BOWED KITE

(Picture above)

To make this kite, see diagram at left for measurements. The kite performs well and is suitable for flying in all weather conditions. Make the framework from ¼in. diameter dowelling, bow the spar (see lower section of diagram) to give the kite greater stability. Cover with colored tissue paper glued to the string frame. The back-bowed kite is flown with a four-leg bridle with the bowed surface facing the wind. It also has a tail. A circle of tissue paper in a contrasting color makes an attractive decoration and strengthens the covering.

To page 33



*Isn't it nice that Desert Flower arrived...
in time for Christmas*

Desert Flower: a complete range of skin caressing fragrances from soaps to sparkling colognes, to make you feel a little lovelier — all over. Feminine idea: prompt the man in your life to show you he really cares — this Christmas.

DESERT FLOWER
SKIN LUXURIES BY SHULTON

DESERT FLOWER SKIN LUXURIES (left to right): Talcum Powder, 15/-; Hand and Body Lotion, 8 oz. with dispenser, 25/-; 3½ oz. bottle, 10/9; gift set of Hand and Body Lotion and Spray Cologne, 57/6; Spray Cologne, 32/6; Sparkling Cologne, 25/-; Toilet Soap, 7/-; three-piece gift set, 20/-; gift set of Toilet Soap and Sparkling Cologne, 39/-; Also available two other gift sets at 35/9 and 40/-; Toilet Water, 15/-; Shower Soap, 9/6; Hand Cream, 9/6.

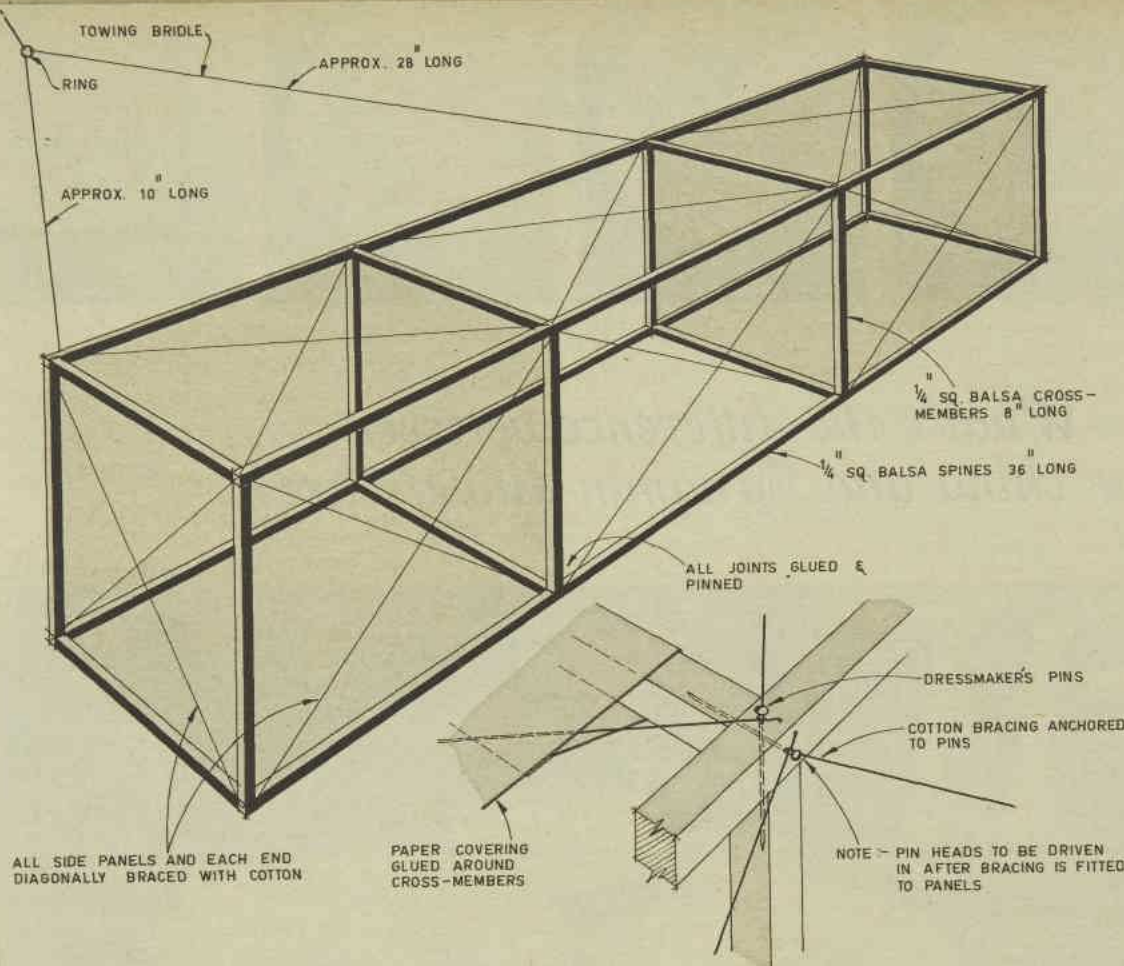


holiday panties and bras

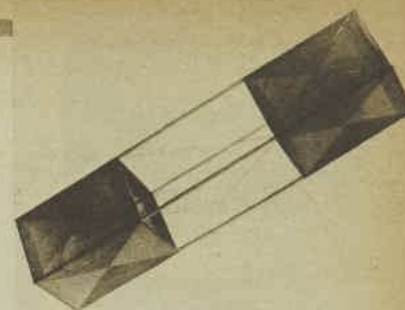
The carefree days of summer, need the carefree feel of Berlei holiday bras and panties. You'll wear them for wonderful looks . . . in fun-filled days and spectacular evenings . . . at play time or party-time. Fancy-Free panties have a can't-roll waist, and "action insert" in the legs to allow you even greater movement. 3", 5" or 7" leg pantie from 80/-. Girdle 72/6. Stretch bra 40/-.



HOW TO MAKE KITES . . . concluded



SQUARE-SECTION BOX KITE



PERFECTLY BALANCED box kite (above) does not need a tail, can be made easily by an older child. Materials needed are balsa wood, cotton, cellulose tape, and colored tissue paper.

BOX KITE

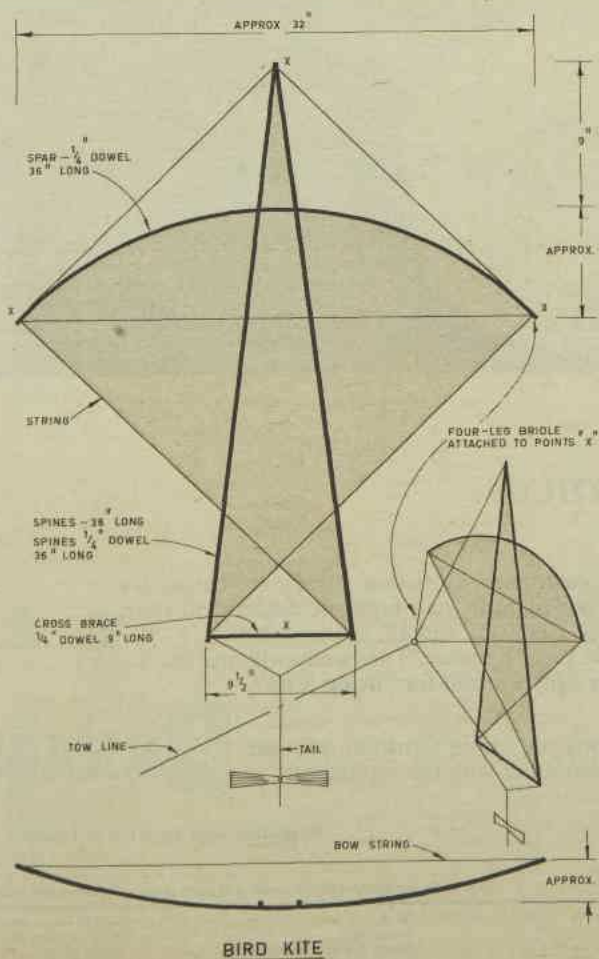
THIS kite (see picture above) is very stable and performs well even in a light breeze. Gaily colored tissue paper in two contrasting colors makes it bright and attractive.

The diagram at left gives the measurements for making a 3ft.-long square-section box kite.

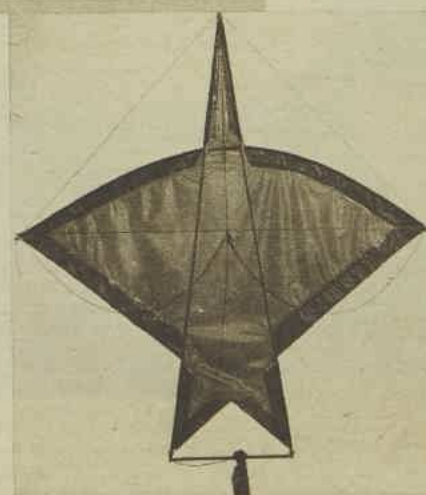
Make the framework of 1/4-in.-square balsa wood; glue and pin at all joints. Strengthen the structure by diagonally bracing across all panels with strong cotton.

Be sure to keep the framework square when fixing bracing.

As a covering material, colored tissue paper is recommended. Add triangular-shaped ornamental pieces attached to each side with cellulose tape. These additional strips of cellulose tape also help to strengthen the covering.



HIGH-FLYING bird kite (right) will dive and soar like a graceful bird if made and handled carefully. Pliable dowelling is the most suitable material for framing.



BIRD KITE

THIS graceful kite (see picture above) is made with 1/4-in. dowelling and is covered with thin plastic.

Make triangular centre section first (see diagram at left), then fix bowed spar to central framework. Drill small holes in spar at each end; then curve by fixing a bow string across spar.

It is important to select a piece of dowel that will bow evenly along its length. Fit second bow string to kite

to provide a slight back-bow for greater stability.

When fixing string frame to kite take care to ensure the shape is symmetrical, and all strings are taut. Fix plastic covering with cellulose tape and reinforce all corners with cellulose tape to prevent wind tearing the cover.

A bird kite must be well balanced and carefully handled for satisfactory results.

To give the kite the best flying position adjust the lengths of each leg of the four-leg bridle.

Fly with care

- Never fly a kite with a line made from metal, such as thin steel or copper wire. Contact with power lines could prove fatal.
- Never fly a kite with a damp line in stormy weather. A wet line can act as a lightning conductor.
- Avoid flying a kite near power lines or other obstacles.
- In very windy weather, always wear a glove to hold the tow line. The pull of a large kite running with the wind can cut bare fingers severely.
- Keep clear of other people when launching your kite. A large kite can dive with great force.



*What's the difference between
fine china and Ornamin dinnerware?*

MELMAC® QUALITY



Ornamin bounces.

Accidents will happen. But not to Ornamin.
Ornamin dinnerware is guaranteed for 12 months
not to break, chip or crack.

Ornamin looks and feels like fine china. It needs
no special care. Its beauty is permanent.

You pay a little more for Ornamin than most china.
But Ornamin beats the high cost of breakage, so it's
really the thriftiest dinnerware you can buy.

For yourself, or for Christmas giving, see Ornamin's
six lovely designs in your favourite department store.
In sets of 20, 30, 36 and 42, or you can buy
Ornamin piece by piece. The family will love it,
both for daily use and for "living it up".

And when you eat off Ornamin, you can
even trust father with the washing up.

ORNAMIN
MELMAC® QUALITY

Manufactured by British Plastics Pty. Ltd.

See Ornamin at hardware and gift stores everywhere — and at these leading department stores:

N.S.W.
Grace Bros. Pty. Ltd.
Farmer & Co. Ltd.
Nock & Kirby Ltd.
Mark Foy's Ltd.
Anthony Hordern & Sons

Q'LAND
David Jones Stores
Myer's Stores
Barry & Roberts Ltd.
Cribb & Foote Pty. Ltd.

S.A.
Myer Emporium (S.A.) Ltd.
John Martin & Co. Ltd.
Harris, Scarfe Ltd.

VIC.
Myer's Stores
James McEwan & Co. Pty. Ltd.
Buckley & Nunn Ltd.
Waltons Stores Ltd.
Ball & Welch Ltd.

W.A.
Boans Ltd.
Harris Scarfe & Sandovers Ltd.
Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Ltd.
Bairds Ltd.
Charles Moore & Co. Pty. Ltd.

TAS.
Charles Davis Pty. Ltd.
Myer Hobart Ltd.
Kitchen Stores Pty. Ltd.
G. P. Fitzgerald & Co.

On the facing page, read the answers to the 9 questions most asked about Ornamin.



9 Questions most often asked about Ornamin

1. What is Ornamin?

Ornamin is break-resistant MELMAC® dinnerware, made in Australia by British Plastics to quality standards established by American Cyanamide Company for your protection. MELMAC is the patented trade-mark of American Cyanamide Company.

2. Is Ornamin new?

There are new colours and designs, but many sets have been in use for years. In America 3 out of every 5 homes use this type of dinnerware, which carries the Good Housekeeping Seal.

3. Is Ornamin unbreakable?

No product is absolutely unbreakable - not even your pots and pans. Ornamin is so hard to break every piece is guaranteed for 1 year's normal use.

4. Is it plastic?

Yes - a superior type of material specially developed for dinnerware... odourless and tasteless. Ornamin is as superior to ordinary plastics as sterling silver is to silver plating.

5. Will the colours last?

Ornamin is fade-resistant, whether in deep tones or pastels. The colour is not mere surface glaze:

it is moulded under the surface.

6. Will the gloss finish wear off?

No; no glaze is applied; there is nothing to wear off. However do not scour Ornamin with abrasives - that will scratch it as it would your silver.

7. Is it suitable for all occasions?

Definitely. It is used in the finest homes and specified by leading decorators.

8. Will Ornamin stain?

Only cups... after long use with tea, and coffee. The stain is quickly and easily removed with baking soda.

9. I've heard Ornamin saves money. How?

You only buy the items you need... and you save money year after year, because you don't have to worry about broken or chipped dishes, incomplete sets or expensive replacements.



LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Bored to tears

HOW does one stop people from showing home photography? "This is me before breakfast, with my hair in pins." "It was a bitterly cold day, and I'm wearing my fur coat there." "These would have been good, only it was a dull day, wasn't it, Bill?" "That's Jean and Fred by their car, and us by our car." I dread to go to that house, as they all come out again for another showing, and our friends have even started bringing their pictures when they come to visit US.

£1/1/- to "Sick of Them" (name supplied), Newcastle, N.S.W.

Cooling off

FOR years I have tried to find a way of cooling off and getting enough energy to do the housework on hot summer days. Now I have found the secret. Before beginning, wash your hair, and while it is still soaking wet, put it up in rollers or pins. You will feel cool and fresh as you work while it is drying, and as a bonus, instead of looking like a mop, your hair will look pretty when it is dry and combed up.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Toni Tripley, Adelaide.

Silence is golden

AFTER a long afternoon of radio and television programs, with music to introduce music, music to end music, music to advertise everything, music in the foreground and in the background, I am beginning to wonder what damage we are all doing - or have done - to our poor nervous systems. When I was young, music was a rather rare treat. Nowadays I quite often almost hate it.

£1/1/- to "Music at Times" (name supplied), Bellevue, Tas.

Mosquito nets

IN many parts of Australia summer ushers in mosquitoes and mosquito nets. Does everyone loathe putting up nets as much as I do? Check the front and the back, put it up, and find you have it inside-out. Take it down again, turn it, put it up again, and it's back-to-front this time. Turn the front toward the back, and you've caught the net on the tester. You've torn a hole. Take it down, mend it, and start again.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. McNally, Scarness, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

"OH lord, my stocking's laddered! I just felt it," said Mrs. Hopkins.

She was next to me at a party. Her remark aroused my curiosity.

"How can you feel a stocking when it ladders?" I asked.

"It sort of creeps up your leg," she said.

"No, it creeps down your leg," my wife said. They argued for a while about whether it crept up or down.

This ladder feeling is something men never have, except I suppose female impersonators.

I asked them to tell me more about the feeling.

"It's like a whisper," one woman said. The others agreed this was a good description.

Men's socks do not ladder. They get holes in the toes and heels (the latter being called potatoes). These holes come silently, without even a whisper.

You don't know the hole is there till you feel your toe sticking through the sock. If it is a potato, there is a slightly cool feeling where your heel touches the inside of the shoe.

Talk of the whisper of laddering stockings set me thinking about other garment noises.

SOUND TRACKS

Once I heard the ping of a button flying off a shirt after Christmas dinner. That is a rare experience.

There is a queer sensation that comes occasionally when you bend down and your trousers split at the back. It is like a harsh laugh running up (or down), and is very unpleasant.



You have to stand up quickly, muttering "Excuse me a moment," and back out of the room.

The breaking of elastic in underclothes causes a vague slipping feeling. It is accompanied by uneasiness, even panic, but is quite soundless.

The tear of a shirt, on the other hand, is audible for some distance at night. It is like a cry of surprise and protest.

They say that in older days the creak of the whalebone in corsets was a familiar sound. I have never heard it, but I remember the crackle of a stiff shirt-front. Something like the breaking of small sticks.

More common now is the rustle of static electricity when a girl puts on an orlon cardigan. My daughter Pip listens to it appreciatively.

The squeak of shoes can be embarrassingly loud. As a rule it happens with new shoes, and they get over it. I have a pair which suddenly began to squeak when they were three years old. They still squeak, as if tired and complaining.

A keen ear can pick up the jangle of charm bracelets, the plop of a fallen earring, or the faint mutter of a strapless evening gown.

We should listen more carefully for these social noises. I have no doubt that in a moment of tense silence at a theatre, the trained person can pick up the whisper of laddering stockings.

● "MUMMY, WHO IS YOUR HUSBAND?", a selection of Ross Campbell's best writings, is on sale at bookshops and newsagents. Published by Shakespeare Head Press, price 17/6.

Solving Santa's problem

THE answer, "Wondering," is to let your child make a long list for Father Christmas, but explain to him that the old gentleman only has time to make a certain number of toys each year. This means that you can't get everything on your list. My three-year-old daughter accepts this explanation, and my friend's children do, too.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. M. Sims, Mount Gambier, S.A.

FATHER CHRISTMAS

only brings one toy to each child, relatives and friends give the others. This solves the problem of why some children receive more than others, and the children search eagerly each year for their special gift.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Elizabeth Leyer, Oakview, Qld.

WE got over the problem by explaining to our children that Father Christmas has so many children to visit that he can't afford to pay for all the gifts. We send the list and money, and Father Christmas buys and brings the presents. The children often choose a cheaper toy to help out.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Jobling, Port Noarlunga, S.A.

TELL your young son that

Santa is very disappointed if children are greedy and ask for too many gifts. Last year my daughter's only request was for a toy farm, and she was delighted to find that Santa had left lots of surprises, too. Nobody likes to hear a child rattling off a list of "I wants," and it is in your child's own interest to curb any such tendency.

£1/1/- to Mrs. June Madden, West Ryde, N.S.W.

WE have three sons, aged two, four, and eight. If the older two ask for something we cannot afford, I just say, "Don't forget Santa sends Daddy a bill after Christmas, and he won't be able to afford that." This answer satisfies them, and in this way they still believe in Santa while knowing who pays for the toys.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Windsor, Oxley, Qld.

DO not be alarmed at the

long list of presents your son is compiling for Father Christmas. Simply tell him that the "good old chap" has a thorough look through the list, and very carefully chooses and leaves for him only the gifts he thinks best, as only the best is good enough for such a good boy.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. D. Lewis, Henley Beach, S.A.

WE have always told our young children that Santa loves all children, but that he has a very special love for the ones who are not greedy. This has worked. They ask for something special, and leave the rest to Santa - knowing in their hearts that there will be other lovely surprises.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Alma Fraser, Cardiff South, N.S.W.

*Wonderland
comes to life
for a little
girl...*



*... when you give her
a Pedigree doll!*

Baby dolls, fairytale dolls, teenage dolls, walking dolls, character dolls and many, many others — for the very young there are soft, cuddly "newborn" baby dolls with panties and booties — and "Pedigree" make them all. No wonder a "Pedigree" doll was chosen doll of the year at the Toy and Games Manufacturers' Association Exhibition. There are 18" "Pedigree" vinyl dolls, beautifully dressed, fully jointed, with sleeping eyes and lovely lashes, and hair that can be brushed, combed and shampooed. "Prestige" dolls by "Pedigree" are lavishly dressed; the teenage ones have long nylon stockings, high heeled shoes and jointed waists. For small babies there are "Pedigree" vinyl soft toys. Ask for "Pedigree" dolls and soft toys at your favourite store or toyshop — they're priced to suit all budgets.



Sindy & Paul

"THE DOLLS YOU LOVE TO DRESS"

"Sindy" has a boyfriend, "Paul". Just like Sindy he has a wonderful wardrobe of clothes, too! Sindy is 12" tall, Paul just the right amount taller. These dress-up dolls, both with moving arms and legs, will delight any girl.



Pedigree BY CYCLOPS

• DISTRIBUTED BY: CYCLOPS & LINES BROS. (AUST.) LTD. •
SYDNEY • MELBOURNE • BRISBANE • ADELAIDE • PERTH

FAMILY AFFAIRS

It's unkind to call him Shorty

● We have two boys, my husband and I: Joey, six, who wears size four pants, and Scott, three, who also wears size four. I've just discovered that six years of remarks by unthinking relatives, friends, and strangers about Joey's size are taking their toll of him.

RECENTLY we enrolled him in a swimming class for six- and seven-year-olds.

When I went to get him after his first lesson, he was waiting at the entrance to the baths with his shirt unbuttoned, shoes untied, and his hair wet from his shower.

He didn't look any different from the rest of the boys filing out — except for a look in his eyes he couldn't quite hide. In the privacy of our car I got the word. Tearfully, "I'm not going back there any more. I'm too little. I stand in the shallowest part and the water covers my mouth."

When I answered cheerfully that then he'd better learn to swim as fast as he could so that he could be on top of the water, he said bitterly, "I'm too little. Don't you know everybody calls me Shorty?"

Then, a couple of days later, Joey came crying that Billy, who is the same age, had hit him. When I asked why he didn't settle the thing himself, the crying became great sobbing gulps.

Between the gulps he told me there just wasn't any point in trying to fight it out with Billy — he was bigger. And he ended with that clincher: "Don't you know that everybody calls me Shorty?"

Well, I'd had it with the Shorty business. The time had come to stop ignoring it in the hope it would go away.

I put Scott to bed for his afternoon nap, and Joey and I went into the garden to have a talk. He kept insisting that Billy shouldn't have hit him because he was smaller. And he wailed, "Why does everyone have to call me Shorty?"

There was no use pussy-footing any more. I told him firmly, life's like that. People might always call him Shorty. He might as well get used to it. And he might as well stop feeling sorry for himself.

I pointed out how short his father is compared to Billy's father, but that they were friends. And, "Look how much bigger Billy's mother is than I am — and we don't fight. The thing to do," I said, "is to learn to get along with people bigger than you are."

"Yeah, but if you did fight, Billy's mother would beat you, too, just like Billy does me," said Joey. I decided there was no use arguing that point.

Then I brought up Joey's idol, his 13-year-old cousin Jim, who is also short. Again I told the story of how Jim

earned a place in a football team when other boys bigger and heavier couldn't make it because they gave up too soon, but he didn't quit.

I pointed out all the things Joey could do that Billy couldn't: run like the wind, for instance.

By
JEAN WINCHESTER

Then I went into how some boys can't see or hear, while some can't even walk, and how being short is a minor affliction.

After this talk, I embarked on a program to develop Joey's self-confidence. But I either went too far or Joey absorbed too fast. For he became an aggressive little monster.

Suddenly his chief aim was to prove that he could "lick anybody." Including girls. I tried to explain that boys don't fight with girls. But to Joey, if they were bigger than he was (and most of them were) they were fair game. Somehow, fighting had become the supreme test.

Then one night he wrestled Billy to a draw. That seemed to be the goal he'd been striving for — apparently he'd had to prove to himself he could do it. After this victory he began to settle down to more scholarly things.

And he's now beginning to handle his problem himself and to answer back politely, but firmly, when someone calls him Shorty.

The problem isn't over. When someone says in Joey's presence, "My, isn't he small for his age?" I've learned to say firmly, "Yes, he is, but we never notice it. He can do so many things as well or better than children twice his size."

This stops the conversation and labels me a bragging fool. But Joey needs me to say this to counterbalance the thoughtless remark.

Then I mention the big fish he caught last summer, and he, naturally, produces a picture of it; so instead of Joey's and Scott's measurements we discuss the measurements of the fish.

It was a whopper for a six-year-old.

KILL & REPEL

MOSQUITOES, FLEAS, SANDFLIES
AND OTHER BITING INSECTS WITH



KOKODA

SPRAY PACK
Insect repellent

— gives 8 hours freedom from annoying mosquitoes and other insects at the push of a button

Get 8 hours of complete freedom from annoying, biting insects with Kokoda. Just direct a fine spray of Kokoda on exposed parts of the body. Sweet-smelling Kokoda can be used safely on the face and neck, too! Simply spray into the hand and then apply. Kokoda — the most effective way to kill and repel mosquitoes, fleas, sandflies and other insects. Kokoda insect repellent comes in liquid in bottles and spray-pack tins, and cream in tubes — at your chemist or store.

KOKODA, A PRODUCT OF DRUG HOUSES OF AUSTRALIA KP4

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 8, 1965



Northern Walkabout



In the Hamersley Ranges, W.A. (Picture by Vincent Serventy.)

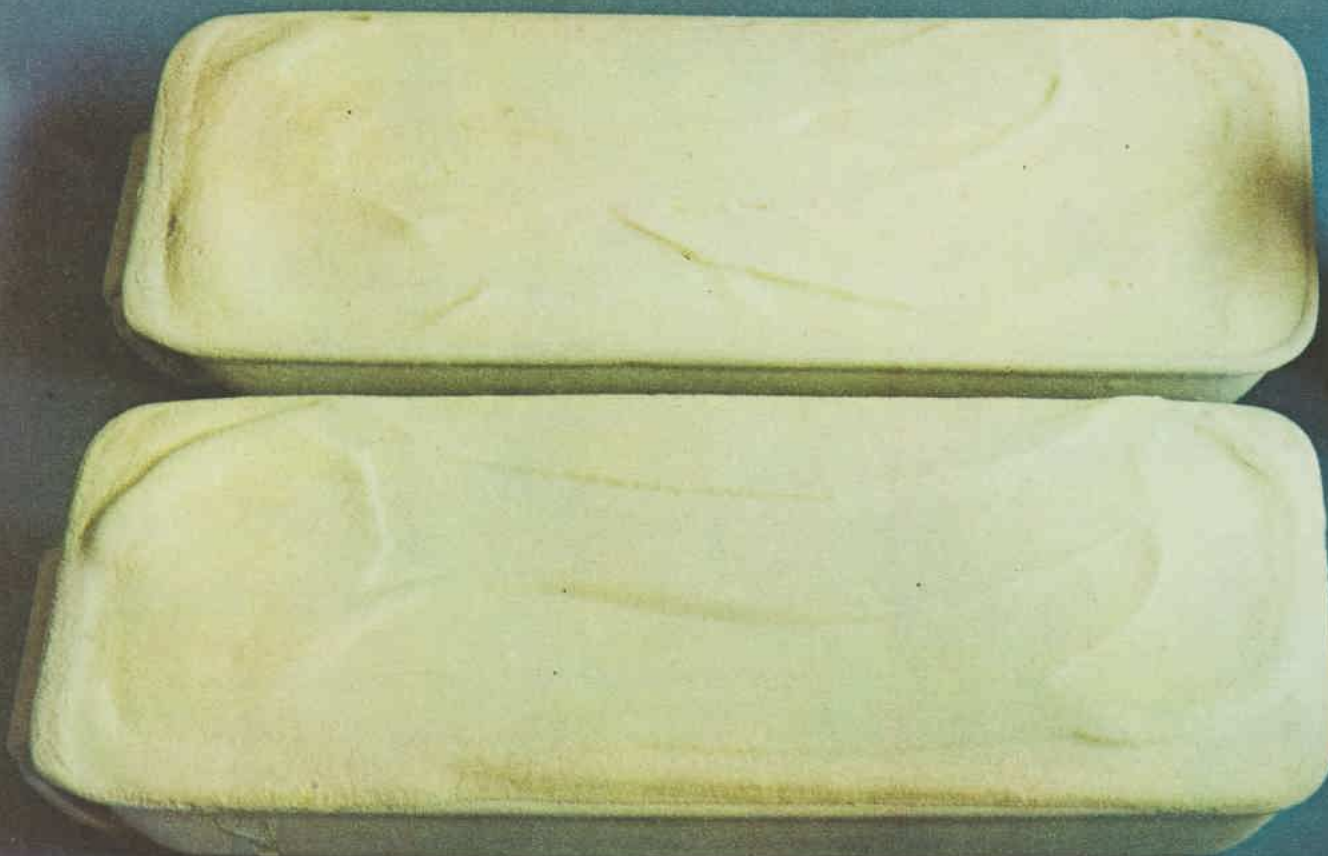
● "It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive." The Perth naturalist Vincent Serventy and his family have been roaming for months now in northern Australia, taking pictures for *The Australian Women's Weekly* and future television series, and on this and the next three pages are a few of the places and creatures they have seen. In a four-wheel-drive vehicle pulling a caravan, the family drove

north to set up camp in the gorges of the Hamersley Ranges, then moved on to the Kimberleys and the Northern Territory. They planned to drive south into Central Australia, then north-east to Cairns and south to Sydney, taking six months, with Mr. Serventy seeking out and photographing wildlife on the way as only a naturalist can.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



For the money you pay for one carton of shop ice cream...



you can make almost twice as much...with Carnation Milk
It's as good as getting a second tray free

It's true! One can of Carnation Evaporated Milk makes two big trays of creamy-smooth ice cream. Almost double the amount of shop ice cream you'd get for the money! Twice as much as you'd make with an instant mix! And it's so easy. There's none of that 'second whip during setting' business! That's why Carnation 'One Whip' ice cream is made in more homes than any other. Cut the recipe out now. Keep it handy to use soon, and often.

Carnation—the milk "from contented cows"

Australia's most wanted recipe...

CARNATION 'ONE WHIP' ICE CREAM

3 rounded tablespoons castor sugar; 1 level teaspoon gelatine; 1 level tablespoon butter; 2 tablespoons water; 1 large can (14½ oz.). Carnation Evaporated Milk, chilled; 1 teaspoon vanilla. Set refrigerator control for freezing ice cream. Place gelatine and water in a saucepan and allow to stand for 2-3 minutes. Stir over a low heat until dissolved. Add the butter and allow to melt. Stir in sugar and vanilla. Cool. Beat the chilled Carnation Milk in a chilled bowl until stiff. Gradually add the cooled gelatine mixture, beating constantly. Pour into trays and freeze. Makes 2 trays. A tablespoon of lemon juice added to the milk will assist the whipping. If you have a deep freeze unit, make a quick frozen dessert by following the 'One Whip' recipe omitting gelatine and butter.

VARIATIONS:

Chocolate Cinnamon Ice Cream. Stir 2 tablespoons drinking chocolate and 1 teaspoon cinnamon into the gelatine mixture when adding the sugar.

Fruit Salad Ice Cream. Prepare the ice cream as above, then beat in ½ cup orange juice. Fold in one cup of sliced strawberries and 2 bananas sliced thinly. Pour into trays and freeze.

Honeycomb Ripple. Prepare the ice cream as above, then fold in one finely crushed chocolate-coated honeycomb bar. Pour into trays and freeze.

Northern Walkabout

From page 37

CORELLAS at Kununurra Research Station, with the Ord River in the distance. Cotton and other crops are being grown commercially in the district, and water from the river irrigates 18 farms in addition to the Government research establishment.



THE CARAVAN on the north-western plain. With Vincent Serventy and his wife, Carol, are their two daughters, Karen, 9, and Cathy, 6, and their baby son, Matthew, 20 months. The girls had to do their correspondence school lessons each morning before the family moved on.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Dickies

Towels for EVERY-body

Go wild with flowers

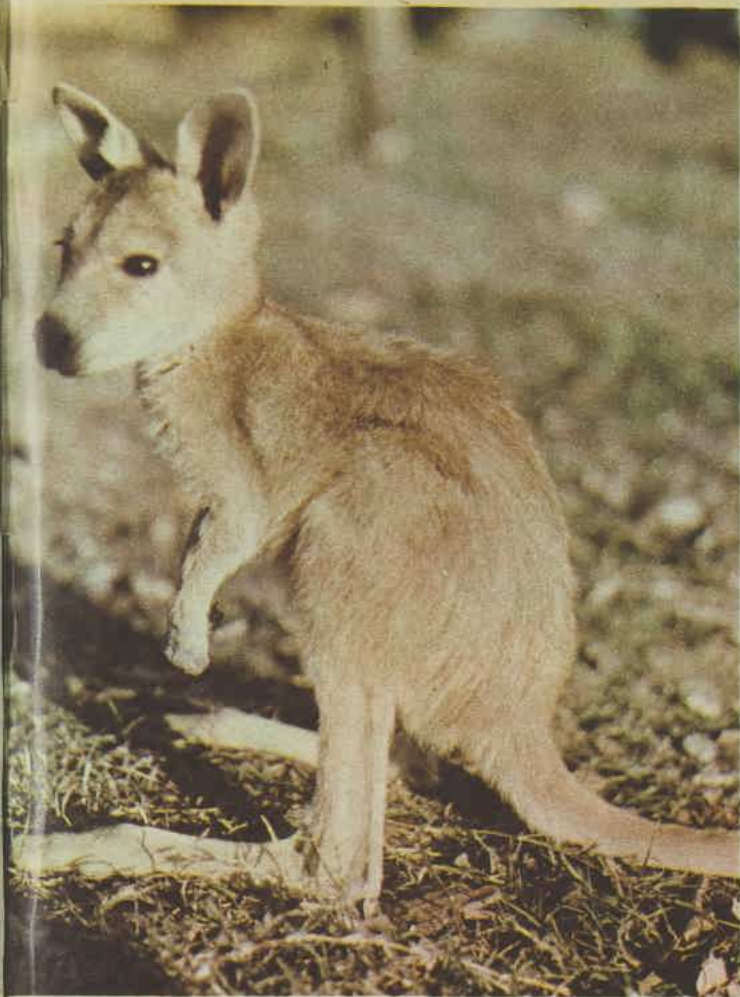
For '66 a fresh sparkling range in design and colour, co-ordinated to blend in mix and match sets. Also you have the soft touch of quality which is traditional with Dickies towels.

Also available in New Zealand.

H. B. Dickie Limited, 246 Hyde St., Yarraville



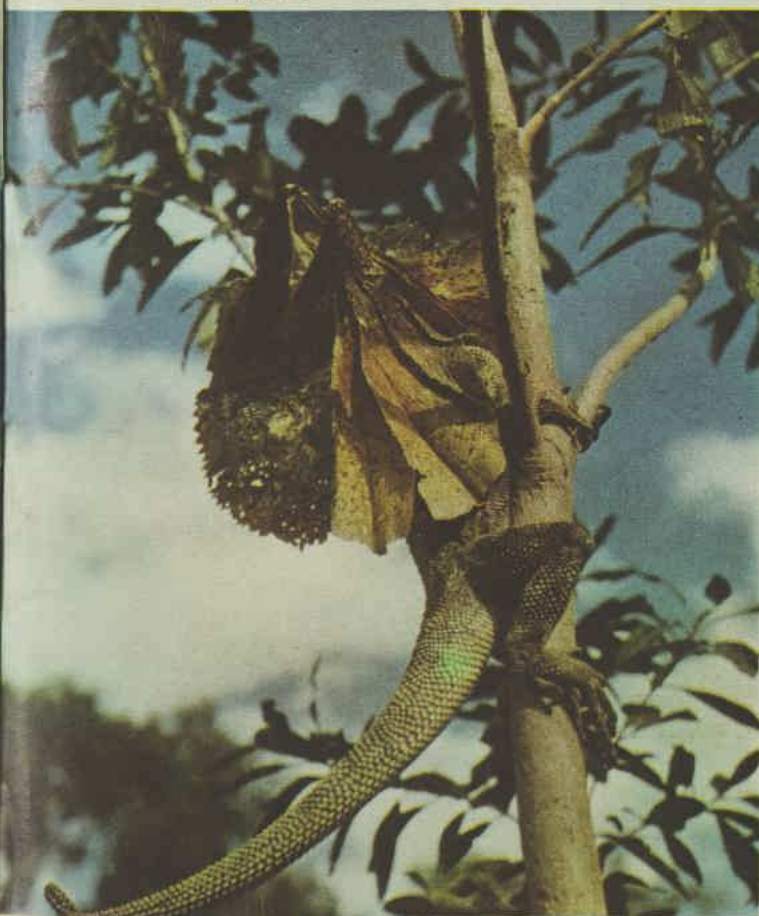
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 8, 1965



Northern Walkabout

From page 39

ABOVE, left, a young wallaby encountered in the north-west. Right, a freshwater crocodile. Mass slaughter has led the Western Australian Government to protect this harmless fish-eater — the salt-water crocodiles are the dangerous ones. BELOW, left, a dragon lizard erects an intimidating frill of skin when disturbed (it can also bite fiercely). At right is a brown tree snake, fairly harmless.



CONTINUED OVERLEAF

LOOK NO CORD!



The gift on the go for the man on the go

To keep him trim and neat when he is away from home, the man in your life needs a Philishave Cordless. There's nothing like Philishave Cordless at anywhere near the price. Smooth, close comfortable Rotary Action shaves whiskers the way whiskers grow. The zip up travelling case has a built in mirror and cleaning brush. And it runs on inexpensive torch batteries. How much for this beauty? Just £9.19.6 including batteries.

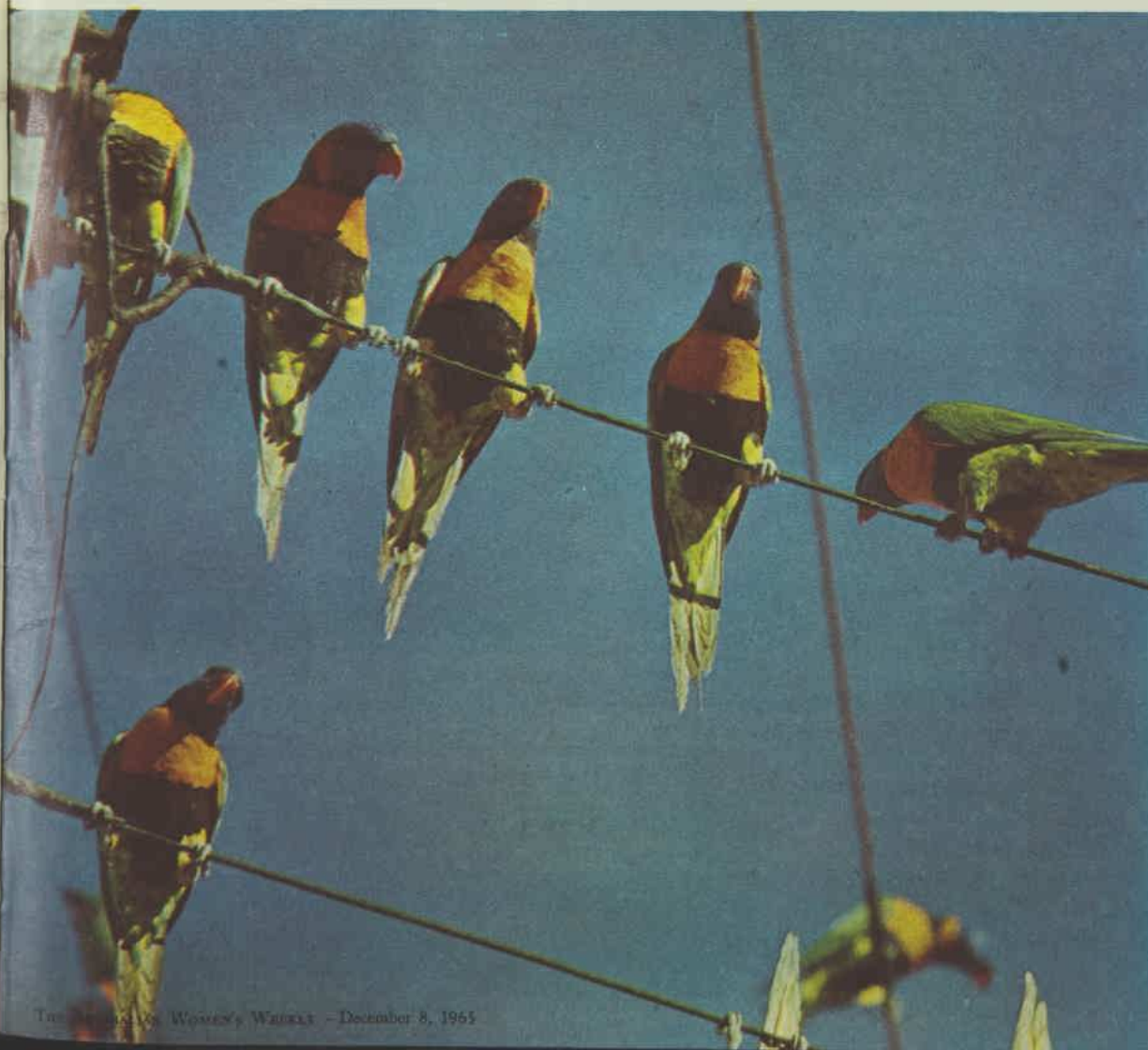


PHILISHAVE CORDLESS

2887-0714

Northern Walkabout

PANDANUS CREEK.
Northern creeks may be dry during the cool season, but the green pandanus trees are an indication of water in the sand below.



**RED - COLLARED LORI-
KEETS**, one of the com-
monest parrots in the
north of Western Aus-
tralia, wait on overhead
wires. This picture was
taken at the Derby
Leprosarium, where the
lorikeets are fed regu-
larly in the "dry."



SAND-PIT by sports ground at a British holiday camp.

A WORKING HOLIDAY AT

EVERY summer tens of thousands of British holidaymakers choose not to get away from it all. They head for the busiest, rowdiest fortnight of their year — in a seaside camp.

There they live in tiny tin-roofed bungalows. They are awakened very early every morning by a cheerful hullabaloo over loudspeakers.

They eat in shifts in dining-rooms like the canteens in a huge factory.

They have entertainment laid on from the moment they open their eyes until they fall exhausted into bed.

And they love it. Year upon year they come back for more.

But there is another side to this carefree existence.

For the thousands of people

whose job it is to keep the campers happy it is back-breaking, poorly paid work. The staff of entertainers, cleaners, cooks, waitresses, shop assistants, barmen call their living quarters "the concentration camp." But the camp still has a hypnotic effect on them and back they go each summer.

In my student days, in recent years, I spent three seasons in a holiday camp, starting at the top and working my way down.

The "top" was the glamor job of entertainer, organiser, hostess — in other words, maid of all work.

I wore a smart uniform of blazer and skirt, and a badge with my name on.

I was unfortunate enough to have no special talent, so the badge also bore the designation "Games Leader," and this left me wide open to all sorts of jokes, especially the innocent query, "Are the games you lead fun and games about midnight, Miss?" from the self-styled wits among the campers.

I got up at 7 a.m., went for my daily briefing, then breakfast and anything from leading a treasure hunt to being thrown fully clothed into the pool during a swimming gala just for laughs.

Autographs were signed at the rate of 20 a day, and it was disheartening, after a far from original verse had been dragged from the back of the memory, to find the ardent autograph hunter scarcely giving it a glance before running to mother with, "I've got 51 now" (or 999 as the case may have been).

Dance ordeal

Evenings were usually taken up by dancing. I thoroughly enjoyed the first three dances, if no more. I was dragged, pushed, and jumped on round the floor at a surprising variety of speed by campers I wasn't allowed to refuse.

By the eleventh dance (on the average) I was a bundle of nerves, my feet were ready for a bath in methylated spirit, and my fingers were crushed to pulp.

The unfortunate who asked me for a dance after that had a surprise in store, especially if the dance was a slow, dreamy waltz.

I would stand as far away as possible and jitterbug up and down so as to prevent my feet wandering under his size elevens.

The eight-hour day was unknown. In theory I had odd hours off during the day, but by the time I'd raced to my chalet—as it was

Come out of the kitchen and enjoy Christmas with Big Sister Christmas Cakes and Plum Puddings



No more mixing and baking — no more time wasted in the kitchen. Relax and enjoy Christmas with the rest of the family because Big Sister is better tasting than ever! More flavourful, fruity and delicious Big Sister cakes and puddings are crammed with goodness and Yuletide richness. Give your family and yourself a treat with Real Christmas Flavour!

and Big Sister Plum Puddings in 12 oz., 1 lb, 1½ lb and 3 lb tins—a size for every family.

Buy a Big Sister Xmas Cake today! Available in

- Rich Fruit Cake — 2 lb. and 3 lb. packs and 3 lb. round in attractive plastic container.
- Golden Fruit Cake — 2 lb. pack and 3 lb. Presentation Cake in handsome metal container.

W201



BEAUTY CONTEST entrants line up on a camp diving-tower.

CAMP TOGETHERNESS

By
ANGELA CUSSENS

called—and kicked my shoes off it would be time to put them on again and race back to duty.

At the end of the first week I opened my pay packet and found £2/17/- I felt crushed.

I stayed a "games leader" for another week before throwing in the towel and turning my talents to waitressing in the hope that tips would supplement my meagre wage.

In the dining-rooms the campers sat at tables of four in long rows. Each waitress served nine tables through two sittings.

On the first day I thought I was on to a good thing, but that was because I and two other new girls shared one row.

The second day I was on my own, and I found it physically impossible to lay the tables, dash up and down with racks of eight full plates suspended from each arm two dozen times, and clear the tables ready to start over again.



TUG-OF-WAR is part of an "inter-house" sports tourney at another camp.

for the next meal, all within an hour and a half.

My heart wasn't in the work, and on the fourth day I dropped all the plates and collapsed on the floor with a slipped disc.

A couple of X-rays and some heaving on my neck and I was ready to start again.

I went to wash-up in the kitchens. Huge brushes revolved in the sinks, and washing-up involved feeding the plates between the brushes, catching them as they came up, and putting them in racks to dry.

It was easy, if monotonous, and it was the monotony that lost me this job.

Missing plates

Every so often I would feed a plate into the brushes the wrong way round. There would be a grinding noise, and it would disappear for ever.

As time went by I fed more and more plates in wrongly — until the machine stopped suddenly and refused to start.

When the mechanics found the works clogged with a minor mountain of powdered china I was out on my ear.

On my way out of the camp on what I thought was my last day, I went to buy an ice-cream.

My variety of uniforms in those inglorious four weeks had aroused the curiosity of the ice-cream salesman, and when I poured my sorry story into his sympathetic ear he offered me a job selling ice-cream.

I thought I'd give it a try for a week, that being my average for any one job — and I ended up selling ice-cream for the rest of that season and the two seasons after.

On hot days I'd have so many customers I couldn't keep up.

When it got too much like a Rugby scrum I'd take off the barrow lid and tell the campers to help themselves and toss their money in.

The British on holiday are peculiarly honest. When I came to count up at the end of a day, I never once found myself short.

On cold days I'd find a sheltered spot and happily eat my way through my stock.

I took a more active part in the big events than I had ever done as a timorous "games leader."

When a team of wrestlers visited

the camp once a week I soon came to an arrangement with the one the crowds hated most.

Halfway through his bout I walked close to the ring with an open tray. He'd "steal" a ready-melted chocolate bar, and down his opponent's trunks it would go.

My commission on sales from the ice-cream barrow was 2/- in the pound, and I earned between £18 and £35 sterling a week, working 12 hours a day for the larger amounts.

I had the best-paid job in camp.



A "SOCIAL CYCLE" which is available to holidaymakers at one of the many British camps.

Don't let flies & biting insects bother you. Spray on Aerogard.

It really repels insects... University tests prove it!

<p>Without Aerogard The moment this girl's arm entered this glass cage, the captive flies swarmed to land. They persistently clung and crawled over her arm.</p>	<p>Aerogard sprayed on This clean, non-sticky repellent gives a cool pleasant sensation when applied. When sprayed on to skin and clothing it repels all insect pests.</p>	<p>With Aerogard Aerogard's powerful repellent action sent the flies into a frenzy. Not one landed. They would not go near the arm now sprayed with Aerogard.</p>	<p>Personal protection One spray gives lasting protection from flies, mosquitoes, sand flies & all biting and annoying insect pests. Pocket size 8/6. Large size 11/6.</p>

OUTDOORS. ENJOY COMPLETE FREEDOM FROM FLIES AND BITING INSECT PESTS—SPRAY ON AEROGARD.

36 128 65



Wonderful, wonderful Christmas gifts by **Gemey** (7/- to 34/6)

Glorious Gemey Skin Perfume, delightfully gift-packed. 3 sizes, 8/6, 12/6 and 18/6.



Gemey Talcs. Sheer luxury. Gift-wrapped. 7/- and 9/6



Exciting duo. Gemey Talc and Skin Perfume. A most appealing gift. 16/6



Parfum Gemey. An exquisite floral bouquet. Excitingly packaged. 8/6 and 16/6



ILLUSTRATED
by ASTRA



They rejoiced in the thought
of their ultimate reunion
... a romantic short story

TODAY IS OURS

By ELIZABETH FIELD

EACH time the waiting-room door revolved, a new gust of cold air from the platform brought with it the noisy clanking of engines and the stale smell of soot.

Margaret tried desperately to still the trembling of her hands.

In only a few minutes from now Nigel would be sitting tight-wedged into the corner of the carriage trying to spy along the curving length of the train to catch his first glimpse of her on the platform waiting as she had promised she would three years ago. On this exact spot, she had said goodbye to him. Here, in this steamy room smelling of toast and drying woollen overcoats.

She had been afraid to look at him in that last instant, terrified that the tears she had promised so solemnly not to shed would fall.

To control rising hysteria, she had stared fixedly at the letters on the frosted window-pane, spelling them out over and over until they were engraved for ever in her heart. SSALC TSRIF.

They had no right to be in the first-class waiting-room at all, but in the second there had been toddlers whimpering and a young mother changing her baby.

So they had wandered hand in hand to the first-class, and once there they had clung together.

"It isn't a lifetime, darling. I'll be back before you've had time to miss me. It's only three years."

"You'll meet someone else," she whispered.

"All American girls aren't beauties," he consoled her. "Don't worry. I'll always remember you just as you are this minute. Little, wonderful, crying over me."

"After this, we'll be able to live in luxury."

She clung to him in new despair. "I don't want to live in luxury in three years. I want to be with you now, this minute."

Regardless then of the solitary man in the corner, he had kissed her. "But you know we can't be married, darling. I've no money. You're too young. Really, you are. We might starve. Just wait for me, darling, and everything will be all right. I promise you."

Because she was crying then, he had led her outside.

The cold had made her shudder and cling closely to him for protection. He'd opened his overcoat, drawing her into the shelter of his arms.

To page 68



Give permanent beauty-Give stainless steel

Whatever gift you choose you can be sure it will serve lastingly and beautifully when it is fashioned from forever-gleaming Australian Stainless Steel.

No other metal quite matches up to Stainless Steel for practical elegance. It can't tarnish. It stays modern and carefree, the easiest metal of all to keep clean. When it's time for giving a special gift, could be a toaster, carving set or even a *stunning* serving tray, bear in mind that Australian Stainless Steel

has really arrived with many wonderful styles and patterns. Practical, beautiful gifts that will be loved through the years.

So ask to see Australian-made Stainless Steel at good stores everywhere. Perhaps, if you're lucky enough, you may even receive it yourself. For general information on Australian Stainless Steel, write to Stainless Steel Information Centre, Box 14, Waratah, New South Wales.



Commonwealth Steel Company Limited.
Head Office and Works—Waratah, N.S.W.
Cold Rolling Plant—Unanderra, N.S.W.
Branch Warehouses in all capital cities.

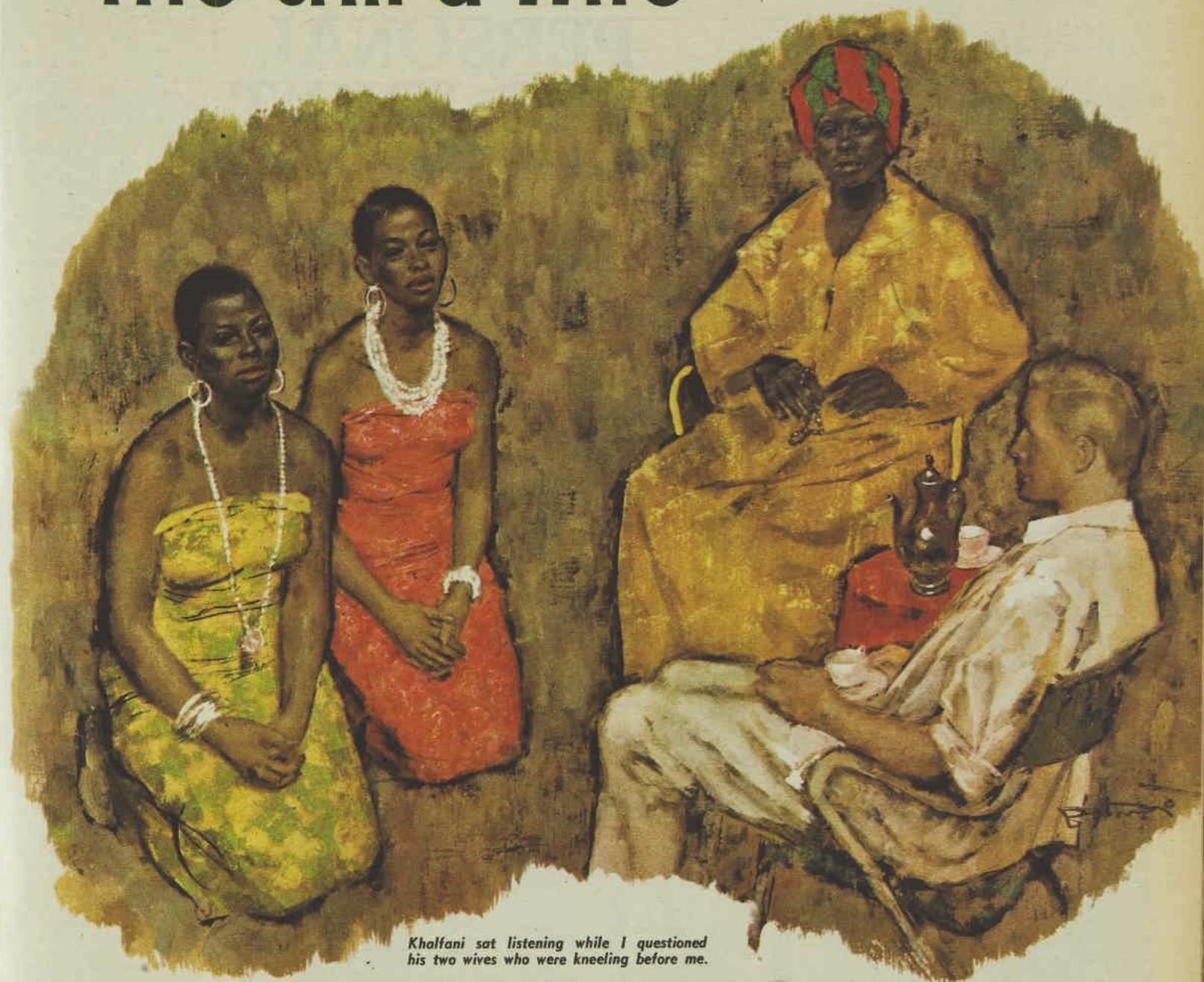
Always something new in forever gleaming **AUSTRALIAN**

stainless steel

KEY TO ILLUSTRATION: Top Row: Esstele Frypan, Proper Grater and Beater, Esstele Steamer Set, Hacker's Teapot, Pritchard Cocktail Shaker, Wiltshire Knives, Hacker's Ice Bucket. Middle Shelf: Eton Tea Service, Paramount Jug, Pritchard Tea Service. Bottom Shelf: Esstele Pot Roaster, Speedie Electric Kettle, Luke Colander, Satina Bowl, Esstele Saucepan, Hacker's Gravy Boat, Hostess Ware Meal Servers, Satina Bowl and Dish, Paramount Oyster Dish. Foreground: Proper Tongs, Fiesta Knife Set, Satina Oval Platter, Paramount and Karver Carving Trays, model holding Ranleigh Tray containing Atlantic Tea Service.

The third wife

By DARRELL BATES



Khalfani sat listening while I questioned his two wives who were kneeling before me.

IT was very hot in my office that afternoon. Through the window I could see the leaves of the palm trees lying limp and drooping in the windless tepid air, and behind them the sea, flat and shining, like a metal sheet. I undid my tie and let it hang limp and drooping, like the palm leaves, against the dampness of my shirt.

There was a cough behind me. A quiet cough. I hadn't been very long in Africa, but it didn't come, I knew, from any disorder of the throat; it was just designed with a nice balance of diffidence and firmness to attract attention.

I turned my head and looked into a pair of liquid, dark brown eyes.

He had come in very silently through the swing-door behind my desk. He had come from the office where the clerks wrote and filed and typed and added up.

His name was Khalfani and his age, he had told me once, was in the neighborhood of thirty-five.

"Yes," I said, "what is it?"

He licked his lips in a nervous gesture, and his toes curled inward in embarrassment. Ordinarily he wore shoes, but inside the office he took them off, as if it were a mosque or someone else's house to be preserved against the dust and impurities of the streets and the narrow, twisting country paths.

His tongue looked very pink and moist and fresh against the smooth, brown-black skin and the whiteness of the teeth.

"Trouble," he said. He spoke in Swahili, and Swahili is a very laconic language. "Trouble in the house."

"Again?" I asked.

"Again," he said. Khalfani was a very good clerk and a very likable man. He had a gentle-looking face and a gentle manner and a very quiet voice. He never complained of being overworked or underpaid. He never quarrelled with the other clerks or the messengers or the sanitary inspectors, but he was always having domestic trouble at his home.

"Which one," I asked, "is it this time?"

"The youngest." He smiled, and then looked away.

"The youngest child, or the youngest . . .?"

I let the rest of my question slide away.

"It is the youngest wife," he said.

"Oh," I said, "I see."

"Yes," he went on, "it is she again."

Two or three weeks before, Khalfani had asked me to adjudicate in a small family dispute. Although I was as a cadet the newest and the lowest form of the white man's government in this small, decaying town on the East African coast,

I had the advantage of being a stranger, as yet untouched and uncorrupted in Khalfani's eyes by the processes and pressures of local domicile.

Khalfani was a Muslim and he had three wives. The first he had married when he was a young man in his own distant up-country home.

He had been a clerk in the government even then, and when he was transferred to another place he had left her behind, partly, he explained to look after his fields and his goats and partly because she was very much a local girl and he didn't think she would transplant very well.

In the place he went to he married someone else. But when some years later he was transferred again he took her with him, her and the two children she had borne him.

They had come then to this place, this small, decaying coastal town and, here, Khalfani had married yet again. Although this newest wife was very young, she had, it seemed, a temperament. She was a local girl with relatives and friends in every street and every coconut grove and in every court.

"It is a very small matter," Khalfani had explained that first time two or three weeks before, "my third wife has called my second wife a bad woman."

To page 64



Now she had money of her own,
her dreams could be realised
... a tender short short story

PERSONAL ACCOUNT

By **OLGA ROSMANITH**

Bring out the flavour with ETA mayonnaise



Now in this new
re-usable 12-ounce
measuring jar

This bright new label makes ETA Mayonnaise as easy to see as it is to use. The new wide-mouth jar invites you to spoon its subtle, blended flavour straight on to salad; the embossed graduations actually help you measure out exactly enough ETA Mayonnaise to make an endless variety of delicious dressings and rich, nourishing sauces for all kinds of dishes. Try this week's recipe... then create others of your own... but be sure to use smooth ETA Mayonnaise for perfect results.

This week's recipe suggestion from ETA

TOMATOES WITH SALMON SALAD (Serves six)

1 cup ETA Mayonnaise.
1 x 8 oz. can Salmon (or Tuna).
1 tablespoon grated Onion, 1 cup each
of Celery, Cucumber and Red Pepper.
6 Tomatoes, Romaine or Lettuce leaves.

METHOD: Remove skin and bone from salmon, flake roughly with fork. Combine with onion and diced salad. Fold in ETA Mayonnaise. Chill. Cut tops from tomatoes, scoop out centres to make cups. Fill with salmon mixture, trim with parsley. Serve on individual plates lined with romaine leaves. Garnish with sliced cucumber and celery curls.

HARRY TOWNE thought of himself as a very ordinary guy, and he had never really expected a girl so pretty and endearing as his new wife, Nora, to fall in love with him. When he found she had—or, as he now realised, appeared to have—fallen truly and enchantingly in love with him, he had been so happy he could hardly believe it possible. Now he found it wasn't.

He was so stricken he had forgotten he was sitting there with the telephone in his hand, the bank manager waiting on the other end. "Mr. Towne!" Click—click.

"Yes, I'm still here. I was thinking. Transfer a hundred dollars from my current account to my wife's. That will take care of it, won't it?"

He hung up, and sat staring through the door glass at the new secretary in Nora's place in a kind of trance. Well, of all things! Then he picked up the phone again and telephoned his wife.

"Hello, darling—how lovely to call me," came her warm, charming voice.

"This isn't lovely, Nora. The bank manager just called me you overdrew your new account. Only a few dollars. But how come you could get rid of five hundred dollars in two weeks?"

"Oh, darling, did I? I thought I'd added up so carefully. Are you sure the bank didn't make the mistake?"

Harry Towne laughed wryly. "You probably didn't allow for the charges. But the point is, all that money in two weeks—"

"Gee, I'm sorry. I thought you meant—well, I can explain—it was exceptional; I mean it wouldn't ever happen again. I can tell you better when you come home."

She waited for him to tell her what time he would be home for dinner. He thought of her lovely fly-away red hair, her dark blue eyes wide and excited, her face flushed with having fun in the kitchen cooking for him. The life she'd always wanted, she'd told him.

"I'll be home later," he said heavily. "Mother isn't well. I'll drop in and see her and eat with her before I come home."

The secretary brought him the letters to sign. What did it matter whether they brought new business or not? He thought the whole thing over from the beginning. He had plenty of time in the slow rush-hour traffic out to Long Island to see his mother. He drove automatically with the relaxed patience of long experience.

Harry was just 31 years old. He had a thriving business which supported his mother and left him a comfortable income over. He had made up his mind, at least 11 years ago, to marry only when he could support a wife in comfort. He had been in a position to do it the past two years; but he had lost his early facility for being impressed by a girl until he met Nora.

She came from a business college to work in his office, and her charm, her looks, her spontaneous, blithe good nature, her warm rich voice, and her soft laughter added up to such a sum of lovable personality that he had chosen her for promotion to wife before he had thought about it with reason.

He was in love, with a deep, strong feeling he had never known in his life, and Nora Glover had acted as if she reciprocated the same deep indestructible feeling.

She had seemed truly astonished when he had asked her.

"It was too good to be true," she said. And would anyone like him want her if he knew all about her. All there was to know was she came from a very plain family, one to whom you might apply the cliché "from the wrong side of the tracks."

He had opened her first cheque

account after their marriage. The day after, in fact. "This is your personal allowance," he told her. "Not for housekeeping. For you."

She had signed the bank sample signatures with a shaky hand and he saw that her lips trembled and her face looked white. Her eyes looked wide and strange, too, when they went out of the bank with the chequebook in her purse. "Five hundred dollars!" she had said in the car. "Is that really all for me? Can I do anything I like with it? Anything at all?"

He recalled now he had been faintly disturbed at her emotion at the time, but he had forgotten it afterwards. "Of course you can. And, remember, there's more where that came from. All I have is yours, darling. That's love."

"That's love!" she had repeated in an incredulous way.

He had laughed, feeling happy that he could do something to please her. "Don't use it up too soon. We're not even related to millionaires."

He recalled now she had not even heard him. Her sapphire-blue eyes had been wide and humid, gazing through the windshield at something far beyond the humdrum traffic of the street. He knew now what it was. She was looking through the golden gates into the fairyland of easy money. He had stopped talking to her.

A traffic cop came over to the car and reminded Harry to move on and step on it. He stepped on it. And kept on moving. It gave him comfort now to think of his mother, the one woman he could be sure loved him for himself. And who was he, anyway, plain little guy, that he was, to expect some gorgeous girl to even look at him except for money. Even his profession was humdrum and utilitarian. Nothing glamorous or attractive about him and never had been.

His mother welcomed him with enthusiasm. She gave him a good dinner and brought their coffee out to the back porch and sat in the rocker beside him.

In the yard next door a little girl flew round and round on a little red bicycle. This reminded Harry of something that teased him, and he paid little attention to his mother's amiable gossip.

He grew dizzy watching the child. "Why doesn't she turn the other way and unwind herself?"

His mother chuckled. "She's only had it a few days. She was still limping after polio. Now she's beginning to run with the other children."

Now it came to him. Nora had told him that when she was a child she longed for a little red bicycle—and never got it. She was still full of childish longings. That was the clue to her. Or he hoped it was. He got up abruptly and kissed his mother good night.

Nora was lying on the sofa in the living-room when he got home. Unaware he had found her out, she came to him and kissed him as he hadn't dreamed before that wives kissed their husbands. He kissed her back, grateful for even the pretence of happiness.

"Darling," she said, "I'm so sorry about the overdraft. Guess I went haywire. It went to my head being able to do the things I'd always wanted to." The tears swam in her eyes, or had a trick of the light deceived him? "There was no holding it in after the success of the little red bicycle."

"The little red bicycle?"

"Hm—hm!" She sat on the sofa looking at him guiltily from under her thick eyelashes. "The day I went out to see your mother I saw little Susie next door. So sad, so alone. Limping around like I did when I was a kid and hurt my ankle. I remembered what I'd wanted and never got. So I drove to the hardware store and I found one."

Harry's heart began to thud against his ribs and his throat felt there was a lump in it. "Get your cheque stubs," he said thickly, "I'll go through them with you."

"Don't be angry," she pleaded, going to the desk. "It's only this once. You don't know any of these people."

It was as he guessed and dared not hope for. Every one of the cheques was for something wonderful for relative or friend, something as she explained they had "always yearned for."

"So that's the score," he said, quiet with a deep shame when they came to the end and not a dollar had gone on anything for herself.

"Guess I overdid it," she said anxiously, "but you said it was my

money. And, besides, it brings you luck. I mean I always meant to use my first cheque on a little red bicycle for somebody."

Harry put the bunch of stubs into his pocket to put away later as a family treasure. "Don't apologise, Nora, it's just me who's slow of understanding."

She put her arms around his neck. "But it's simple to understand. I had you, so what more could I need? They had nothing; I had everything."

He had thought he had been happy, but he knew now he had not known what happiness was till now. What could a plain guy like me do to deserve it, he thought, as he turned within the circle of her arms and kissed her.

(Copyright)



It costs so little to say "Merry Christmas" these delightful ways . . .



CASHMERE BOUQUET FOR HER

1. Cashmere Bouquet Talcum in a "CELLOPHANE" flower-scattered pack 3/11
2. Pretty holiday pack contains Cashmere Bouquet Cologne and 2 Cakes of Soap 5/11
3. Three Cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap in a Floral wrapper 5/1½
4. Gay flowered pack contains Cashmere Bouquet Talcum and 2 Cakes of Soap 5/7

COLGATE-PALMOLIVE FOR HIM

5. Elegant wood-grained pack of Palmolive Brilliantine for smooth grooming 3/6
6. Palmolive After-Shave Lotion in wood-grained pack 6/11
7. Fresh mornings start with Colgate or Palmolive rich lather Shaving Cream 3/6

See the CHRISTMAS GIFTS by COLGATE-PALMOLIVE
— At Stores Everywhere!

X129

NEW! NEW!



HERCO
Now In New 4 oz.
PLASTIC CONTAINER
COSTS NO MORE — ONLY 6/-
(3 oz. bottle, 4/6)

Only HERCO successfully combines pure Olivol Oil and Lanolin into one superb skin lotion which feeds these vital nutrients right to where they're needed . . . deep down in the under-tissues of the skin. Hands especially benefit from this wonderful lotion. There's no other part of your skin which suffers so much from harsh work — and from such constant washing, which dries out the skin. But, with regular HERCO care, you can keep your hands smooth, soft and young-looking. Start using HERCO today. If you prefer a cream, ask for HERCO OLIVOL SKIN CREAM . . . it's the same in its composition and effect as HERCO Olivol Lotion. 4/9 per Tube.

Your skin needs
HERCO
OLIVOL SKIN LOTION

... and for a younger complexion, use —
HERCO FACE LOTION with TURTLE OIL

HES4a



DOMINEX
REGD.

The distinction is Dominex — coats, suits, frocks designed with an instinct for excellence.

DOMINESE
REGD.

Delicately styled underwear — dreamy designs in slumberwear — both winter and summer.

JEANETTE
REGD.

Beautiful hosiery . . . sheer loveliness in seamless, non-run stretch and pure silk.

MAY WE SUGGEST . . .

The ideal gift for everyone is a subscription to
The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

RATES	AUST.	NEW GUIN.	N.Z. & FIJI	BRIT. DOMS.	FOREIGN
1/2 YEAR	£1 14 6	£2 3 6	£2 12 0	£3 5 6	£4 11 0
1 YEAR	£2 9 0	£4 4 0	£4 12 0	£6 11 0	£8 11 0

Strictly a loser

RAISED in genteel poverty, SUSAN WELLS had no faith in people, but had acquired instead a passionate desire for beautiful possessions. After her mother's death she had kept house for her irresponsible but well-bred father. Knowing he would not help her, she had stolen from the housekeeping money, saving enough for a secretarial course. When her father died she went to New York to work in an advertising agency, and took a small apartment.

Driven by her ambition, she tricked the boss's weak son, HARRY CALDWELL, into marrying her, and fate played into her hands when his father, SAMUEL CALDWELL, died, leaving his money to Harry, although it is tied up until he turns thirty. Susan is content to wait, and in the meantime she is a most dutiful wife and efficient hostess.

But three years later, she is shocked when Harry asks for a divorce, so that he can marry LEILA THOMAS, who has come to live nearby, some time after she had accidentally shot her husband. Susan remembers SEBASTIAN VARNEY, who had left her home city to practise law in New York. Posing as an author, she puts her case to Varney, who tells her if she does not fight the Reno divorce she will remain Harry's legal heir. She gives her house keys to Harry with his lawyer, STANLEY RANKIN, as a witness, but keeps an extra one.

With eight months to go before Harry's thirtieth birthday, Susan returns to New York. Later she learns Harry has had her dog, the only living thing she had really loved, destroyed. This news makes her feel Harry's death is not only desirable but it is deserved. NOW READ ON:



As Harry collapsed and fell to the floor, Leila knelt beside him, unwilling to believe he was dead.

SUSAN landed a good job as secretary to the head of the New York offices of a Midwest electronics corporation. It was not a big outfit, perhaps a dozen people in all, but her salary was larger than she had ever earned before and she liked her new boss.

At thirty-seven, Charles Stevens was a man to whom business was an exciting adventure. He had risen from small beginnings to his executive position through ability, hard work, and enthusiasm. Having no family and little liking for social events, his work was his whole life. He got on well with Susan. Her New England reserve and her undoubted ability suited him and they worked like a team together.

In record time she learned who was important for him to see and whom she must shunt off gracefully to save his time. In a few weeks his dictation fell away to a vague: "This Corson offer is way out of line. Tell them so, but don't cut them off altogether. You know the tone to take."

"Yes, sir. Shall I name a definite price?"

"What do you think?"

"We might leave it till the next letter."

"Right."

He gave her no conscious thought as an individual, but if he had been asked he would have said he liked her because she was restful and made no demands on his attention.

She liked her work and soon fell into the placid routine of her first years in New York before her marriage. She was more sophisticated now and knew the right places to go to indulge her passion for beautiful furniture. In her off-hours she would look her fill without envy, telling herself that it would not be long now before she owned as well as viewed it.

She had lunch with Ruth Crane a few times when the latter came into town, and thus kept abreast of the Greenaway news. Ruth, a naive type, was easy to pump, but there was little to report beyond the fact that Leila Thomas had left at the same time as Harry, and while no one had heard from either of them it was assumed (with some disapproval) in Greenaway that they were together.

But on a Saturday in early December, when Ruth came into town for her Christmas shopping, she met Susan for lunch with an odd hangdog air. It was plain that she had news which she was reluctant to impart but which she felt it her duty to Susan to do. After a lot of transparent backing and filling, she finally came to the point: Harry had married Leila Thomas at Lake Tahoe and had come back to Greenaway, where they were living in Harry's—Susan's—house.

Ruth peered guiltily across her salad at Susan, as if she herself had committed an injury to her friend. To her relief, Susan shrugged as impartially as if she were talking about some stranger. She said indifferently: "Harry was

never long on tact. But at that, where else could he take her?"

Ruth was so occupied with her own relief that she did not notice the exultation which Susan struggled to hide. They parted company as soon as they decently could.

Susan did no furniture window-shopping that day. She went home, sat down at her little desk and began her serious campaign. She made a methodical list of the props she would need, with a parenthetical note as to the best shop to buy each one in. She was particular that no two items should come from the same place.

She told herself that the worst hurdle was over. Luck was with her. Harry was back in the house, just as she had figured and so intensely willed. He was as vulnerable as a fly on a windowpane. The rest would be easy. There was no rush. She had more than six months to assemble her props. He would be thirty on May 2, at which time he would come into his inheritance. And Susan—in the eyes of the New York State courts—would be his heir at his death.

The weeks passed, Susan polished and refined her plan and nearly every day crossed off another item on her list of props as bought and paid for and stowed it away in the closet of her apartment: the wig, the tight black slacks, the black turtle-neck sweater set, the heelless ballet slippers, the thin nylon gloves, the Harequin glasses, the cosmetics—a formidable assemblage.

She became inventive, polishing her plan in small contributory ways which might pay off in the end. For instance, remembering what Mrs. McGill had long ago said about being able to hear Susan's telephone bell, she made it her business to slip out of the house every evening at about eleven, went to the nearest street phone booth and called her number. After a couple of rings she hung up and crept quickly back to her apartment.

It was reasonable to suppose that Mrs. McGill would hear the rings and unconsciously note that they ceased after two or three of them as if someone had picked up the receiver. When it happened on the crucial night Mrs. McGill would be conditioned to believing that Susan had been at home and answered it as usual.

Work at the office took an unexpected twist and she told herself amusedly that this, too, might be turned to account. Everything was going her way. She felt as if she were riding a wave of success. It gave her a buoyancy and vitality which were new and attractive. Even the unsusceptible Stevens noticed it on an evening when they had worked late on a tough problem. It was eight o'clock when they finally licked it and he turned to her with a grin: "Are you as hungry as I am?"

"Starved."

"Where would you like to eat?" It was the first time he had ever suggested such a thing.

To page 72

She planned a perfect murder — second instalment of a serial

By EDNA SHERRY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 8, 1965

TEST YOUR SKILL

DISCOVER THE TRAIL-WIN FABULOUS PRIZES!

NOW PLAY



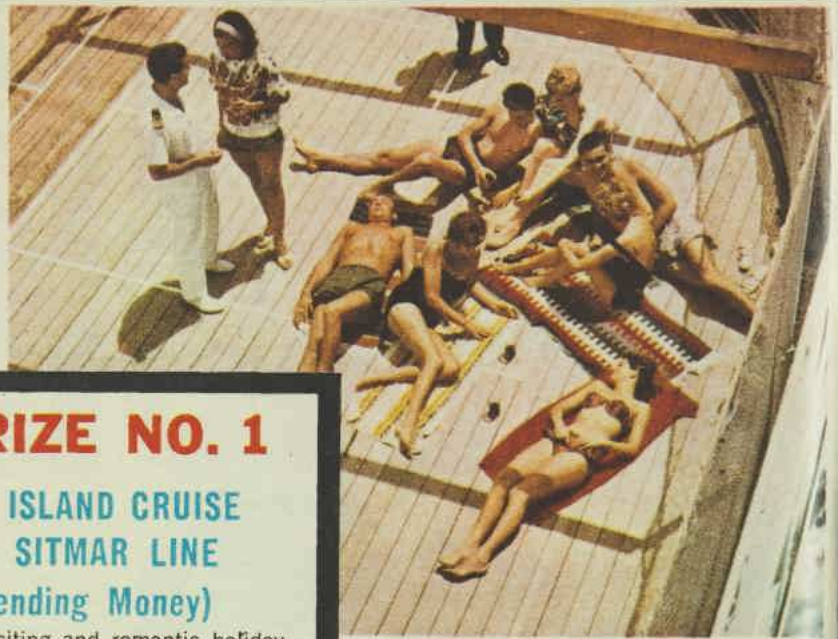
TRACK DOWN

GREAT NEW HOLIDAY GAME



**OVER
12,000
FABULOUS
PRIZES**

2 WONDERFUL GRAND



GRAND PRIZE NO. 1

LUXURY PACIFIC ISLAND CRUISE
FOR TWO WITH SITMAR LINE
(Plus £150 Spending Money)

Sitmar provides the most exciting and romantic holiday adventure of a lifetime, visiting tropical island paradises, having fun in luxury aboard a big white Sitmar liner.



SEE AUSTRALIA WITH

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 8, 1965

PRIZES IN EACH GAME!

"CROSS-OUT" WAS GREAT...


TRACKDOWN IS SENSATIONAL!

If you enjoyed Ampol "Cross-Out," you'll want to play Ampol's exciting new holiday game . . . TRACKDOWN. It's simple to play—even easier than "Cross-Out."

There are four big games, each lasting two weeks. **Game No. 1** starts **December 2**, so you can start playing today.

Be a sleuth. Discover the trail that leads to these rich prizes. The trail starts at Ampol Stations. Drive up to the Boron pumps and get your free Entry Form. That's all you need—nothing else. It tells you how to play and sets out all rules and conditions.


Wouldn't it be wonderful to spend your holidays cruising the Pacific aboard a luxury Sitmar liner?



Test your skill
PLAY
TRACKDOWN

See instructions on back of card





GAME
#1

**OVER
3,000
PRIZES
EACH
GAME**

WIPE OFF
BLACK INK
WITH A
MOIST CLOTH
TO REVEAL
MYSTERY
TRAIL

* * Entries in Game No. 1 must be received by 9 a.m., December 20, 1965. * *



GRAND PRIZE NO. 2

B.M.C. MORRIS MINI MINOR

The incredible Mini with east-west mounted engine, front wheel drive, independent suspension. It does better than 45 m.p.g., 75 m.p.h.—seats four big people.

AUSTRALIAN-OWNED AMPOL

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 8, 1965

Page 55

OVER 3,000 SPECIAL



LINCOLN TOY SLIDE PROJECTORS



WORTH "DARLINGS" NON-RUN NYLONS



CRYSTAL PYJAMAS



CASBEN MEN'S SWIM SUITS



"FRED FLINTSTONE PONCHOS" by DRICLAD

PRIZES IN EVERY GAME!

including hundreds of
NILE SUPPER CLOTHS



"KING-SIZE SEA VIEW FLOATS" by DRICLAD



JOHN SAND'S GAME SETS



GREGORY'S STREET DIRECTORIES

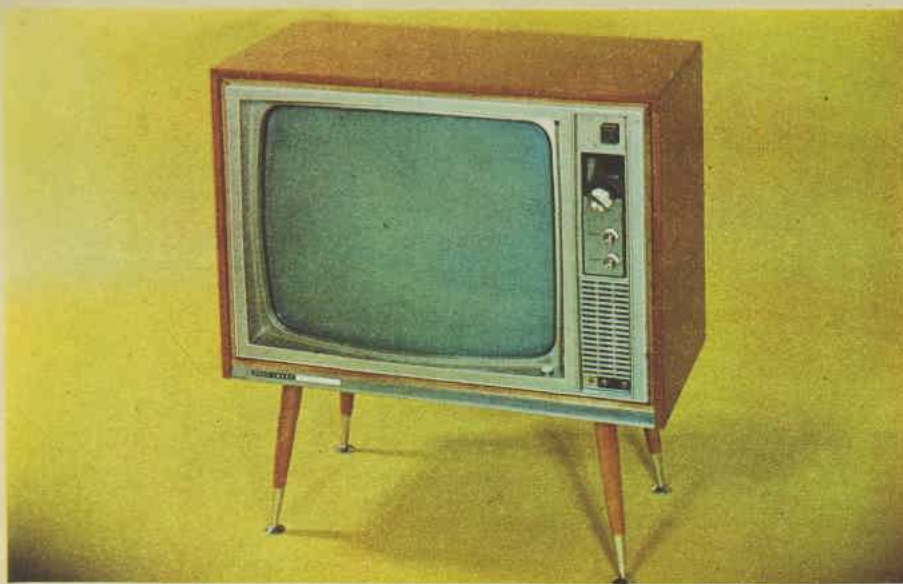


"TENNYSON FABRICS" DRESS LENGTHS
IN TORAY TETORON

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 8, 1965



"LITTLE TWOPENCE" DRESSABLE DOLLS



AWA 25" DEEP IMAGE DELUXE LOWBOY TV



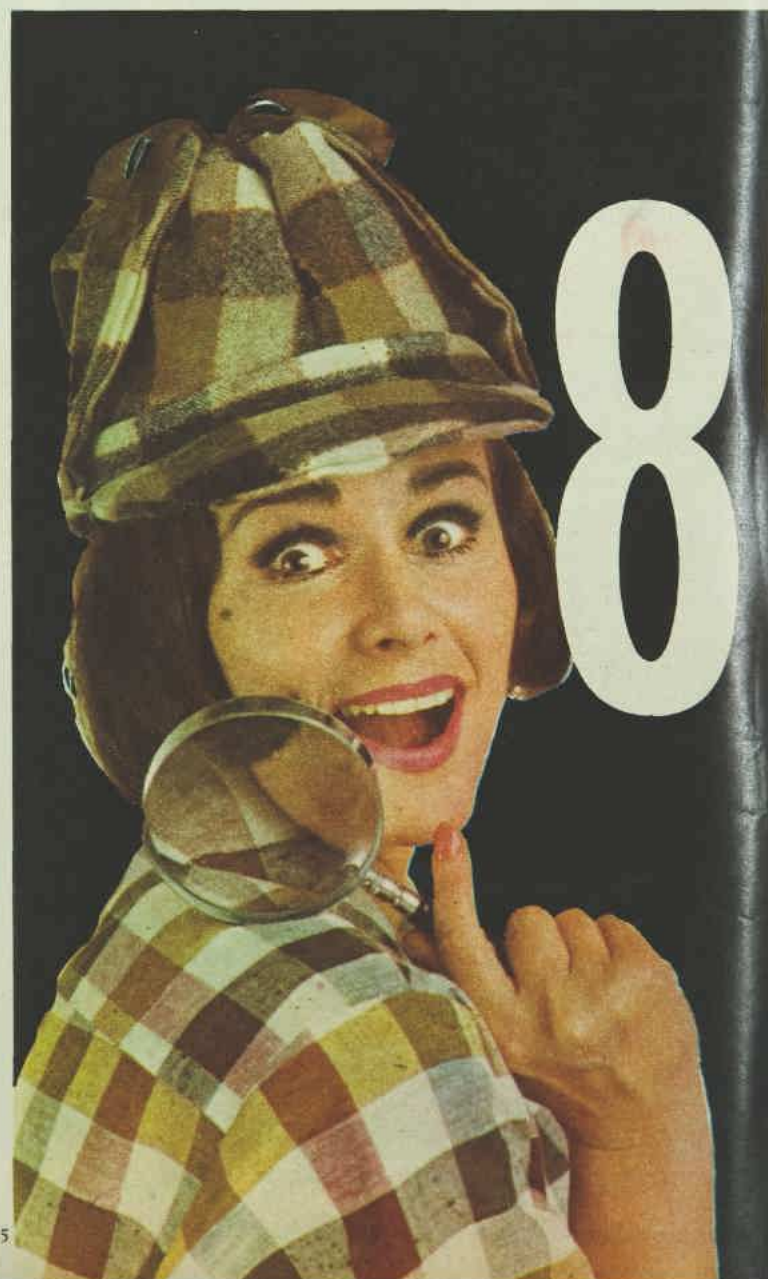
GENERAL ELECTRIC AUTOMATIC WASHER WITH MINI-WASH



HEALING "FLOATING SOUND" STEREOGRAM



CROSLY "INSTANT COLD" COMPACT REFRIGERATOR





SPALDING "EXECUTIVE" GOLF SET, BAG AND BUGGY



"SUSIE COOPER" ENGLISH FINE BONE CHINA DINNER AND COFFEE SERVICE—93 PIECES



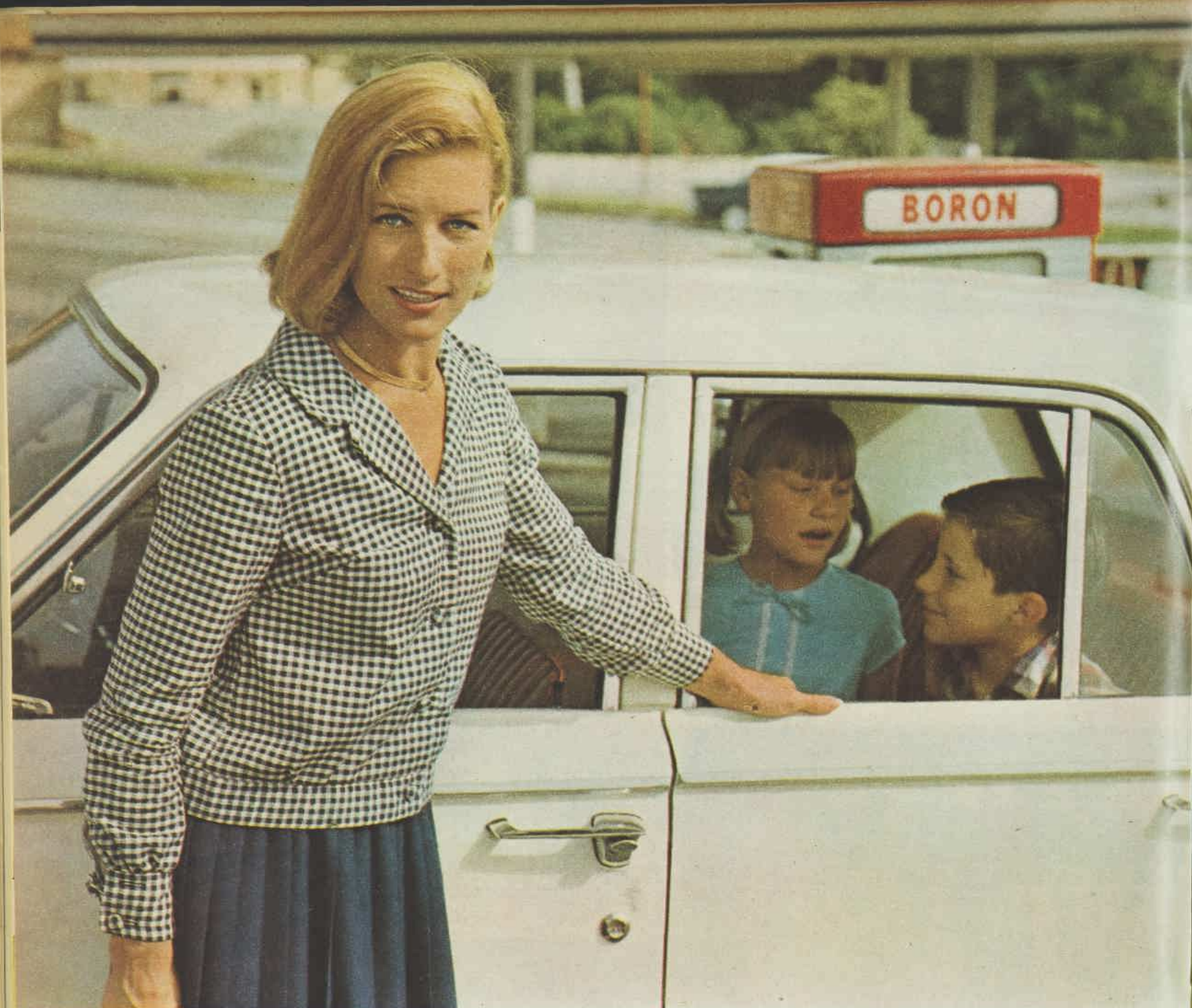
SHARP, 4-TRACK, STEREO TAPE-RECORDER

**MAJOR
PRIZES**
**TO BE WON
IN EACH GAME!**



ACCOMMODATION AT ANY M.F.A. MOTEL TO THE VALUE OF £150





I have the children to consider...

I want to give them a good education. Well, Ampol helps there, giving grants to universities, spending money on the progress of knowledge.

My main concern is the kind of future they can expect. I want them free to choose the profession that suits them . . . not forced to take just any job. And I want security and prosperity for them.

Well, that is the kind of life Ampol is helping to build. Its earnings stay in Australia and are spent on developing Australia, on making us a stronger, richer nation . . . because Ampol is owned and operated by Australians for Australians. It's worth it . . . buying Ampol.



Prize loaf has lemon flavor

● Our Leila Howard Test Kitchen staff say the lemon cake that wins the £5 main prize this week is one of the nicest they've tasted. There's fresh lemon flavor in every tender slice.

FOUR consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded — for a sherried mint jelly, a home-made garlic sausage, an easy luncheon dish made with tuna, and a big-size family fruit cake.

Make the sherried mint jelly as a delicious accompaniment to cold lamb or any other cold meat; you can prepare the tuna luncheon dish beforehand and put it into the oven 45 minutes before serving time.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in these recipes.

FRESH LEMON LOAF

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup castor sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ cups self-raising flour, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup chopped nuts, rind and juice 1 large lemon, extra ½ cup castor sugar.

Cream butter well, add sugar and beat again. Add eggs one at a time, beat well after each addition. Sift flour and salt, add alternately with milk. Add nuts and lemon rind. Pour into greased 8in. x 4in. loaf tin, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

Mix lemon juice with extra castor sugar; stir occasionally until sugar dissolves. When cake is cooked and hot from oven, pour over the lemon juice mixture. Leave cake in pan to cool.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Backshall, 19 Fogarty St., Edgehill, Cairns, Qld.

SHERRIED MINT JELLY

Half cup finely chopped mint, 1 cup white vinegar, 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ packet lime jelly, ½ cup sweet sherry.

Wash, dry, and finely chop mint. Put vinegar and sugar into a saucepan; bring slowly to the boil. Simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat; add mint and lime jelly, mix well. Cool. Add sherry. Fill into small glass jars.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Thomson, 5 Nenagh St., North Manly, N.S.W.

FRENCH TUNA FONDUE

One large white onion, 4 tablespoons butter or substitute, 12 slices bread, 3 eggs, 3 cups milk, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 medium can tuna, ½lb. tasty cheese, ½ cup parmesan cheese, paprika.

Slice onion and separate into rings. Melt half the butter in pan and saute onions until soft. Use remaining butter to spread on bread slices. Beat eggs with milk, mustard, worcestershire sauce, and salt until well blended. Place four buttered bread slices in a single layer in large shallow buttered casserole. Grate and mix cheeses. Arrange 1-3rd each of drained, flaked tuna, onion rings, and cheese over bread, repeating to make 2 more layers, ending with cheese. Pour egg mixture over carefully, sprinkle with paprika. Cover; chill 4 hours, or overnight. Bake uncovered in moderate oven 45 minutes, or until puffed and golden. Serve at once.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Bartlett, 33 Queens Rd., Westmead, N.S.W.

FAMILY FRUIT CAKE

Two cups sugar, 2 cups warm water, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup chopped dates, ½lb. butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon mixed spice, 4 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Place sugar, water, raisins, dates, butter, and spices into saucepan. Bring to boil and simmer 5 minutes. Leave to cool. Sift flour, bicarbonate and baking powder into bowl; mix in cooled mixture. Turn into greased 9in. cake tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Dobbs, c/o Lands and Survey, R.D.1, Taupo, North Island, N.Z.

GARLIC SAUSAGE

One pound lean bacon pieces, or cooked pickled pork, 1lb. minced steak, 1 teaspoon minced garlic, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Mince bacon pieces or pork, add to minced steak; mince again to

make fine mixture. Add garlic, breadcrumbs, and seasoning. Mix together with beaten eggs. Form mixture into a roll, approximately 8in. long. Tie firmly in a well-floured pudding cloth. Cook, well covered with boiling water, 2 to 2½ hours. Leave in cloth until cold. Serve, sliced, with fresh green salad.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss L. Gregory, 8 Rupert St., Ringwood, Vic.



FRESH LEMON LOAF wins the £5 prize. See recipe.

most women want
CORNING*WARE
for Christmas!

Because no other single piece of cooking ware does so much... Only Corning-Ware cooks so superbly on the stove, in the oven or under the grill... goes instantly from ice-cold freezer

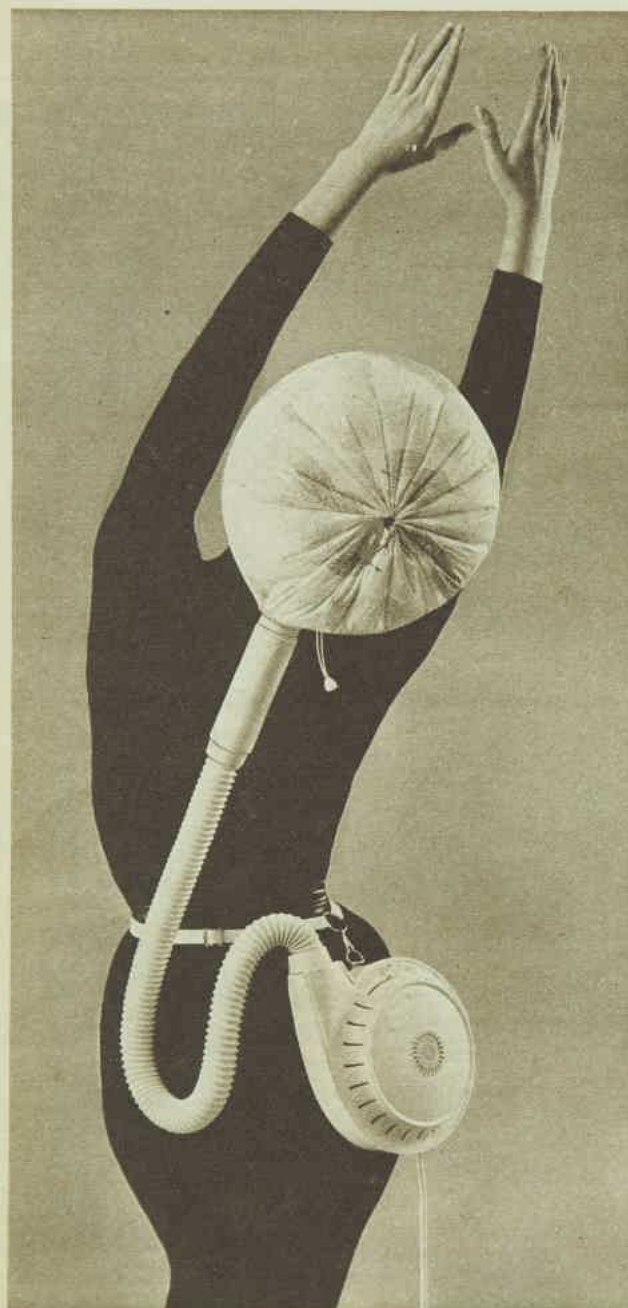
onto red hot flame, then serves beautifully on the table. Corning-Ware is made from space age Pyroceram, with a pure white, non-porous texture that's easy to keep sparkling clean.



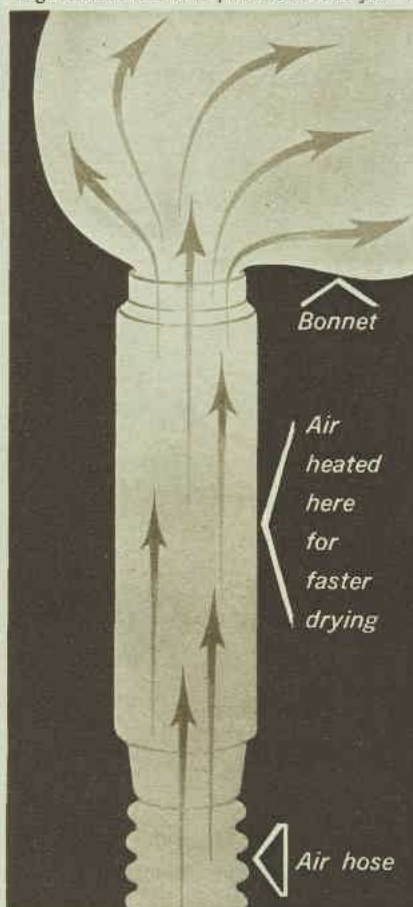
A PRODUCT OF CORNING. Corning Glass Works (Inc. U.S.A.) Moonbank Avenue, Liverpool, N.S.W.
unconditionally guarantees to replace any Corning-Ware product that ever breaks from temperature extremes.

CG124

Now! fastest drying ever . . . new 'instant heat' hair dryer



Look! G-E puts the heating unit at the top of the dryer hose next to the bonnet! Now you get 'Instant Heat' to dry hair faster than ever before. Keeps the hose cool, too, where it may touch your back or shoulders. You get four heats . . . soft-dry, low, medium and speed-dry. **'STAND-AWAY' BONNET:** Bouffant bonnet fits over your largest rollers, has 'stand-away' ring so warmth flows evenly through hair for faster, more comfortable drying. Special 'reach-in' top lets you check your set. **'WALKABOUT' FEATURE:** Extra long flex and adjustable waist or shoulder strap lets you move around as your hair dries. **LUXURY CARRY CASE:** Operates in or out of its richly embossed oyster white carry and storage case . . . so fashionable you'll want to use it also for travel or overnight case. **DRIES NAILS, TOO!** — This is the dryer you've been waiting for — the dryer with everything — naturally from the world's largest electrical enterprise. See it at your store today!



GENERAL ELECTRIC . . . finest appliances in a woman's world
AUSTRALIA



G.E. Automatic Toaster. 1965 styling. Toasts exactly to your taste. Pops up audibly to tell you toast is done.



G.E. Spray Steam 'n' Dry Iron. Australia's best automatic spray iron. Sprinkles out wrinkles in a twinkling.



G.E. De-luxe All-Purpose Mixer. 2 Mixers in 1. A Powerful (135 Watts) Stand Mixer and a Lightweight Portable, too!



G.E. Automatic Coffeemaker. Exclusive 'Peek-a-brew' gauge counts the cups. Switches off, keeps warm, automatically.



G.E. 'Jumbo-bag' Vacuum Cleaner. Biggest capacity for fewer emptyings—Australia's most powerful cleaner.

MANUFACTURING PLANT: AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC (APPLIANCES) PTY. LTD., NOTTING HILL, VICTORIA

AGE771

To make for Christmas

ANGEL WITH LEAFY BACKGROUND

● This attractive arrangement of an angel set against a design of leaves was created by American florist Mrs. Armin Thurner. You can make it to decorate your hallway or mantelpiece for the Christmas season. Directions are given on this page.



WITH AN ANGEL as the focal point, this beautiful and decorative flower arrangement was designed by an American florist for Christmas.

AMERICAN florist Mrs. Armin Thurner, who recently visited Australia in the liner Monterey, designed this delightful Christmas angel flower decoration. Mrs. Thurner is manager of Broadway Florists, San Marino, California. During the round voyage she and her husband gave lessons in floral art to fellow passengers.

The angel and the leaf arrangement are both easy to make. The leaf arrangement is composed of a bowl, pinholder, grille for a base, spiky flax leaves, holly (substitute artificial holly if fresh holly is not available), paper fan, and pine foliage. Mrs. Thurner added a pretty china bird to the arrangement shown above. The grille base can be made of chicken wire, which can be held firmly by pinning it to an old picture frame and placing it over the bowl.

The angel can be made to stand by itself as a doorstop or as a decoration on a Christmas side-table.

To make the angel you will need: A sheet of two-ply cardboard; wooden ball or ping-pong ball with a small hole through the centre; spool of gold thread; wire to fasten head; part of a white paper doily for bodice; part of a gold paper doily for small crown; glue; sheet of gold, white, or silver paper for skirt.

To Make Angel: Cut cardboard for body, collar, arms, and wings (see pattern below) and spray lightly with gold paint. Fold cone of cardboard to make body; fold paper for skirt over cone, glue together. Cut collar and arms in one piece and cross over at the back. Fold arms forward. Glue hands together and place over cone.

Roll gold thread over four fingers. Make five separate bunches, three long bunches for back of head and two short bunches for fringe. Wire each bunch individually in centre; group together and push combined wires through hole in ball; hold down over head and fasten with glue.

Hold a few minutes until the glue hardens. Outline eyelashes and mouth with pencil. Push head down through collar into cardboard cone.

Pin wings into cone or glue on to back. Add paper doily edge to front bodice. Add tiny songbook made of double-weight paper, and also the small crown made of gold paper doily.

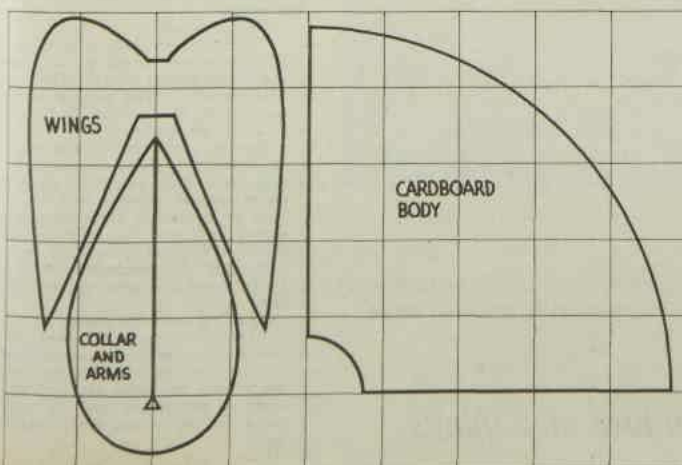
To Make Arrangement Base: Place grille in wood frame over bowl into which a pinholder has been fastened. Push flax leaves or any tall greenery through grille into the pinholder. Attach wire to paper fan and attach fan through grille.

Attach the cardboard angel with modelling clay to the grille to complete the composition.

Pictures by Barry Cullen



FLAX, HOLLY, AND PINE form the background of the decoration. Complete this arrangement before setting angel in place.



PATTERN at left shows how to cut out the angel from two-ply cardboard. The scale used is 4in. to $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

FORM the base (right) by placing a grille (chicken wire is suitable) over a small bowl.



RIVETS

Continued from page 49



"Oh," I said. "And nothing more?"

"Well . . ." Khalfani hesitated delicately as a gazelle pauses for a moment before it bends its head to drink at a soiled and muddy pool. . . . she said something also about her mother, and her mother's mother . . .

"Ah," I said.

I hadn't in the end done anything about the case myself. I had called in the wife of the sergeant of police. She wasn't a local woman. She had come from somewhere else. Her face and her shoulders were creased and dusty with wisdom and experience of many years and many domestic disputes.

Somehow or other she settled it,

though it was I, because of my office and the color of my skin, who had undeservedly got the credit, and who now deservedly had earned the sequel on this hot, windless afternoon.

"What is the trouble," I asked, "this time?"

"It is a very small matter," Khalfani said again, using the same disarming phrase and the same deprecating smile that he had used before. "It is just that she has hit the other one."

"The second wife, you mean?"

"Yes," said Khalfani.

"Well," I said, "people are always hitting one another, and forgiving it."

"Yes," said Khalfani, but his

heart I could see wasn't truly in the word. "Yes," he said again, "by God's will, it is sometimes so, but sometimes it is not."

For some time I sat there looking at Khalfani. His liquid brown eyes and his hands, his toes even, that searched for comfort and assurance in the surfaces of the matting on this floor, they all sought my help. I remembered the advice that everyone had given me not to get involved in domestic disputes, never to concern myself with the private affairs of chiefs or policemen or messengers or clerks.

"Why don't you take the matter to the village court?" I asked.

"I'm a stranger here," he said, "and my second wife is a stranger

. . . " His hands spread out, palms downward, and moved slowly like a fan in quiet, unanswerable doubt.

"Why, don't you . . ." I started again. "Why don't you beat her?" I was a bachelor then and full of convictions about the proper regulation of other people's domestic life.

"I am a man of peace," he said. The back of his arms, I had noticed, were scored and scarred as if from a fall from a bicycle or from an encounter with some angry domestic cat.

"You are my father and my mother," he went on in flattery as old as time. "Only you can help me."

In the end I agreed. I said I would come to his house at about six o'clock after my evening walk. I knew already where Khalfani lived. I had often seen the coconut thatch of his huts through the wide, rich, green leaves of a banana clump, and the thin twists of grey-blue smoke that came at sundown from the cooking of his supper.

Almost every evening I had finished with the day's business, with the small complaints and the sadnesses of the oppressed and the poor, and with the stratagems and the deviousnesses of the men of property and power, I would go out for a walk along a curving stretch of sand that ran between the coconut palms and the sea.

It was very quiet there, and empty and untouched, and I would think about the Cotswold hills, and pubs, and girls, and London fog, and autumn leaves.

Khalfani was waiting for me by the banana clump. In the office he wore a white shirt and khaki shorts and a self-effacing clerkish air, but now I saw he was the master of a Muslim house. He wore a long shift of yellow brownish cloth and a turban of green and red, and in his hands was a string of amber beads. He greeted me in Arabic.

He had set out some chairs outside the doorway of his house of sticks and clay and thatch. He clapped his hands, and from inside one of the smaller huts came a feminine response, long-drawn-out, and undulating, like the call of a shepherd to his sheep. A moment later a woman emerged with a copper coffee-pot and a pair of small flat cups.

"It is her affair, her duty, and her joy to bring the coffee," Khalfani said. "She is my second wife."

She looked, I thought, like an equable, amiable girl with a plump, smiling face and plump, smooth-skinned arms. She wore a patterned yellow cloth that left both shoulders bare. I wondered where the third wife was.

I sipped my coffee. Nothing had been said about trouble in the house. The second wife had poured the coffee and clapped her hands softly in salutation and then withdrawn. From inside the hut where she had gone there came a muted medley of twittering sounds such as weaverbirds make when they see a snake in their nesting tree.

"How," I asked Khalfani, to show that I had not forgotten what the purpose of my visit was, "are things arranged in your household?"

"You mean . . .?" He seemed curiously hesitant now about his troubles.

"Yes," I said.

"Well, this one here is my house. No one enters it, except to clean and brush, except myself. That hut over there . . ." he pointed to the hut where the woman had gone . . . is the kitchen."

On the other side of the courtyard were two flimsy structures, the sides and roof made of coconut palms plaited together with twine. One, he explained, belonged to the second wife and the other to the third. "I spend a week in each. One must," he concluded, touching his forehead in a pious gesture, "be fair."

"Yes," I said, "of course."

"The children," he went on, "when they are small and suckling live in the huts of their mothers. When they are older the boys will sleep in my house, and the girls will lie by the embers of the kitchen fire."



In shape for Summer

Superbly styled — a Hilton Van Raalte slip of Satinaire nylon. A beautifully sculptured bodice and lavish hemline of imported French boutique lace lined with 15 denier nylon. Sand Dune with Ecru lace. Pink/Grey Mist or all Cloud White, 7 gns. Style 117 sizes 32-38, Half slip 89/11, briefs 39/11. At fine stores everywhere.

HILTON

Van Raalte . . . because you love nice things

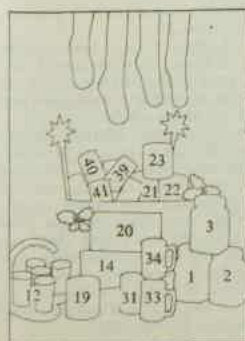
HS407

To page 66

ETA Gifts to fire your imagination this Christmas



Here are tasty ETA treats for Dad...



Choose your
ETA gifts for
father and order
them from your
storekeeper by
using the
catalogue
numbers shown
in the sketch.

ETA 6 OZ. CANS (39-41)

A tangy treat for father—cans of imported Smokehouse Almonds (39), Garlic Onion Almonds (40) Salted Pecans (4 oz.) (41).

ETA 12 OZ. CANS (21-23)

Large cans of crisp, crunchy ETA nuts, vacuum-sealed for freshness. Buy your favourites from ETA's range of Salted Peanuts (21), Cashews (22), or Mixed Nuts (23).

ETA GAY TRAY (12)

Five glass tumblers on a gay plastic tray that's ideal afterwards for serving drinks at parties and barbecues. Individual tumblers contain Salted Peanuts, Mixed Nuts, Cashews, Sugar-coated Peanuts and Jelly Beans.

ETA DE-LUXE 12 OZ. CAN (19)

A wonderful gift of highest quality imported De-Luxe Salted Mixed Nuts, including Brazil Nuts, Pecans, Peanuts, Barcelonas, Almonds and Cashews.

ETA COMPOSITE CARTON (14)

Says Merry Christmas three times over with Salted Peanuts, Salted Cashews and Salted Mixed Nuts in vacuum-sealed cans.

ETA SUPREME GIFT PACK (20)

An Australian motif gift box containing imported Salted Pecan Nuts, Garlic Onion Almonds and Salted Peanuts.

ETA TAVERN TANKARDS (29-34)

Distinctive beer tankards in a series of eight authentic English Tavern signs, featured in black and gold. Packed with

a choice of Salted Peanuts (29), Salted Cashews (30), Salted Mixed Nuts (31), Sugar-coated Peanuts (32), Scorched Peanuts (33), Scorched Almonds (34).

ETA GIANT 1½ LB. JARS OF NUTS (1-3)

Father's favourites—Salted Peanuts (1), Mixed nuts (2) and Cashews (3)—packed in useful vacuum-sealed glass jars. Perfect kitchen canisters once they're empty.

ETA

Order them now from your store.

It seemed a very orderly arrangement, and so I said.

"Yes," Khalfani conceded, "it is good."

"Whence then," I asked, "does the trouble come?"

"The trouble comes," he said after a long pause, "from the nature of women."

"Ah," I said with an understanding which I hoped sounded as if it were based on much wisdom and experience. I wondered what on earth he meant, and waited hopefully for him to explain.

"Yes," he went on, "they quarrel over small, unimportant things. Over the color of a bangle, the cooking of rice, the ownership of a chicken's egg, the degree of respect owed by a neighbor's wife. They quarrel, and so comes abuse and shrill screams and blows. There is no peace in the house."

Continued from page 64

"Might it not be better," I suggested, "to have just one wife?"

"I have often wondered, I know that it is your custom, and I know that you are people of great wisdom and power."

"Perhaps," I said, "I ought to try and deal with what I came to do."

"Yes," he said, "I will call them, the second wife and the third that they may speak and lay their quarrel at your feet."

The second wife, the one I had seen before, came first out of the kitchen hut and walked toward us wearing her precedence with ease and pride. Behind her came another figure, slighter and lighter-skinned and more delicately boned. She wore a scarlet cloth that also

left the shoulders bare. She was a girl who had a mixture of Arab blood, but like the other wife she wore no veil, nor sandals on her feet. They sank to their knees in movements as smooth and boneless as antelopes settling in the grass to sleep and waited with eyes downcast for us to speak.

I looked at Khalfani. When he nodded his consent, I asked the second wife to say what her trouble was.

I waited a little anxiously for the torrent of invective and accusation and complaint to begin. Although I knew by now enough of the language to deal with ordinary, everyday things, I wasn't sure if my fluency would stand up to the details and

the emotional pitch of domestic disputes.

So I waited, full of concern and concentration, and waited, and waited . . . But no words came from the kneeling wife.

"Tell me," I said again, "what your trouble is."

At last the woman raised her head and looked at me, and then looked down again at the dusty, shadowed earth.

"I have nothing to say. There is no trouble. I have no complaint." No how very odd, I thought. I turned to the other wife. She shook her head.

"Nor I. I have nothing to say." Well, I thought to myself, that was easier than I had expected. I

couldn't help but feel the beginnings of a small glow of satisfaction, a sense of power almost, that the mere act of my coming to Khalfani's house had resolved the difficulty and restored the peace. I got up and prepared myself with modesty and restraint to accept Khalfani's praise.

"One small thing . . ." It was the voice of the second wife. The words were very quietly spoken, but they were enough to dull the glow and chill the warmth of my self-satisfaction. I sat down again.

"Yes," the voice went on, "one small thing. We have no quarrel between ourselves. It was a nothing; it is settled. But," the voice went on, her voice now rising in note and gaining in strength, "we have a quarrel with him."

I looked at Khalfani. His face and his pose were impassive.

"Yes," the second wife said, "we have a quarrel with our husband. There is too much work for us, for me and for this poor child." Her brown eyes, through the fringes of their long lashes, were liquid with compassion. "Caring for the children, preparing and cooking the food, cleaning and brushing the huts and the courtyard . . . It is too much."

Now the third wife took up the tale. "There are the fields to weed and to hoe, the coconuts to be gathered and husked and shredded, the goats to be milked . . . Me, my companion and I, we can no longer bear the burden of it all . . ."

THERE was a long silence in the courtyard. The shadows lengthened, and still Khalfani said no word. I looked at him. He shook his head sadly and then looked away through the palm trees at the sea.

"Ah," I said. I felt the beginnings of a small unease spreading like winter damp from the underside of my knees and the small of my back. Already I knew I was out of my depth. I had no idea of what was expected of me now.

"The answer . . ." it was the voice of the second wife, but they seemed to speak in unison. " . . . the answer is simple. He should, to help us with our tasks, take another wife."

Again I looked at Khalfani. I felt relieved, this was clearly nothing to do with me. But again he shook his head and looked away.

"Our master, our husband agrees." It was the voice of the third wife. "He wishes to help us with our need, and to take for our sake another wife, but . . ." the voice added in a softer, sadder tone " . . . he cannot."

"Why?" I asked. I knew that Muslims were allowed four wives by law.

"Why?" the voices echoed. "Because he cannot pay the bride-price, that is why." They shook their heads at the grief of it.

"It is true," Khalfani said, adding his grief to theirs. "I am poor — I cannot pay." He spread his hands in despair.

Still in my newness and my greenness, I didn't see what on earth this had to do with me. I stood up. It was getting dark. It was time, I thought, for me to go.

"Oh, help us," both their voices and hands were stretched toward me. "You are our father and our mother . . ." the eyes were liquid with entreaty " . . . and he will repay you, month by month."

Now at last I understood. I looked at Khalfani and saw in his eyes, before he looked away, his whole purpose and stratagem and complicity.

I sighed. "How much," I asked, "is the bride-price?"

The bride-price was four pounds, eighty shillings, they explained. She was a good girl, and strong, and her father by a strange coincidence was one of my other clerks.

The first month Khalfani repaid me ten shillings as he had promised, and the next month, too. The third month was more difficult; he had other debts and new clothes to buy. He paid me five shillings that month, in the end, and then two shillings and then another two. And as far as I remember, and if my arithmetic is right, I still own two-thirds of the gentle Khalfani's good and strong fourth wife.

(Copyright)

THE THIRD WIFE

MORE VARIETY THAN EVER IN FAMOUS Cussons GIFT SETS

This Christmas give Cussons Gift Sets — different combinations of bathroom luxuries for him and her.

Understandably, these are the world's most admired Gift Sets. Gifts to choose with love . . . precious personal gifts that will please more and more as the days go by.

See particularly the completely new range of "see-through" acetate covers, four of which are illustrated at the left of our picture; and the wonderful new Rhapsody range, new Fascination, new Ocelot and of course the old favourites, Imperial Leather, Blue Hyacinth, Damask Rose, Lilac Mist and others. All in brilliant new packaging for 1965.

Cussons

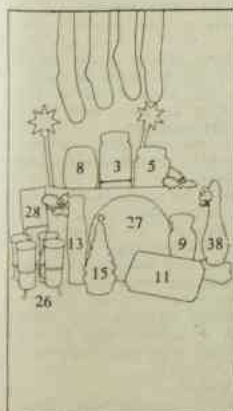
See these and the many other sets at your chemist or department store now. 7/11 to 27/6.



Ablaze with colour gay, useful ETA Gifts



ETA gifts to warm Mum's heart...



Here's a selection of ETA Christmas gifts to gladden any mother's eye. Order them from your storekeeper now, using the catalogue numbers shown in the sketch.

ETA BISCUIT BARRELS (6-8)

Glass biscuit barrels - packed with 1½ lbs. of delicious Scorched Peanuts (6), or Scorched Almonds (7), 2 lbs. of Sugared Almonds (8). These containers become handsome biscuit barrels.

GIANT 1½ LB. JARS SALTED CASHEWS (3) AND VANILLA ALMONDS (5)

Everyone's favourites - mouth-watering, selected Vanilla Almonds and Cashew Nuts - packed in useful household jars.

ETA MUSCATELS AND ALMONDS (28)

Eight ounces of Muscatels and Almonds in a bright carton, wrapped for freshness.

ETA PATIO PACK (26)

An elegant chromed carrier, containing four glasses, each decorated with the crests of Australian capital cities. The glasses contain individually, Salted Cashews,

Mixed Nuts, Vanilla Almonds and Salted Peanuts.

ETA TWIN PARFAIT PACK (13)

Two gleaming goblets filled with delicious Sugared Almonds and Chocolate Raisins. Packed together in bright net wrapping.

ETA CHRISTMAS TREE (15)

A glittering, festive table-piece. Base is filled with colourful Jelly Beads in eight flavours.

ETA PARTY TRAY (27)

This attractive Christmas table tray, packed with high-quality tasty Ginger, Sultanas, Almonds, Walnuts and Muscatels, is ready for immediate use at Christmas gatherings.

ETA GLACE FRUITS (11)

Delicious selection of Glace Pear, Pine-

apple, Cherry, Apricot and Fig, complete with fork, in an attractive gift box, which can be used afterwards for accessories or trinkets.

ETA PARISIAN BOWL (9)

A delightfully shaped bowl or storage jar, filled with tempting Chocolate Raisins - choice fruit coated in luscious, rich chocolate.

CAMAY CHRISTMAS PACK (38)

A gracious flask containing fragrant bath crystals and decorated with an orchid spray, together with two bath-sized cakes of delicately perfumed Camay soap.

ETA

Order them now from your store.

Products of ETA Foods division of the Marrickville Holdings Group—an all-Australian Company.



"What will the neighbors think when they see a woman cooking?"



"Come and get it!"

TODAY IS OURS

Continued from page 47

The hurt of the last kiss he gave her there had burned on her lips until the last carriage of his train disappeared.

"Remember, my darling, I will be back — sooner than you think. Goodbye, don't forget me."

Three years ago last Sunday.

At first, in the agony of separation, she had looked so hard at his photograph it was as though she had tried to melt right into it. She had told herself that she could still hear his voice; that she could remember his smile.

Yet a photograph couldn't help very much. There were letters from him, of course. But they were only words on paper.

After a year she had known that memories were not going to be enough. She needed someone to whisper to in the spring nights. What use were photographs and letters when every pulse of her body longed for love?

And the kind of treachery she'd been so sure would happen in America had happened right here, in her own heart.

She had met Alan in the whirlpool of London. With Alan it had been nothing like first love. It was just a quiet coming together. There was no desperate clinging together in a sudden access of painful desire, as there had been with Nigel. No locking of the fingers, giving secret messages. But in the reality of touching Alan, Nigel became a dream.

FOR months she had tried to tell Nigel. But she could not bring herself to betray him while she was thousands of miles away. She still wore his ring.

No, for the sake of the love they had known, at least she must find courage to tell him, face to face. That was why, now, she paced the platform, trembling.

Would he know her in the first instant of reunion? A girl of seventeen had drowned his kisses with her tears. A woman waited now.

She stood up and allowed a surge of people to carry her final steps to the platform. The train was in, panting itself to rest. Carriage doors flew open, spilling people out.

Sickness began in her. If he were not on the train, she could not go through again the agonies of waiting. Then, just as she despaired, there he was.

He was darker now, more manly. He strode among the jostling people with purpose, gazing around.

His coat hung square and short. He dropped his hand luggage on the platform as he rushed to gather her up. "Maggie!"

She had rehearsed so many words in the quiet nights. Yet now her mind was blank.

"You've shrunk," he accused her, laughing.

"No. You've grown." He put her down, stood back to look at her inch by inch.

"Perhaps. Yes, that must be it. Oh, it's good to see you."

Walking slowly beside him, her hand tucked beneath his arm, she felt a girl again, unsure.

"Let's go in here again, for old times' sake." Nigel opened the waiting-room door, leading her in. Back to the same bench.

"Just here we said goodbye. No, here. Now, let me look at you again. I can't believe you're real."

Suddenly she thought, he hasn't kissed me yet. He's afraid of it. It's been too long for him, too. There has been someone else.

Without any warning, jealousy stabbed at her. Yet what right had she to mind?

"Tell me what's happened to you since you went away," she urged him, watching his lips. Three years. A lifetime. Putting that scar above his eye, that line beside his mouth.

He smiled, and the Nigel she had known was reborn in the instant.

"You mean where have I been, who have I known, who have I kissed? That's what you really want to know, isn't it?"

"Everything."

"I've seen a continent. Been

To page 70

Take a new look at time with Westclox

(great to give . . . great to have!)



BIG BEN: Whisper-quiet tick. Adjustable loud or soft alarm. Luminous, 69/- (\$6.90). Non-luminous 63/6 (\$6.35).



BABY BEN: Charming alarm. Whisper-quiet tick. Black or white. Luminous, 65/- (\$6.50). Non-luminous, 59/- (\$5.90).



GOOD MORNING: Keywound alarm. Various colours. Luminous, 35/- (\$3.50). Non-luminous (white dial) 30/- (\$3.00).



TRIM: Compact keywound alarm. Luminous (white case) 43/6 (\$4.35). Non-luminous (floral pink or white case) 39/- (\$3.90).



STANTON TILE: Mosaic tile effect, 9" diameter. Mounts flush with wall. Transistorised, £7.17.6 (\$15.75).



FLORIDA: Superbly slim, wall clock 9 1/2" diameter. Transistorised, £9.15.0 (\$19.50). Electric (with sweep second hand) £7.17.6 (\$15.75).



STANTON WEDGWOOD: Classical Wedgwood design. 9" dia. mounts flush with wall. Transistorised, £7.17.6 (\$15.75).



VARIETY: Black case, 9" sq. distinctive numerals. Mounts flush or stands alone. Transistorised, £10.15.6 (\$21.55).



POCKET BEN: Sweep second hand; shock resistant; unbreakable crystal. Accurate, dependable 59/6 (\$5.95). (Other pocket watches from 44/6 (\$4.45)).

Take a new look, take a good look . . . at wonderful Westclox. There's a Westclox for everyone, for every taste, for every room, for every pocket. Westclox alarms are wake-you-up-for-sure clocks. Stylish Westclox wall clocks are up-to-the-minute clocks . . . look at the cordless "transistors" that run for a year on a single torch battery. For exciting design, for set your watch by reliability . . . Westclox — by the world's largest manufacturer of clocks.

ALL FULLY GUARANTEED

WESTCLOX

DISTRIBUTED BY BROWN & DEUREAU LIMITED • MELBOURNE • SYDNEY • BRISBANE • ADELAIDE • PERTH

ETA Gift packs nut-full of Christmas cheer!



ETA goodies for all the youngsters...



And here are ETA treats for the kiddies! Your storekeeper will have them soon, so tell him your choice now from the catalogue numbers shown in the sketch.

ETA CHRISTMAS STARS (17)
Pretty enough to decorate a Christmas tree, or top off the children's stockings. The long wands are filled with sweet Jelly Beads in happy Christmas colours.

ETA GIANT 1½ LB. JARS OF NUTS (1-5)
Everyone's favourites in re-usable jars—Sugar-coated Peanuts (4), Salted Mixed Nuts (2), Salted Peanuts (1), Vanilla Almonds (5), and Salted Cashews (3). All vacuum-packed in glass jars, which make perfect kitchen canisters.

ETA CHRISTMAS TREE (15)
So much sparkle it almost glows! Makes a beautiful table-piece. Base is filled with crisp, crunchy Jelly Beads.

ETA BISCUIT BARRELS (6-8)
Good old-fashioned biscuit barrels, pack-

ed with delicious Scorched Almonds (7), Scorched Peanuts (6), or Sugared Almonds (8). A delightful gift that's useful all year round.

ETA CHRISTMAS CANDLES (18)
Filled to the brim with colourful Jelly Beads. These gay candles look so pretty on top of the tree—dressing up Christmas Stockings—or your festive table.

ETA SANTA CLAUS PACK (16)
This cute Santa makes an ideal table decoration, and stands on a base full of gay Jelly Beads.

ETA PLAY PACKS (35-36)
Tall, re-usable goblets, filled with tasty selected Vanilla Almonds (35) or Scorched Peanuts (36). Ideal children's gift to sweeten Christmas stockings.

ETA MUSCATELS AND ALMONDS (28)
Eight ounces of mixed Muscatels and Almonds packed into a gay, wrapped carton.

CHOC-A-DADDY (25)
Noddy toys for girls and boys. Re-usable tumblers, choc-full of scrumptious chocolate-coated raisins.

ETA DE-LUXE BON BONS (42)
Six festive bon bons filled with toys, jokes, novelties and party hats.

ETA

Order them now from your store.

Products of ETA Foods division of the Marrickville Holdings Group—an all-Australian Company.



"Does he have to smile?"

places I wouldn't have believed. Kissed some girls. Yes. You knew I would."

"Yes." Yet jealousy raged again. "I've travelled thousands of miles. Almost got killed. A freight train hit a jalopy I was driving."

And she had never known! She winced, as though the pain were here now.

"You haven't kissed me," she accused him baldly. "Why?"

"Not here. How could I?"

"Once you didn't care who saw us. Or what they thought."

"It was different then. I was a boy. I didn't even know they were there." He nodded toward the corner of the waiting-room.

I'll know at once, she told her-

self. If he kisses me, I'll know if there has been someone else. Whether I am the only traitor.

"Come." He took her hand, leading her on to the platform, like he had done before. They walked, arm in arm, toward a taxi. Now he would kiss her. Now. And then the jealousy inside her would melt.

Nigel sat apart from her, in the taxi, gloved hands hanging between his knees. The taxi stopped outside a hotel. She waited while he paid the fare.

"Come up to my room. We can talk properly there. We'll have dinner, just the two of us. After all, we are engaged." He smiled, yet his eyes were sombre, weighing her in some secret balance.

She followed him. Through the lift doors, up to the suite: he'd booked. Rooms that told her all she needed to know. The enormous bedroom. The private bath.

He handed a coin negligently to the porter, drawing a smile.

He closed the door behind him. "Well?" he asked her softly. "Who is it? Who do you love now? I can take it."

It was as though he'd dropped her down a well. She gasped.

"How did you know?"

He gazed at her, tenderness deep in his dark grey eyes.

"Oh, darling," the softness of his voice caressed her. "Don't be naive. I knew the moment I saw you. Everything told me. Your eyes, your hands, even your voice. Full of tears and guilt. As though you were afraid to speak."

"No! It's you who've gone away. You've met someone else. I knew you would. I told you so before you went." It had to be true. It must be. She couldn't bear to be alone in treachery.

"I understand, darling. And if you love him, you must go to him. Don't cry like that, there isn't any need. You were much too young to get engaged. I told you so — remember? I should never have tried to persuade you at all. I should have known, for both of us."

"I'm not crying."

For answer, he turned her around wordlessly, showing her in the mirror her ravaged face.

Drowning, she clung to him, begging him in her heart.

"If I kissed you — just once, would it help you to make up your mind between us?" he said gently.

She nodded, holding up her face like a child for comfort.

The man who kissed her she had not met before. For a stunned second, she thought she would

FROM THE BIBLE

● Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain.
— 1 Corinthians 9:24.

collapse. Then, shatteringly, she was alive from head to toe.

At last, he set her down. "How many girls," she asked, "have you kissed like that?"

He squinted down at her. "A few." She opened her mouth to ask another question but he put his face down closely against hers, whispering: "A thousand. Two thousand, maybe more. And every one of them you." He waited. "Now, what are you going to do?"

Her hand went to her mouth, conscious of betrayal. "Alan!"

"So that's his name? An unenviable man. To have you, for so short a time, and then to lose you. He has lost you, hasn't he?"

"I thought I loved him when you were gone, truly I did," she pleaded softly, and he said fiercely: "Remind me never to go away again and leave you. You're not to be trusted out of my sight."

"Please forgive me, darling."

"Of course. You need to be kissed, to be loved. I should have taken you with me, after all."

They stayed silent for long, long minutes, then he said: "What shall we do about him? Will you ring him? No, that's too cruel. Write to him? Go and see him?"

"I don't know. I will think tomorrow." She drew him to her.

"Today is ours. All of it. Kiss me again, we've waited so long."

"Nearly too long," he said quietly, holding her fast.

And his face above her was shadowed, thinking guiltily of the letter he, too, would need to write.

(Copyright)

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Sun it, Soak it, Sand it...



'Savlon' D makes summer hair come 'whistle-clean'!

Summer time can punish your hair. Hot, drying sun. Salt. Sand. Dusty winds. And unsightly dandruff. It's time for special care to keep your scalp really clean for glowing, healthier hair. 'Savlon' D containing 'Cetrimide' was created especially by ICI just for this purpose. It really works. Mild, medicated 'Savlon' D pleasantly foams away summer hair worries and unsightly dandruff. Use 'Savlon' D regularly to keep your scalp consistently clean for healthier, attractive hair. (Ideal for the menfolk, too.)

From all chemists — they recommend it.

'Savlon' is a Trade Mark of I.C.I. A.N.Z. Ltd.
IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND LTD.



MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

CHOSEN FOR THE FOLIAGE



AMARANTHUS "Molten Fire" rewards the gardener with flowers and foliage both. Sow in spring, early summer. Picture taken at Yates Trial Grounds, Castle Hill, N.S.W., by staff photographer Barry Cullen.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 281

● In many gardens, plants with vivid foliage give attractive splashes of red, yellow, silver, purple, or bronze to the scene, sometimes with a pleasing variation in shades of color in different seasons.

IT is useful to include them in shrubberies and borders and to grow them as specimen plants or to highlight a focal point. Deciduous plants provide magnificent seasonal color changes, but at present I am referring only to evergreens.

Shrubs, perennials, and annuals can all be used for variations in color effects. Among the SHRUBS which brighten their leaves with yellow or gold are:

AUCUBA JAPONICA VARIEGATA (Gold Dust Aucuba), a handsome plant, up to 10ft. tall, with large glossy leaves splashed with gold. Will stand some frost, but resents exposure to the hot sun and does best in cool, moist shade.

COPROSMA REPENS VARIEGATA, a form of the Looking Glass Plant. Has leaves attractively edged with yellow, grows to about 4ft. and is very hardy; especially suited for seaside conditions.

EUONYMUS JAPONICUS AUREOMARGINATUS, a bright and lovely plant which does well in most climates. Has leaves heavily bordered with gold, likes a sunny position, and gives satisfaction as a specimen plant in the garden or in tubs.

One of the Chinese Lanterns, ABUTILON MEGAPOTAMICUM VARIEGATUM, has a low, almost creeping habit of growth and is most effective when grown as ground cover among taller shrubs. The leaves are

marked with gold, and it has small red and yellow flowers.

The English Holly, ILEX AQUIFOLIUM, has two variegated forms, one with the leaves bordered in gold and the other in silver. Cool climate.

Shrubs which provide interesting color contrast in silver include SENECIO CINERARIA (also known as CINERARIA MARITIMA), a very useful plant, 2ft. to 4ft. tall, with silvery leaves. It prefers a well-drained, sunny position.

A not-so-common plant, AZARA INTEGRIFOLIA VARIEGATA, forms a very attractive little shrub, 2ft. to 3ft. tall, with leaves edged in creamy white.

By
R. H. ANDERSON

ABUTILON SAVITZII has green-and-white leaves and small orange-colored flowers. Warm position.

A fairly widely grown native plant, WESTRINGIA FRUTICOSA, is very adaptable and withstands seaside conditions very well. The silvery-grey foliage is attractive, but plants need trimming to keep a good shape.

PITTOSPORUM EUGENIODES VARIEGATA is a trim little tree or tall shrub up to 15ft. The silver variegations of the leaves make a pleasing contrast to a background of greenery.

An unusual little shrub, ERIOCEPHALUS AFRICANUS has silvery foliage, white flowers with a dark eye, and grows up to 2ft.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 283

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Happy outdoor people
prefer **PRIMUS**
it's so quick 'n' easy



Just turn, light, cook and barbecue too

If you camp, hunt, fish, hike, barbecue, beachcomb, picnic, motor—or just love the outdoors—here's a new friend. The amazing Primus De Luxe portable gas stove. Say goodbye to pump and pre-heat cooking, not to mention smoky fires and the frantic search for wood. Primus uses modern, safe, bottled gas. Just turn, light—and—cook! You can refill Primus cylinders anywhere (most garages, camp sites, marinas, camping and hardware shops have the service).

The Primus De Luxe comes with a flip-up spill tray in wipe-clean stainless steel, giant windshields and a hammertone finish for easy cleaning. But it folds away into a compact unit you carry in one hand. Just carry 'n' cook—and barbecue, too! Price: £11/15/- or \$23.50 (cylinders from £2/15/6 or \$5.55).

When you own Primus, you can collect a complete set of accessories for camping and home handyman uses—lamps, burners and heaters—like the single-burner stove and outdoor lamp shown here. Or the handy stove stand—and barbecue plate. Call and see them at your camping, sports or hardware shop, or bottled gas centre.



The handy stove stand—erects in an instant. Saves you bending and provides a convenient rack for plates or utensils. Price: £2/16/9 or \$5.68.



Sturdy, single-burner stove with a large top ring. Ideal for indoor or outdoor use. Price: 2072 (with cylinder), £8/13/6 or \$17.35.



A practical, portable lamp—giving a light equivalent of 100 watts. For indoor or outdoor use. Price: 2150, £4/7/6 or \$8.75.



PRIMUS

the greatest name in portable gas appliances

872/65

"The nearest place," she laughed, and he stared at her with something like interest. He had never heard her laugh before, and he noticed that it softened the austere lines of her face and that her teeth were really beautiful. He began to wonder how old she was, what was behind the satisfactory office automaton and (astoundingly) how it happened that he had never noticed the lovely lines of her body before.

At the restaurant he set down his martini and astonished them both by saying: "We spend more hours a day together than most married couples, but I don't know a damn thing about you."

She looked at him calmly, reflectively, as if she were weighing a point in her mind — as indeed she was.

"Is it necessary?" she asked.

"Necessary, no. Desirable, yes."

Continued from page 52

"What would you like to know?"

"First things first. Born here?"

"No. Boston."

"I wondered about that charming broad A. Been here long?"

"About six years."

"Live with your parents?"

"Both dead."

"Look. You're not at the office. Don't be so stenographic. I'd like to know a little about you."

"There's nothing to know. I had a normal childhood. There was never much money. I suppose you could classify us as the genteel poor."

So instead of college, I went to business school. After my parents died there was nothing to keep me in Boston and I felt New York offered better opportunities."

"And for six years you've been somebody's Girl Friday day in day out?"

She dropped her eyes, allowing a faint air of mystery to reach him.

"Not quite," she said in a low voice.

Her apparent distress touched his decency.

"I'm sorry. I don't want to pry. It's just that you suit me so well, I wanted to know a bit about you. But if it hurts, don't tell me a thing."

She smiled at him, thinking that if she handled this right it could be more protective coloring.

"It's stopped hurting," she said simply. "And it's nothing so world-shattering. I worked for the Cald-

well Agency for two years, and then I married the boss's son. It didn't work out, so after the divorce I took a job again."

His mouth opened in surprise. He knew the fabulous Caldwell Agency; in fact, they handled most of his firm's advertising.

"But surely — you wouldn't need — he'd provide —"

"I don't believe in divorce. I think it's as wrong as breaking any other promise, so I wouldn't co-operate. He went to Reno."

"Even so. I hope you knew your rights."

"If I'm not his wife I've got no rights."

"Of course you've got rights — settlements, alimony —"

STRICTLY A LOSER

She allowed a tinge of primness to creep into her voice:

"A legalised kept woman? No, thanks. Money isn't that important."

"My child," he smiled at her with a touch of real liking, "you're a moral prig. But a damned nice one. And as rare as the dodo. Only woman I ever met who wasn't on the make."

"Are men any better?" she flashed back. "Even you?"

"Me?"

"What do you ever think of but money? Sky Electronics is your whole life."

"Bunk!"

"Do you have any other interests — music — sports — charity? All you think of is 'Will it pay off?' Is it a good deal?"

He stared at her, intrigued in earnest.

"Susan," he said slowly, calling her by name for the first time, "maybe you've got something. How would you like the job of reforming a business robot who's been wearing blinkers for too many years?"

"No, thanks. It wouldn't work out."

"Why wouldn't it?"

"I love my job. I don't want to jeopardise it."

"You won't."

"I won't risk it. After this, if we work late, no more dinners. There's too much at stake for the sake of a little pleasure."

"Well, I'm glad it's a pleasure even if little," he said with a kind of acid banter. "You know, my dear, you could use a bit of touching up yourself — get rid of some of that stern-and-rockbound-coast stuff."

"No chance," she said, smiling. "Poor Harry tried. But he couldn't make me believe that the end and aim of life was a car that could do a hundred and ten or that the more you drank the more fun a party was. I'm afraid you're stuck with the 'moral prig.'" She felt she had nailed him as a character witness if ever she should need one.

HE took her home in a taxi, and as they drove through the dark and deserted street near her home, he said: "This is no neighborhood for a girl living alone."

"You're right. In the four years since my marriage, it's changed for the worse. Even my house has deteriorated. We used to have a dependable super who was always on tap. Now we share him with three or four other houses on the block. Half the time the downstairs door's left unlocked and I hear the mailboxes have been robbed once or twice."

"Why don't you look for different quarters?"

"I have. You can't get anything better for the same money."

He wondered secretly how soon he could give her another raise without offending her sticky pride. He would have to wait a month or two. But he made one move at once. Two days later, in his office, he brought out a tiny .22 calibre gun.

"Know anything about these things?" he asked.

"I never saw one close to me in my life."

"Well, I want you to have it. I'll show you how it works and go with you to get a licence. Sunday, we'll go out to the country and I'll teach you to fire it."

"But why?"

"I don't like that downstairs unlocked door you mentioned. And I can just about imagine the antediluvian lock on your apartment house."

She laughed.

"You're scaring me more than any prowler would. There's nothing to steal in my apartment."

"You're a good-looking girl. Those animals do more than just steal. I'd like to know you have some protection."

In the end, she agreed, but not for his reasons. The gun would be more protective coloring, because the death in store for Harry had nothing to do with firearms. A week later she acquired the little gun, the necessary licence, and a lesson in shooting on a deserted Long Island beach.

To page 76

Fresh from an Edgell country garden



Who spent years perfecting a special beetroot seed? Who spent more years devising a better beetroot cooking process? Who else brings you such deep-flavoured, succulently tender beetroot? If you know it's Edgell, congratulations. If you don't, taste it yourself.

Manufactured by Gordon Edgell Pty. Ltd.



MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

CHOSEN
FOR THE
FOLIAGE
—continued



ABOVE, a handsome Croton and, LEFT, *Iris japonica* variegata.

Pictures taken at the home of Mrs. C. G. Sinclair, Balgowlah, N.S.W., by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 282

Lamb's Tongue, *STACHYS LANATUM*, has interesting greyish woolly foliage; grows to about 2ft.

Several shrubs add an interesting note of purple or deep bronze to the garden. *GOLDFUSSIA ISOPHYLLA* is agreeably different with its purplish foliage and lavender bell-shaped flowers.

A form of our native Hop Bush, *DODONAEA VISCOSA PURPUREA*, which originated in New Zealand, has deep bronze or purplish foliage, often changing to red in winter. It is quick growing and hardy, up to 8ft. tall.

For variously colored leaves, *ACALYPHAS* are quite outstanding for tropical and warm temperate districts. *HYPERICUM MOZERIANUM* *TRICOLOR* is a distinctive plant, 2ft. to 3ft. tall, with green, yellow, and red leaves, always bright and attractive.

LOW-GROWING plants with color variations include *CHLOROPHYTUM COMOSUM VARIEGATUM*, with long, narrow, green-and-white leaves, and trailing plants such as *CERASTIUM TOMENTOSUM* (Snow in Summer).

AJUGA REPTANS is ideal where ground cover a few inches high is required. The variety *ATROPURPUREA* has purple-bronze leaves and blue flowers.

CROTONS are brilliantly colored foliage plants with a great array of variegation and leaf shapes. They do best in warm sub-tropical areas; require glasshouse protection in temperate districts.

IRIS JAPONICA VARIEGATA flowers in late winter and early spring. Is very shallow rooting. Does best in partial shade and likes a fairly rich soil.

Several *ANNUALS* are grown mainly for their colored foliage. The most outstanding of these is probably *COLEUS*, which in summer has a

brilliant range of colors in purplish-black, pinks, reds, gold, orange, white, and green, arranged in many patterns.

The leaves vary in shape and size, the semi-prostrate varieties having ones an inch or so long, while in others they are up to 8in. They are eye-catching as pot plants and are equally at home in the garden, but require a sheltered semi-shaded position, free from frost and with plenty of water.

They are readily propagated from cuttings taken during warm months.

The plants produce spikes of small pale blue flowers, but these should be pinched out, as they are basically foliage plants.

Another annual, *KOCHIA TRICHOPHYLLA* (Summer Cypress), is not grown as much as formerly, but is an attractive plant of symmetrical shape and with light, graceful foliage, changing from pale green to almost brick-red. It grows up to 3ft. and provides variety in the garden; the foliage is useful for decorative work.

AMARANTHUS is another annual, often with brilliant foliage, blood-red or in combinations of yellow, red, and green. Revels in hot sunny positions, but likes plenty of water during dry periods.

EUPHORBIA MARGINATA (Snow on the Mountains) is quite distinctive with its green-and-white leaves. It prefers a warm sheltered position and fairly good soil.

Of course, when considering foliage plants for the garden, we should not overlook the *COLOR-LEAVED GERANIUMS*, which have a fascinating range of colors and markings. Some have an exotic gaiety, others attract with more delicate pastel shades.

Ideal for pots, they can also brighten garden borders or can be grown in formal beds.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 284

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



give new 'young look' gifts by
three flowers

New designs by Donald Deskey of New York for the traditionally famous Three Flowers fragrance.



GIFT SET 11/6

SKIN PERFUME 6/11

TALC 3/11 & 7/11

three flowers FOR YOUNG WOMEN OF ALL AGES

By all means marry a migrant...

● *By all means marry a New Australian, BUT don't forget that in addition to that wonderful knack he has of making you feel you are the only woman in the world, an exhausting emotional scene faces you should you so much as smile at the postman.*

ON the other hand, if he stops to give a lift to that pretty woman who lives down the street and treats her to a portion of the old-world courtesy and gallantry that first attracted you, you must not say a word. Why? Because he's a man and,

therefore, to be trusted. Just because your illicit smile at the postman hides a hidden desire for a rendezvous by the pillar-box, you are not to make the mistake of thinking that his attentions to a pretty woman mean anything other than the fact that he is a gallant gentleman.

Another thing those of you contemplating marriage with a gentle-

man from another land should bear in mind is that in all probability he harbors an infuriating contempt for the intellect of the poor old average Aussie.

"Ha!" he is apt to say during any of those inevitable little household skirmishes that pop up in the best-run marriages. "You Australians! The only things you ever think about are cricket and beer!"

If you happen to be like me and detest cricket and much prefer a glass of chablis thank you, this accusation can almost turn you into a secret brooder.

Your Roberto is different, is he? Mmmmm. Because he's so charming and thoughtful? So attentive? Do you mean by this that every night he doesn't take you out he takes care to ring you and tell you he's thinking of you?

Well, I have to admit that that charming and flattering little trick got me in, too. Until I discovered that the reason he rang me every night was to check and make sure I was home and not out with someone else.

"Very well," you are no doubt saying by now. "As a matter of fact he has been showing signs of jealousy. But what about the way he appreciates my cooking?"

A good point. I, too, have had the experience of spending many hours producing an exotic Spaghetti Milanaise and Almond Bavarian, only to have my ex-Aussie suitor take one mouthful and say, "I don't suppose you've got a bit of steak in the house?"

Weighty problem!

However, before you rejoice too much over the hand-kissing response your meals bring from your Roberto, I must ask you to take a peek into the future. You've been married for six months and have been eating that lovely rich Continental food every day instead of just on special occasions.

Can't you just see him looking at you over his wine glass and saying, "Aren't you putting on a bit too much weight, darling?" (Thus giving the lie to that comforting thought you'd had that, anyway, European men like their women plump.)

However, please don't think I'm suggesting that you give your Roberto up and go looking for a home-grown product. Because, do you know what?

I wouldn't change my New Australian for all of the bronzed surf-riders at Bondi. He surely has his faults. But these don't include leaving me at home with the kids while he goes out drinking with the boys.

After five years of marriage he still tells me he loves me often enough to make me perfectly content — and every woman knows just how often that is. When I cook a dish from his home country — why, it's even better than his mother used to make.

Whenever we go to a social gathering, he never fails to tell me afterwards that his wife was the prettiest woman there.

In brief, he makes me feel loved, cherished, protected, and maybe best of all (remember those jealous tantrums) he makes me feel desirable.

So, on second thoughts, maybe I should have just started my story "By all means marry a New Australian . . . and never mind the butts!"

"4711"
Eau de
Cologne
is being
re-discovered
by today's
lively young
people...



for what
it really
is

'4711' is not just a delicate fragrance . . . it's a long-lasting, tingling refresher. Don't dab it on! Splash it on . . . after the shower, or for a cooling lift on a long hot day . . . and especially after driving or dancing. '4711' doesn't intrude on your personal perfume just cools and refreshes. Try it.

Eau de Cologne
4711.

They're such wonderful husbands!

● "You are lucky to have such a wonderful husband!"
How often I hear these words, and I couldn't agree more.

I REALLY do have a wonderful husband, and after ten years of marriage I am as much in love with him as when we first met.

My elderly relatives adore him because he is so kind and thoughtful. My younger relatives and friends love his effervescent personality, his ready sense of humor, and his willingness to listen sympathetically to their problems and give sensible advice when asked.

My children and their very young friends delight in his ability to join in their games, tumbling and wrestling on the lawn, kicking a ball to budding footballers, pirouetting with aspiring ballet dancers, and reading bedtime stories with his "funny" accent, which they love to mimic.

Yes, everyone thinks my husband is wonderful, but how different were their reactions when we first spoke of marriage.

"Marry a Dutchman," said my shocked guardians. "Fancy having a New Australian in the family!"

One horrified friend shrieked: "But, my dear, you know what all those Continentals are like. It's nothing but 'wine, women, and song' with them!"

Another friend informed me I'd be terribly bored after a few years of marriage, because "Dutch people are so phlegmatic, you know."

Everyone expected me to break the engagement, but I didn't, and it's been amusing to watch their reactions gradually change.

The "wine, women" friend has herself married a Dutchman, introduced to her by my husband, and is blissfully happy.

The one who feared that I would be bored always makes sure that we are invited when she has a party, as my husband loves to

dance, plays the piano, always attends to the radiogram, and is a wonderful barbecue chef.

My husband is not perfect, thank goodness, but I think he must be the easiest person in the world to live with.

He is seldom bad-tempered, will

always lend a hand with the housework when necessary, and never seems to notice that I am an habitual "muddler."

When we attend a dance, he always sits with me. We are always first on the floor when a dance is announced and I do enjoy my-

self . . . but I feel sorry for many wives who watch me enviously while their own husbands stand around with "the boys."

There is one thing which endears my husband to me more than anything else: my features are plain, my figure has never been remarkable, and I'm not at all clever, but when I am with him I feel like a princess. Could any woman ask for more?

READERS' STORIES

(The two stories on this page and opposite were written by readers who supplied their names and addresses but wish to remain anonymous.)

Time to hint
for a
"4711"
Gift Pack
...or give one



Beautifully presented on softly draped satin . . . The one gift every woman appreciates . . . '4711' Eau de Cologne, Talc, Soap, Skin Perfume, and Bottles from just 9/6.
1. '4711' Eau de Cologne and Luxury Cream Soap: 19/6.
2. '4711' Eau de Cologne Spray: 40/-.
3. '4711' Eau de Cologne Decanter . . . for someone really special: 74/-.
4. '4711' Eau de Cologne and Talc: 29/-.
SEE THE '4711' RANGE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND COSMETIC COUNTERS.

from the House of...
4711

Gift suggestion for Christmas

IF you have a daughter or friend who is expecting her first baby, or who has just become a mother for the first time, an ideal Christmas present for her is a copy of "You and Your Baby," an Australian parentcraft book written by Sister Mary Jacobs. The 300-page book, which is nicely bound and well illustrated, is packed with useful information. The introductory chapter, for instance, stresses the importance of every baby having the security of a happy, harmonious home environment. It explains the need for good "fathercraft" and teamwork between the mother and father in caring for and bringing up the new-comer. Detailed advice is also given on such subjects as feeding and caring for the baby for the first year of life, and for the diet and management of the pre-school child. "You and Your Baby" can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, or from leading booksellers in all capital cities. Price 15/- plus 10d postage. (N.B. Please print names and addresses clearly when ordering.)

Her relationship to Charles Stevens reverted to normal. With a tinge of regret, he saw that a more personal association was not on the cards. Modestly, he put this down to the fact that he himself lacked the necessary qualities to attract her. He could hardly know that he — like the rest of the human race — was important only in so far as he could serve a purpose in her deadly chess game.

The first Friday of the month was dance night at the Greenaway Country Club. That was the night when the baby-sitters reaped a harvest. Practically everyone attended. Many of the members used these occasions to pay off social debts by entertaining guests at dinner at the club before the dance.

Martin and Grace Lowry were doing this on the fourth of June.

Continued from page 72

Including themselves, there would be eight of them; Victor and Ruth Crane, Jim and Betty Tyler, and Martin's cousin, Leila, and her new husband, Harry Caldwell. Martin was president of the Club and an invitation to a Lowry pre-dance dinner carried a kind of social seal with it. The Caldwells got their invitation by the skin of their teeth. Martin, with family solidarity, was all for it, but Grace, usually mild and acquiescent, dug in her toes.

"Marty, I don't want them. I'm no prude, but—"

"Oh, come on, Grace. They're not the only divorced couple in circulation around Greenaway."

"That's not the point. I'm objecting to the way they did it."

I'm not holding any brief for Susan Caldwell. Why would I? I hardly knew her. But I think she got a raw deal. She was a decent, quiet little thing. Ruth says she was just about as good a wife as they come. And what did it get her? Her idiot husband falls for the first woman who butters him up—

"Leila doesn't have to butter anybody up."

"You're right. She's armed to the teeth—hair, eyes, eyelashes, curves, the whole works. But even if she is your cousin, you've got to admit she was pretty shameless the way she stalked him."

"Stalked? Baloney. She's just a naturally friendly kid. But that's water over the dam now. They're

married and they're part of Greenaway."

"It was the way they did it that was so disgusting. They fly out to Reno together as open as the day and then come back two months later right into the home that Susan had made, using her dishes, her silver, her furniture—such rotten taste."

"They had to live somewhere, honey."

"It would have been more decent to live in Leila's house."

"That little hole for two? Look. You've got to move with the times, Grace. Nobody gives such things a second thought these days."

"Well, I do. And plenty of the other girls do, too."

"I'll bet. But not on moral grounds. If she was plain as an old shoe, there wouldn't be a peep out of them."

"Sometimes I wonder if you haven't fallen for her airs and graces, too, cousin or no cousin."

"Don't be an ass, honey. She's had a rugged time. She was terribly in love with Leland Thomas. I happen to know. Can you imagine what it did to her when she found she'd killed him in a ghastly accident?"

"Accident?"

"Yes, accident. And don't start doubting it. I've known her since she was a baby. She could no more kill than you or I. She's not the brainiest girl in the world, but underneath the showy curves and the blond hair she's a simple, nice, friendly kid. She came here to recover from a horrible experience, and if the Greenaway women had held out even a finger to help they'd have found she was likable and warmhearted. When they didn't she took her sympathy where she found it."

"Tell Betty Tyler that. It'll comfort her."

"That's ancient history now. Jim went overboard but he had sense enough to swim ashore."

"Harry Caldwell didn't."

"Because he and Leila are two of a kind. Lightweights but no real harm in them. I'll bet they make a go of it. He's a lot more suited to her than he was to Susan. But that's neither here nor there." His pleasant face sobered. "I'll tell you something I've never told you before. Leila's mother was damn good to me after my own parents died. Well, she's gone now, too. I never had a chance to repay her, but I feel she'd like it if I gave Leila a hand—"

She kissed him impulsively.

"Okay, Marty. I'll ring her up today."

So it happened that on June 4, at 7 p.m., Leila and Harry Caldwell were dressing for the Lowry dinner, light-heartedly unaware of how narrowly they had made it. Harry had just sneaked up on Leila at her vanity table, seized her, and waltzed around the room, his kisses damaging the fine art work she had done on her mouth.

"Darling, please. Now I've got to make another new face."

"I like the one you've got."

She leaned against him in luxurious enjoyment.

"Oh, Harry, I do love you. You're such fun."

It was the keynote of their relationship. They went through their days and nights in a succession of adolescent romps. But no one could help seeing the glow of happiness which radiated from them both; silly it might be, but it was genuine.

It reconciled Harry to the less satisfactory state of affairs at Caldwell's. He had come into his inheritance at last, he was safely in the saddle, but the saddle was too big for him and he knew it. He occupied his father's impressive corner office, but he felt like an intruder there. For all his brash talk to Susan about getting rid of Foster, his father's right-hand man, Foster was still there and still in firm control.

He was careful — or courteous — enough to inform Harry of any new course of action, giving him a spurious sense of power to approve or veto. But they both knew that he would approve. He hadn't the ability to suggest an alternative or even an improvement on the plan in question. He had just shrewdness enough to realise that the Agency would fall apart without Foster. He resented it, but he was ridden by the fear that if he opposed Foster he might walk out, start an agency of his own, and take a damaging number of clients with him.

The Martin Lowrys' dinner was a good deal less than a success. Grace had already invited the Tylers and the Cranes when Marty asked her to include Leila and Harry. They mixed like oil and water. Victor Crane, a rather dour dictator type with a slight appraisal of all women,

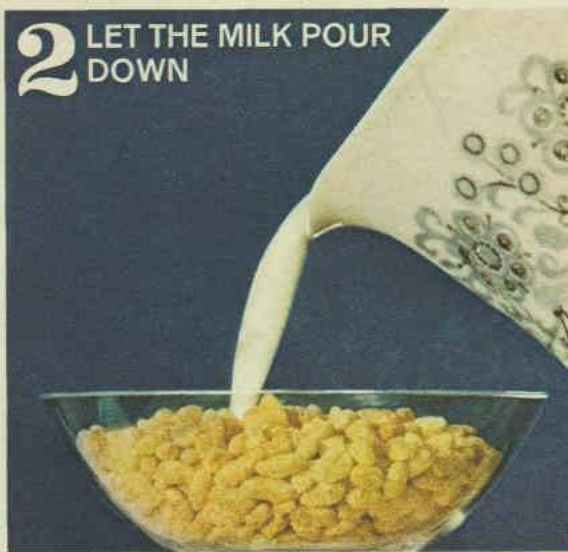
To page 78

RECIPE FOR THE **HAPPY** SOUND

1 TIP THE PACK!



2 LET THE MILK POUR DOWN



3 LISTEN FOR THE HAPPY SOUND



Kellogg's Rice Bubbles! The only cereal so crisp it goes Snap! Crackle! Pop! when you pour on milk. So cheerfully delicious it fills you with fun (and the whole grain nourishment of rice). Make morning spirits bright with the happy sound of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles.

**Kellogg's
RICE
BUBBLES**

* Registered Trade Mark † Rice Bubbles is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.



● Miniature castle.

MY father bought this castle under glass (left) at an auction sale 82 years ago. It was said to represent a castle on the Rhine. Could you tell me its age? There are no markings on it.—Mrs. J. R. Walker, Tumburumba, N.S.W.

This interesting miniature castle under a glass dome dates about 1865 to 1875.

AT Port Arthur, Tasmania, I saw a plate from a convict days collection in the same design as a vegetable dish I own (right). My dish is marked "Norman S.H. and sons."—Mrs. B. Hall, Bentleigh, Vic.

Your example bears the potter's mark of Sampson Hancock, Stoke; established about 1858. The mark on your piece was not used until about 1891.



● Early English dish.

Household hints

● These hints will help you in your day-to-day household chores. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

HAVE you tried pumpkin chips? Add them when potato chips have been cooking a few minutes. They are delicious and make expensive potatoes go further.—Mrs. P. M. Timpe, 13 Wood St., Manly, N.S.W.

To save toddlers the discomfort of pulling the elastic of their sun hats over their head, sew a press stud to the end of the elastic and to the inside of the hat and just snap on.—Mrs. Margaret Murray, 34 Tango Avenue, Dee Why, N.S.W.

For extra food value and flavor, add an egg to a junket. Beat egg well and add to milk before heating. Make junket in usual way and sprinkle top with a little nutmeg and cinnamon.—Mrs. D. E. Pemberton, "Oodlawirra," Latrobe Rd., Yarrambat, Vic.

Instead of using water to moisten the cellulose paper covers for sealing homemade jams, pickles, etc., use vinegar or milk. Either of these makes a better seal.—Mrs. E. C. Pearce, 117 Addison St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

Don't pass by a pretty-bordered cotton remnant. Three yards cut in halves and joined by the selvages make a lovely wide tablecloth. Smaller remnants make aprons and children's pinafores—good for Christmas gifts.—Mrs. O. Sander, 180 Dawson Road, Rockhampton, Qld.

Instead of folding freshly ironed aprons and placing them in a drawer, hang a number of them together on a skirt-hanger. I also do this when I take my apron off so it still looks neat for the next day.—Miss M. E. Parker, 15 Lister Cres., Ainslie, A.C.T.

After having mended sheets, run a colored row of machine stitching on the bottom hem. You can then see at a glance which sheets have been mended.—Mrs. C. G. Lucas, Hallett, S.A.

Crack black peppercorns and sprinkle the coarse pieces over steaks as they cook on a barbecue or grill for a strong pepper flavor.—Mrs. A. C. Thomas, Thomas St., Moruya, N.S.W.

To overcome the unpleasant smell of milk which has boiled over on to the stove, or any other kitchen odor, place a pinch of nutmeg or cinnamon (or both) in a little boiling water and let it slowly simmer on the stove.—Mrs. G. A. Whitley, 60 Watkins St., Howard, Qld.



Here's a superb salad to have as a main course for lunch or dinner.

How to serve a salad that's spicy-sweet and Spanish

Easy—with KRAFT Catalina Dressing. That sunny, Spanish flavour comes from juicy sun-ripened tomatoes, salad oil, two fragrant vinegars and a clever choice of spices. Serve this Spanish Salad, rich with the flavour of KRAFT Catalina, for lunch or dinner.

Spanish Salad: Fill a salad bowl with well-washed lettuce leaves broken into pieces; wedges of tomato and quarters of hard boiled egg, reserving some tomato and egg for the top. Place stuffed olives in the centre and arrange tomato wedges and quarters of egg around the edge. Garnish with a few onion rings. Chill. Pour over KRAFT Catalina Dressing just before serving. Easy isn't it? And, it's eating Spanish-style at home. KRAFT Catalina is one of the 5 great international KRAFT Dressings. Try the others, too!

Go International with **KRAFT** Salad Dressings

Reg'd Trade Mark



disapproved of Leila on principle. And Betty Tyler had had plenty of cause to consider her a home-wrecker and a potential threat to her marriage. Jim Tyler, a good-looking, honey-voiced TV newscaster, had fallen hard for Leila. With three small children taking up a disproportionate amount of Betty's time, he had slipped into the pleasant habit of dropping in at Leila's little house at odd hours. There was always an extra-dry martini and a soothing amount of Leila's light easy talk. Jim was beginning to get seriously involved when Henry Caldwell had taken the play away from him.

Willy-nilly, Jim had retreated to the haven of his family, but his ego was stung and he lost no time in dropping hints in the locker room at the Club that Harry's inside success was due solely to his financial prospects. If this branded Leila as more mercenary than she really was, that was no skin off Jim Tyler's nose.

Continued from page 76

They were all relieved when the dancing started and the intimacy of the dinner table broke up.

At five minutes to five on Friday, June Fourth, Charles Stevens scrawled his signature on the last of a pile of typed letters and handed the lot to Susan.

"That does it," he said. "Run along."

"If you've got those figures for the Sandown Company, I could type them at home to-night, so they'd have them first thing Monday morning."

It was a gamble, but she felt she knew Stevens well enough to make it a safe one. She was right.

"Nothing of the kind," he said. "There's not all that rush. Forget the job and have yourself a nice weekend."

"All right, then," she smiled. "You'll never guess what I'm doing tonight."

STRICTLY A LOSER

"Oh? Got yourself a boyfriend?"

"Nothing like that. I'm going to paint my kitchen cupboards an exciting aquamarine."

"A real glutton for work."

"It'll be fun. I can't wait to get at it." The truth was, she had done the painting the night before. But she wanted to put it on the record that that was how she was spending the evening. It might never be needed, but if it ever did come to the point, there it was.

She left without any appearance of hurry, but once away from the office, she went through the streets as fast as she could without attracting attention. She had to go home, do a number of tricky things and still make Grand Central in time for a commuter train before the crowds thinned out.

The first thing she did when she got home was a

ludicrous prelude to murder, but practical enough: she made a sandwich, wrapped it in cellulose paper, and slipped it into her new cheap red plastic handbag. But it was not as silly as it looked. She had no time to eat dinner if she was to approximate invisibility in the Friday night commuter rush, but she knew she would have time and opportunity to eat a sandwich later.

She unlocked her closet and brought out her purchases, garments hitherto foreign to her demure wardrobe: a pair of tapered black slacks which fitted her long lovely legs temptingly, a black turtle-neck sweater set, and a pair of black ballet slippers.

Then she made up her face with the speed which much rehearsal had made possible. A thick ultra-light foundation cream changed her medium-brunette coloring to an enamelled blond pinkness.

She used pale blue eye-shadow and plenty of mascara. She used rouge sparingly, concentrating for color on the wide lush sweep of orange lipstick, altering her appearance almost violently.

Last of all, she put on a honey-colored wig, the front sweeping across her forehead in small ragged arcs, topped by a superstructure resembling a straw-colored beehive. The effect was amazing. She doubted if Mr. Stevens would have recognised her; indeed, she hardly recognised herself. But making assurance doubly sure, she slipped on a pair of Harlequin glasses, the elliptical frames so glittering with rhinestones that they detracted from any notice of her features. She had spent about a hundred and fifty dollars on these props, all to be destroyed after tonight's use. But they were the minnow to catch the whale.

SHE worked as methodically and unemotionally as on any routine office job. The idea of murder now was a mere fact of life, not the shocking upheaval it had once been to a law-abiding orderly Susan Wells. Three things contributed to this cool attitude: the pitiful fate of Ruggles, her nearly lifelong passion for a dream house, and finally a new and strange anger at having been rejected by Harry.

Oddly enough, these days, this offence to her vanity had grown until even her dream house took second place to it. In her new role of all-powerful Nemesis (aided and abetted by the garage key) it chafed her that he had diminished her in the eyes of the world. The eyes of the world had suddenly become important to her.

She put a pair of thin nylon gloves into the plastic

bag, adding a tiny fountain pen flashlight and the precious key. She picked up a small zipper-bag which she had packed the night before. She left a light on in her apartment and turned on her radio, set very low but still faintly audible outside her door. She was ready.

She closed her door and went boldly down the one flight of stairs to the front door. She knew that her neighbor—a travelling salesman—in the front apartment on her floor was away (there was a scribbled sign on his door to the milkman to stop his milk delivery) but she would hardly have cared if she had passed any of the tenants on the stairs. In her buoyant omnipotent mood, it would have been fun to test the invulnerability of her disguise. But she met no one.

She took a bus to Grand Central and got one or two interested stares from home-going young clerks. It was something that rarely happened to the usual Susan Wells. It gave her the final touch of self-confidence in her disguise and her project.

At Grand Central, she checked the zipper-bag in a locker, invested in a cheap magazine for atmosphere, and then bought a round-trip ticket to Greenaway Junction, not Greenaway proper, but the small industrial centre which had grown up around two large new factories a mile and a half south of Greenaway. It was an up-and-coming little development with a movie "palace," two bowling alleys, and rival supermarkets. The houses, as alike as matchboxes, stretched nearly the whole distance to Greenaway.

As she took her seat in the well-filled train, her eyes swept over the car, looking for any acquaintances. There was no one. The Greenaway

To page 83



For babies going places!

Take Chix Disposable Nappies. Grannies love them! Great for holidays... rainy days. Medicated to check nappy rash. Waterproof—no panty needed. Absorbs like ordinary nappies, soft, non-woven fabric won't disintegrate when wet. Take away "throw away" Chix and enjoy going places with baby!

Chix Disposable Nappies



also available CHIX NAPPY LINERS

Johnson-Johnson

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"PIA".—This smart Princess-line shift with lace trim is available in light blue, pink, white, and turquoise textured finished cotton.



Ready To Wear: Size 30in. bust, £5/3/6; 32 and 34in. bust, £5/5/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/7/6.

Cut Out Only: Size 30in. bust, £3/6/6; 32 and 34in. bust, £3/8/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/10/6.

Postage and dispatch 6/- extra on all garments.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 92. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. N.O.C.O.D. orders accepted.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 8, 1965



Gifts by DOROTHY GRAY

30/-



11/6



26/-



13/-



19/-



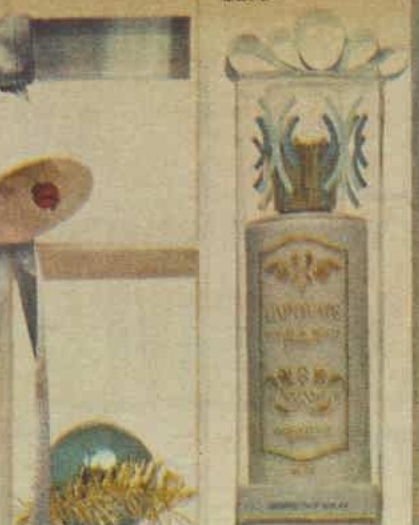
19/6



12/6



12/6



27/-



36/-



as special
as the person
they're for

19/6



25/-



THIS CHRISTMAS,
choose the fragrant beauty
of gifts by Dorothy Gray for your
special friends! A rainbow of
perfumes, talcs, luxurious soaps,
and hand and body lotions, mixed
and matched 46 different ways.
Choose something special...
a gift by Dorothy Gray in one
of four favoured fragrances —
Captive — Special Occasion —
Tantalize — Vivacious.
From 11/6 to 36/-.

DOROTHY
GRAY

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

EASIEST WAY TO SHAMPOO CARPETS & RUGS

REMOVE SPOTS AND STAINS easily and make your carpets and rugs look new with the Raco-Bissell double-action Shampoo Master.

"Double-action" means TWO rollers to foam-clean in half the usual time. For example, a 9' x 12' carpet area is thoroughly shampoo'd clean in 30 minutes.

No bending, no stooping — your hands never touch water.

The Raco-Bissell double-action Shampoo Master is safe for all kinds of carpets and rugs — takes good care of carpets throughout England, Europe and America.

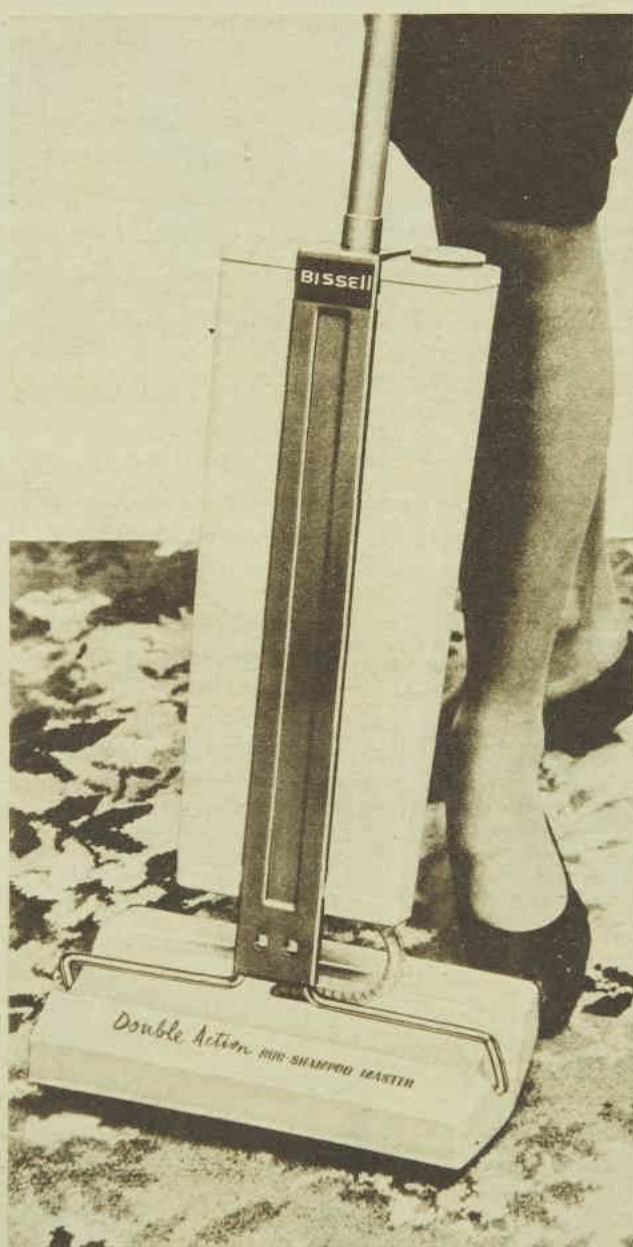
Bissell, best name in carpet care.

Available from all good stores: **£5'19'6** (\$11.95)



**FOR CHAIRS,
LOUNGES,
SOFAS,
COVERS,
CAR SEATS**

The Raco-Bissell upholstery shampoo kit is the best way to keep upholstery fabrics looking fresh and new. Bristle 'n sponge head enables cleaning foam to penetrate fabrics. Just foam on and when dry, dirt brushes off. **29'9** (\$2.98)



Raco

RACO-BISSELL (A'SIA) PTY. LTD./REVESBY, N.S.W.
WE MAKE FRIENDS WITH OUR PRODUCTS

BISSELL

A man's idea of beauty

It's personality that counts—not glamor, says Patrick Hyland

● As a mere male, I'd like to tell the girls a home truth: surface beauty isn't all important, and they're more likely to catch their man if they remember that there's such a thing as inner beauty.

PLEASE! Men just aren't walking eyes when they are thinking in terms of a wife. (By the way, I speak not only for myself but for several other males as well.)

Not so very long ago, I was a bachelor, and quite a gay one. I certainly knew quite a variety of girls — some were beautiful, some were plain. But then, beauty is strictly the personal viewpoint of the beholder and having been on excellent terms with my mother, I believe all girls are wonderful.

But perhaps you might be interested in the three most memorable beauties of the girls I've known—one a blonde, one a flaming redhead, and the third a brunette.

The blonde was tall and willowy. Her face was something between a saint and a soap advertisement. She had a voice which was low and husky and decidedly sexy.

Her figure—well, just let me say it won quite a few beauty contests for her, and you'll know what it was like!

And she had a personality like flat beer! Certainly she was a good listener and I can still see her, gazing raptly into my face, neither seeing nor caring for anything but the pretty reflection of herself listening to me talk. I doubt if her reading matter covered anything further than fashion pages and the social columns.

Fascinating redhead . . .

The redhead was quite small (barely 4ft. 10in.) and her eyes were a decidedly nondescript color, and much too close together. Her mouth was wide — generous, I think you'd call it; and so were her hips. Her teeth stuck out prominently; and so did her feet when she walked.

The flaming hair was wound in a fascinatingly endless plait around her head. But when that girl laughed or talked, she was the most breath-taking creature God ever put breath into. She had a warmth and vitality which made her not only the light of every gathering but her steady boyfriend was the envy of more than one good mate!

(I readily admit that I tried everything I could think of to win her away from a very good friend of mine — and, thanks to her, we are still friends!)

The brunette's hair was wiry and unruly, her ankles were thick, and her figure wouldn't win any beauty contests. Her blue eyes sparkled from behind glasses, her smile was quick, and no one would call her a clinging vine.

We did a lot of hiking and rarely was she left behind on a steep climb. When I was worried about my little business, she listened very carefully and gave me some practical advice on publicity for it — which made it grow a lot bigger. Also, she became extremely friendly with the aforementioned redhead . . .

The brunette has told me on good authority that I shall soon become a father. If I should thus acquire a daughter, I shall encourage her to emulate her mother — no beauty crowns for my girl!

I want her to grow into a happy, warm, and balanced woman — not just a half-finished, incomplete, feminine female. And, if it's a son, then I certainly will be helping him to acquire his father's tastes in female company.

So please, readers, a little less surface beauty — and a little more coming from within . . . Believe me, men prefer that inward, warm, radiant beauty. Besides, it lasts better than any facial cream ever invented!

I can't help wondering just how many women will agree with my views. Could you ask them?

Oh, why can't a fattie find fun in fashion?

● It seems that just about every time I blink I come across the magic, irresistible word, "DIET." Milk diet, protein diet, seven-day diet, ten-day diet, cottage cheese and apricot diet — all sure to lose you so many pounds and so many inches in so many days.

BUT let's face it, girls, there are those among us who can't diet; don't diet, or—remarkably—just aren't interested in dieting, and it is on behalf of you—and me—that I wish to protest loudly.

For there is no doubt that we are being punished most unjustly because we happen to enjoy our food more than most!

I might say that I was not always this shape. I was once a comparatively normal size 16, but over the past ten years I have battled my way through money troubles, four babies, money troubles, endless sessions of buying houses, selling houses, moving from houses, renting houses, and, of course, money troubles.

And through all this I've had only the soothing comfort of lovely rich afternoon teas, enormous dinners, lashings of cake, chocolate, and so on (without which I may not have made it at all) to sustain me.

Having now eaten myself to a size 22, I have learnt with dismay that life can be a dismal affair once you pass size 18.

Take dresses, for instance. Once you leave the daintier sizes behind, you are no longer fit to be seen in anything even remotely chic. No more plunging necklines; no cool, sleeveless summer styles; and certainly no bright, new lollipop colors.

Instead, you can settle for a dashing little dove-grey crepe with "flattering" gores skirt, three-quarter sleeves, and daringly draped neckline. Or, for round the house, a no-nonsense floral rayon with elbow-length sleeves and great white buttons.

Occasionally you chance on a newspaper advertisement illustrating a remarkably up-to-the-minute, youthful-looking dress in your size. Sceptical, but ever hopeful, you grab your hat, rush feverishly into town, and find that (a) this particular style sold out in ten minutes flat; or (b) it was one of eight different designs, only one of which was in your size, and you can imagine what that one is like.

I used to wonder why it was that manufacturers—assuming they realised that we weren't ALL pushing 70—produced these depressingly drab styles for larger figures.

It occurred to me that the designers were perhaps endeavoring to be kind by concealing as much of our buxom bounty as possible from the public gaze.

But now I think it more likely that they are fearful we will make their smarter styles appear unattractive, and people might murmur as we pass, "Look at that Trixie Truitt shift on that woman over there. It doesn't seem to hang well, does it? It seems to gape and bulge in all the wrong places," etc., etc.

The underwear situation is even more difficult to understand. If Trixie Truitt thinks I am going to parade down Pitt Street in her latest stretch bra and panties, she is greatly mistaken.

I can assure her that my husband—who is short-sighted, anyhow—and the

occasional stray kindergarten-size child are the only ones who catch me in the half-dressed stage, so why can't I be comfortable in a short bra (dare I suggest a strapless style?), suspender belt, and anything other than bloomers that practically reach my knees?

And all larger sizes are, of course, available only in pink or white. Bewitching black, languid lilac, and sunset gold are all reserved for smaller sizes.

Why, for heaven's sakes? Personally, I get no lift, no extra surge of confidence, when dressed up in my best. And I positively cringe when disrobing in the doctor's surgery.

The nurse—always infuriatingly slim and attractive—appears unduly fascinated with my oh-so-wide bra straps and matronly pink slip.

Then there are bathing costumes. Is it any use trying to persuade Trixie Truitt that I don't want to wear her latest two-piece at Bondi or Manly in mid-season?

Believe what she will, I am quite discreet with my sunbaking, having discovered my own little "hideaway" beaches farther afield, where I can swim and sunbake far from the madding crowd.

For this reason, I'm not unduly fussy about the style of costume I wear, but must it always be black or navy? Strange as Trixie may find it, black does NOT look devastating against my dimpled white legs. Naturally, I don't

warrant a beach wrap or playsuit. Anything in this department is strictly size 16 or under.

Last, but not least, any woman who wears a size 20 or over is NOT expected to produce children. It just isn't done, dears, and, believe me, I have tried every maternity wear department in town and out of town, and there just isn't a style available for larger ladies who imprudently get themselves in this state.

And it's no good thinking you might squeeze yourself into a smaller size, either, because the days of accommodating tent-like maternity styles are over, and pity help any of us who are thoughtless enough to have triplets or worse.

If, like me, you detest sewing and balk even at letting a hem down, you can either find yourself a good dressmaker (fat and middle-aged for preference) and have all the inconvenience of buying material, trekking back and forth to fittings, etc., or you can go into complete seclusion until your offspring puts in an appearance.

For those of you who have reasonably normal figures and are entertaining the thought of living it up this Christmas, I say, "Forget it."

Before you know where you are, you will have joined the sad little band of rapidly expanding ladies—you know, the ones in the shapeless badger-grey overcoats and black thick-heeled shoes.

Like me, the only thing they have to look forward to in life is the long-awaited day when someone will discover the "New three-day chocolate-cream-cake wonder diet." Keep hoping, girls! It shouldn't be long now.

READERS' STORIES
(The two stories on this page and opposite were written by readers. The author of the story on "Fashions for Fatties" wishes to remain anonymous.)

WHIP UP A NEW YOU
with the cream of hair colorings



INTERNATIONALLY
SENSATIONAL
**POLY
COLOR**
CREAM SHAMPOO PASTEL



Simply apply the rich Polycolor cream to your hair — add water then shampoo — Wow! Suddenly you're a new girl with shining, radiant hair that's unforgettable. Polycolor colors, conditions and cleans your hair as it shampoos. Because it's a cream there's no mess, no drip, no scalp stains. The color lasts 6-8 shampoos — a month or more; and will cover up to 25% grey. Choose your color now, from 20 wonderful natural and high fashion shades. Polycolor Cream Shampoo Pastel — 10/6 tube.

Hair beauty consultants at chemists and dept. stores are fully informed on Polycolor and will be pleased to advise you, or write to Polycolor Hair Beauty Counsellor, Pauline Reynolds, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W.

PC7143

Page 81



Modess

because

Modess has a full-length 'safety shield' for complete protection at all times plus a unique 'channel' for instant absorbency . . . and the exclusive Masslinn* cover for luxurious softness and extra comfort. Trust Modess.* Made only by *Johnson & Johnson*



Exclusive full-length 'safety shield' in

Regular, Super and Vee-Form* by Modess*

Simplest, Easiest and Safest way to settle an 'upset Tummy'



is to take a glass of double-acting DEXSAL

Two teaspoonfuls of Dexasal in a glass of water will quickly relieve 'upset tummy'. Dexasal is formulated solely to relieve 'upset tummy', and contains no pain-killing drugs. Dexasal works two ways: brings direct relief to 'upset tummy' and at the same time helps restore lost energy. This is because Dexasal contains 34% medicinal glucose — the fast acting energy builder that quickly restores your natural vitality. There is nothing so safe and simple to settle 'upset tummy' as Dexasal. Dexasal is safe for expectant Mothers and Children too.

Double-acting Dexasal quickly relieves:

- Ordinary indigestion
- Sick headache
- Heartburn
- Nausea
- Acidity
- Periodic upsets
- Biliousness
- Over-eating or drinking
- Car and travel sickness

DEXSAL IS SAFE

Safe for all the family. And especially recommended for expectant mothers.

DEXSAL

A product of Drug Houses of Australia



STRICTLY A LOSER

Continued from page 78

elite took the earlier five-thirty-six. But at the last minute, she caught a glimpse of Stanley Rankin's gangling figure hurrying along the platform. She held her breath and then released it as he made for the club car. She must remember, she told herself, to assume the teenage strut she had practised, when she left the train. If Rankin glimpsed a brassy blonde wagging her posterior, he would never in the world connect her with Harry's dignified ex-wife.

It was just seven when she reached Greenaway Junction. There were few people on the streets since it was the dinner hour. But there was a straggling handful at the movie house who had eaten early to take in the first show. She bought a ticket and went in to await the dark.

It wasn't a bad movie and Susan actually watched it with interest. She had never been calmer in her life. The theatre filled up. She sat on the aisle at the extreme left of the house so that she could leave without disturbing anyone. When the newsreel flashed on, she ate her sandwich.

At eight-thirty, she slipped up the aisle and came out on to the dark street. Immediately, she turned north along the main street, which became the highway as soon as the town was left behind. She walked steadily as if she had a definite goal, as indeed she had. By now, Harry was surely at the club and the coast should be clear.

EVEN if she had known he was dining at the club and consequently had left the house much earlier, she still would have waited until dark. The Craner's baby-sitter next door might still be outdoors with the children. By nine, the children would be in bed and the baby-sitter watching TV.

As she walked along the shoulder of the road, scores of cars passed her. She neither looked up nor changed her stride and they whizzed past too fast to get more than a glimpse. Just after she reached Greenaway, she turned left and walked along a street parallel to the highway. It was a cool night and people weren't sitting on their terraces, although once or twice, she heard voices and laughter from backyards where someone was having a barbecue.

The street brought her to the back of Harry's house and a mere step from the garage. She gave a swift glance up and down the street and saw no one. She turned and was inside the open garage in seconds. There was a vacant space where Harry's car usually stood and a smaller bulk which she supposed was her little one. In one corner, she could dimly see the power-mower and other garden equipment, exactly where it had always stood, below the built-in shelf with its lineup of can and spray-gun.

She slipped on the nylon gloves, took out the little flashlight and glanced at her wristwatch. The trip from Greenaway Junction had taken her thirty-eight minutes.

She turned her attention to the built-in shelf with its row of cans. It was just as fully equipped as it had been in her day. She smiled. She knew Harry well and had relied on that knowledge. He had a pathological horror of insects of all kinds and was forever lugging home the latest exterminator or re-

pellent. Whenever they had a barbecue, he sprayed the backyard an hour before he started cooking operations.

The house was completely air-conditioned and screened besides, but Harry painted the lily by using an insecticide on the outside of every entry to the house. Last year, when a horde of Japanese beetles had descended on most Greenaway gardens, Harry had been the first to introduce a really effective destroyer and, as usual, had brought home not one but two cans of the stuff. Susan knew it quite well.

It was a pint tin, rather like an oversized can of lighter-fluid except that it bore a skull and crossbones and the red printed words Nicotine Insect Killer. It was a strong concentrate of nicotine to be diluted according to directions before filling it into the spray-gun. Tonight she would not dilute it.

She scanned the shelf. Sure enough, there was the can in its accustomed spot, flanked by a new unopened one. She had no way of knowing if it was the one she had used a year ago or a new one but either way, it served her purpose as she had known it would. How right she had been to use psychology and her knowledge of Harry rather than risk buying a tin of nicotine insect killer herself, which might some day be traced to her.

With the can in her left hand and the garage key in her right, she moved to the small side door that led into the house proper. She unlocked and opened the door and stepped into the utility room adjoining the kitchen. In the vagrant light from the street, the white enamel of the clothes-washer and dryer glinted, as well as the rows of glassed foods which she herself had put up last fall. She smiled at them, greeting old friends. Then she was in the kitchen itself, the field of operations.

She stood silent, listening. There was no sound anywhere and no lights. She could sense that the house was empty, just as she had expected. Again her knowledge of Harry had led her aright. The "first Friday" dances at the club were to Harry what opening day at the circus is to a six-year-old.

With the ease of familiarity she moved along the wall until she reached the big refrigerator. She pulled open its door and the interior light went on, making her flashlight unnecessary. Swiftly, she took in the contents of the shelves. It was not nearly as well-provisioned as she had once kept it. Probably the Caldwells ate out more often than they had done during her regime.

But her eye caught one item and it was so exactly right for her purpose that she nearly laughed aloud. It was a half-full jar of the familiar yellow tomato marmalade that she had so dutifully put up last fall — Harry's favorite. She looked no further.

She took off its lid and then unscrewed the cap of the can of insect killer. She poured a few ounces of the deadly stuff into the jar and then discovered that she had forgotten to bring along something to stir it with so that it would combine with the marmalade.

Without a moment's hesitation, she used the pencil-like flashlight until the liquid had incorporated itself innocently with the contents of the jar. Feeling her way with the sureness of memory, she found the hanging roll of paper towels beside the sink, ripped one off,

To page 85



Time, that's what. More time to do things. It's changing women's lives. As drudgery goes out, more fun comes in. But make no mistake, women are busier than ever expressing themselves in exciting new ways. And what woman does not value more time to savour the many satisfactions of modern living? Perhaps that is why she is inclined to rely on a bank that reaches out into tomorrow's world with her. A bank such as the ES&A with a family of services to help her save time and enjoy it. Modern, up to the minute, the ES&A provides one-stop banking service all under one roof. From Cheque Accounts, Savings Accounts, Interest-bearing Term Deposits and Travel Service to Hire Purchase through Esanda Ltd. Reach out into tomorrow's world. Save for tomorrow, today... Bank ES&A

Established 1852



THE ENGLISH SCOTTISH AND
AUSTRALIAN BANK LIMITED



Repair damaged hair.

(This tiny tube holds the secret.)

This amazing Danish hair re-builder, OZIQUE, actually corrects dry hair, heals split ends, and repairs hair damaged by bleaching, tinting, teasing. Achieves dramatic results with sun and surf-damaged hair. Simply comb OZIQUE through your hair after shampooing. It forms part of your own hair. Your hair regains body and bounce because OZIQUE treatment strengthens hair, and makes it healthy. 2/11 at departmental stores & chemists.

(Brought to Australia by Eugene.) HCB



The new Honda S-600--It's the Smartest Car in Town!

Not only smart in style, but with Power to spare, yet easy to handle and easy to park, economical in cost and operation.

A superb engine that purrs along completely at your command.

Spacious luggage compartment, comfort and elegance in fixtures and fittings.

See it, try it, you'll love it--the

HONDA S600



HONDA

HONDA MOTOR CO., LTD. 5-5 Yaesu, Chuo-ku, Tokyo, Japan

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 8, 1965

wiped off the now lethal flashlight and dropped them both into her bag. Her work was done.

In the garage she carefully wiped off the nicotine insect killer container and set it back on the shelf, placing it, not exactly where it had stood before but a few inches to the left, making it as clear as she could, by the exposed dust-mark, that it had been recently moved. She locked the garage door, took a hurried glance up and down the street and saw no one. In seconds she was walking steadily, but not hurriedly, along the way she had come. A glance at her wristwatch under a street lamp told her it was exactly nine-thirty. There was a train to town at ten-seventeen. She had forty-seven minutes to walk the mile and a half.

The trip back to Greenaway Junction had pitfalls. Once a car slowed up beside her and the driver leaned out with a flirtatious offer of a lift. The new Susan Wells, who by now took it for granted that every step of her project must go right, was instantly furious at this break in its smooth operation. She turned such angry eyes on the driver that he recognised glumly that there was no fallow ground for romance. He stepped on the accelerator and was gone.

A MUCH worse encounter happened near the end of her trip. On the outskirts of Greenaway Junction, three teenage boys, complete with black leather jackets, encircled her, forcing her to a stop.

She looked around in panic for help. The street was lined with the matchbox houses, most of them dark, but a few showing the dim blue light of TV sets. If she screamed, she would probably not be heard above the sounds of shooting on the Westerns. Even if she were, the last thing she wanted was a crowd, with possible police interference. She had invented no false name and address to cover her real identity in such a crisis. At the best, the delay might make her miss the ten-seventeen, and the next train was at eleven-fifty-one. How would she avoid being dangerously conspicuous, waiting more than an hour in the small station?

In desperation, she tried to plead with the young hoodlums. They hooted and imitated her, dancing about like dervishes. She was about to risk a dash away from them when help came from an unexpected source. A huge barrel of a man lurched around the corner and was upon them before they heard him. He caught one of the boys in an iron grip and whirled him around.

"You was sent for that beer twenty minutes ago. Where is it?"

The rest was easy. While the boy stuttered in filial

Continued from page 83

fear and his companions dodged beyond reach, Susan ran for it and was a block away in seconds. She made the train with five minutes to spare.

When she reached Grand Central, her first move was to step into a phone booth and dial her own number. She let it ring three times, then hung up. Then she reclaimed the zipper-bag and made for the ladies' washroom. Once in the privacy of a cubicle, she tore off the blond wig, slipped out of the sweater set, and pulled off the ballet slippers. From the zipper-bag she produced ordinary walking shoes, a short grey coat, which she put on swiftly and a brown silk scarf, which she tied about her hair. Except for her make-up, she was Susan Wells again.

She stuffed the masquerade props into the zipper-bag and left the washroom after a satisfied glance at the woman attendant who was immersed in a magazine. Before she boarded a bus, she dropped the garage key, the paper towel, the gloves, and the flashlight into a big trash container on the street corner. Now there was nothing to connect her with the synthetic blonde of the past few hours except the contents of the zipper-bag. In fifteen minutes she was home.

She saw nobody on the stairs. In her apartment, the radio was softly starting the midnight news. She still had things to do. She cut the buttons off the black cardigan, and thrust the two sweaters, the slippers, the wig, and the plastic handbag into a supermarket bag. She slapped on cleansing cream and removed her make-up. Then she took the bag out to the incinerator and watched all traces of her disguise disappear down the chute. She blessed the renovator of the old house for including an incinerator when he rebuilt.

Back in her apartment, she turned off the radio and poured herself a glass of milk. With a careful finger, she tested the cupboard doors she had painted the night before. They were dry but a strong reek of fresh paint still hung in the tiny kitchenette. She closed the door in order to preserve the smell. She expected no real need for this tenuous alibi, but it pleased her as a last artistic touch to a perfect job.

She carried the milk into the living-room, sat down in the one easy chair, and stretched luxuriously. She was filled with an exhilaration which no Stoughton eggnog or Greenaway martini had ever given her. She felt as if she had been suddenly translated from drab black and white to brilliant color.

For once she had taken charge, had carried out a bold

STRICTLY A LOSER

decisive manoeuvre instead of mooning and dreaming of a hazy future. She was a personality, a somebody, no longer a humiliated ex-wife or a colorless cog in Charles Stevens' machine. She was Susan Wells, a force to be reckoned with, a pilot who steered the ship. The act of murder had stiffened her like whalebone.

She didn't give a second thought to the luckless Harry. There was now no rancor in her against him, but neither was there a trace of pity. He was simply one of the cast in the drama in which Susan Wells was the star. The important thing for her was to give a flawless performance of her role.

Harry sat at the dinette table, his eyes following Leila as she moved about the sunny kitchen. There was a pleased grin on his face; under-

standably, because she was indeed a pleasing sight.

She wore no make-up, and the pink-and-white bisque of her cheeks was as delicate as a child's. Without mascara, her eyes looked smaller and less intriguing, but they also looked more honest. Her silver-gilt hair was ruthlessly slicked back and tied in a ponytail. A stranger would have guessed her age as between seventeen and twenty.

She came to the breakfast table, a plate of buttered toast in one hand, the percolator in the other. She sat down and smiled at him tolerantly.

"After the liquor you put away last night, I didn't think you'd want bacon and eggs or even cereal," she teased.

"This is fine, but let's have some jam, huh?"

"You must have a cast-iron tummy, boy." She went to the refrigerator and brought out a half-full jar of marina-

lade. "It's a mystery to me why you don't get as fat as a pig, all the sweets you get away with. If I did it, I'd be a sight."

"You're a sight now, baby — for sore eyes. You know, honey, you're even prettier without all that goo you put on your face."

"What can you do?" she shrugged. "Somebody with a pale skin and no lips starts it and everybody else follows."

While he spread his toast thickly with the tomato marmalade, he looked up, sniffed, and asked: "What smells so good?"

"Soup. I thought I'd take some over to Mrs. Griever this afternoon. The poor thing's been down with the flu ever since Wednesday."

"You better get somebody else in. This is a big place to keep clean."

"Good for my figure to do a little housework."

"You and your weight!

To page 89

OVERHEARD AT SCHOOL

JANE: "This you'll not believe. Ann is going steady with Helen."

MARY: "You're joking—that gorgeous man! Doesn't he look at her face—poor Helen—she's had a rotten time with that awful skin—pimples, eruptions, black-heads—she's had the lot and was getting terribly nervy and self-conscious."

JANE: "I know—but her mother heard about the new American lotion Bonne Bell TEN-O-SIX—tried it—and you should see her now. Lovely complexion and she's really very pretty."

MARY: "Sounds too good to be true. Fancy being dated by Alan—lucky 30-and-40."

YOUR FACE NEVER HAD IT SO CLEAN

All chemists and stores 10/6, 8 oz. economy size, 18/-.
Bonne Bell—Cleveland 7—Ohio. (R3)



You too can be delightfully slim and healthy with FORD PILLS

Recapture that slim attractive figure, and enjoy youthful, vital energy . . . take Ford Pills and follow the Diet Chart. Eat tasty natural food, while you acquire a slimmer lovelier figure. Ford Pills gently and safely cleanse your system of the toxins which cause that tired listless unhealthy feeling, at the same time ridding your body of excess fluids.

You slim the safe natural way with Ford Pills and Ford Pills aid the energising of nerve and muscular tissue which keeps you fit and well.

Ford Pills are the safest, most economical weight reducing treatment available.

Look for the Red and Gold plastic tube, 6/6 and 3/9 everywhere.

Send a stamped addressed envelope to-day for your copy of the FREE DIET CHART to BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES PTY. LTD., P.O. BOX 31, ARNCIFFE, N.S.W.



THE BOYFRIEND



"I know it's six months overdue—I'm a slow reader!"

Get the SINGER
'gift together' idea



Get together and give her a SINGER for Christmas

(because every woman deserves one)

Any mother who sews, deserves a Singer to sew on, Singer makes sewing automatic. Effortless. Faster. And promises real pleasure in the better results that Singer makes easier. This is the gift that lasts a lifetime; and prices start way down at twenty-five guineas. There's a whole range of Singer sewing machines, each one offers more for the money than similar machines do.

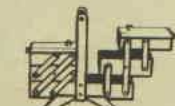
And mothers aren't the only people who deserve a Singer, (especially around about Christmas). Running up doll-house curtains and keeping Dolly fashionably dressed are pretty important jobs too. Easy; on the sturdy little Singer Child's machine. A real sewing machine in miniature. Simple but effective. Like Mummy's own streamlined Singer. You'll buy it for £5.19.6.

What's new for Tomorrow is at Singer Today.


Singer Centres
are full of
Christmas.
Full of gifts.
Come in and
shop around.


Singer Sewing
Baskets
many sizes and
styles from 12/6


Singer Transistor
Radios
Portable and mantle
models
from 13 guineas


Singer Sewing Boxes
choice of 3 sizes
from £5.4.6.


Singer Portable
Typewriter
with attractive travel case
39 guineas, 7/- weekly


Singer Sewing Books
Giant volumes and
pocket series
3/-, 9/11 and 42/- each



Five hundred branches and
agents throughout Australia.
Main City Showrooms at:
388 George St., Sydney, 96
Elizabeth St., Melbourne, 211
Adelaide St., Brisbane, 134
Queen St., Brisbane, 151 Rundle
St., Adelaide, 809 Hay St.,
Perth, 66 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Save money with Singer TV Rental.



SINGER
SEWING AND APPLIANCE CENTRES

over
500
Australian
branches
& agents

Singer Aust. Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 495, North Sydney.

Please supply me with further details of Singer sewing machines ☐ child's
sewing machine ☐ radios ☐ typewriters ☐ sewing boxes and baskets
sewing books ☐ or.....

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

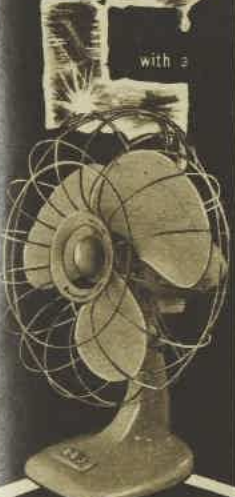
* A Trademark of The Singer Company

SIN 789.WW

on the
hottest day
stay

COOL

with a



BRINSMEAD

electric fan

Enjoy relief from the searing heat... keep cool with a Brinsmead Electric Fan. When not a breath of air stirs, and it is so stifling hot, is when you really appreciate a Brinsmead Fan. Wide oscillation, cools ALL the room, whisper quiet, refreshingly cool.

10" Personal, £16.17.5
12" Most Popular, £19.17.5
14" Bigger Rooms, £23.17.5
16" Large Rooms, £27.19.5



KITCHENS, TOO!
Can be cooler when a Brinsmead Kitchen Exhaust Fan is installed... it removes stove heat quickly. Ceiling type from £11.9.5.

**ELECTRICAL, HARDWARE
and Department Stores**

Brinsmead Electrical Industries
12 Short St., Bankstown

**FEATURES
JOKES
FICTION**

16

for all the
family in

Everybody's

AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● You know that irritating feeling that sweeps over you, usually just as you're going to sleep, when you think of the perfect answer to something somebody has said to you some hours before?

WELL, that's the feeling I have now — with the difference that my brainwave comes a generation late, and I didn't think of it, I had to be told.

Remember the goat riddle a relative used to tease me with when I was a child?

Several people have written to tell me that the conversation should have gone like this...

"A goat has no nose." "Then how does it smell?" "Terrible."

Now, happy as I am to have this problem solved for me at last, I must say at once that this is a LIBEL. I have it on the authority of several goat-lovers and breeders who have written to me, and also on the evidence of my own nose, curiously poked over the goat-pens at the Royal Show each year.

Billygoats have what one of my correspondents calls "a very penetrating and persistent smell." So, after all, do to-mats, but nobody accuses the whole cat population of having a socially unacceptable smell.

A reader from Victoria writes: "How good to read your appreciation of my favorite but often maligned animal — the goat."

"Our family became addicted to goats sixteen and a half years ago, when I got so disgusted with the dairy to which we were zoned because its milk would keep barely 24 hours after delivery, that I announced 'I'll bloom in' well get a goat.' And so Dana came into our lives."

"Our back garden had a Disneyish look in those days; there were the children's bantams; a few friendly Muscovy ducks; Dana and Spring Belle (a later acquisition) and their utterly charming kids; Karen the alsatian; assorted cats; the Shetland mare, and the Welsh with, occasionally a foal; and, of course, lots of children."

Don't be a goat about

household budgeting...

THIS reader then suggests a program for those families where father's pay packet is feeling the strain.

This, she claims, is a much better idea than mother getting a job, since it leaves her time and energy to sew and cook, cuts down her need for street clothes and, most important, means that she's at home when her children and her husband want her there.

She says: "I often wonder why more young families don't have a backyard farm — two goats (one gets lonely), 20 hens, a few fruit trees, and a vegetable garden are symbiotic with a family of animal-and-outdoor-life-lovers."

Symbiosis is a state where two organisms live together for their mutual benefit, each contributing to the support of the other. It seems a good description of the sort of set-up this reader is advocating.

She goes on: "It's wonderful to have quantities of lovely sweet milk in the fridge and eggs in the pantry. You don't know how delicious a milk-shake or a milk pudding or custard can be till you make it of goat's milk; not to mention cottage and other cheeses and yoghurt."

"You can use the spring and summer surplus to rear succulent chickens (beware ducks: ducks and gardens are NOT symbiotic); your healthy, happy hens will lay you lots of eggs."

"Your lettuces, carrots, peas, and beans, compost grown and straight from garden to table, are a gourmet's delight, as are your strawberries, and apples, pears, plums, and peaches straight from the tree, innocent of cool-store and deep-freeze," claims my correspondent.

A good investment — and lots of fun, too!

SHE goes on to say that worked out in cold hard cash it looks pretty good, too, as you save not only the normal milk bill of 30/- to £2 a week but also economise on other foods for which milk, cheese, yoghurt, and eggs can be substituted.

"The goats will cost you about 16/- a week each for brought-in food and straw for bedding, and the 20 hens about 10/- a week. You should average six dozen eggs a week over the year," she says.

"Cost of starting such a project? Say £20 to £30 for a young healthy doe capable of giving seven to eight pints of milk daily for the first four months after kidding, and not less than four pints daily even in winter, and of milking through a second year without kidding again, if required."

"Another £5 to £10 for a doe kid to rear with her, and to supplement her production when it is about 15 months old. Pulletts about 3/- each at one day old (and needing a heated brooder for the first few weeks) or 9/- to 10/- each at 6 weeks. Cost of shedding and feed bins depends on how handy your old man is, and how much second-hand material you can scrounge."

"WARNING: Buy your livestock from a reputable breeder. It costs just as much to feed a poor producer as a good one, and there is also pleasure in owning an animal with quality."

My correspondent has lots to say about the benefits (apart from economic ones) for all the family — especially for the children, for whom the care of pet animals (and all animals in a backyard farm are pets) brings fun as well as satisfaction.

She ends with a few musts: Good fences, with good gates that fasten easily and securely; a family that really likes and understands animals, since they are a tie and must be properly cared for; female goats only — the males are best left to stud breeders.

"Lastly," she says, "beware of the goat: insidiously she will take over you and your family, and you will end up her slaves!"

I like that bit. It's true, I think, for all animal-lovers, of any animal that's worth keeping. Often, as I empty the vacuum-cleaner bag (10 percent dust, 90 percent shed hair) I think how much cleaner the house would be if the inhabitants were all people. Cleaner — but not nearly as much fun!



SPIDERS



COCKROACHES



SILVERFISH



MOTHS



WASPS



ANTS

whatever the pest —
'DEADLINE'
knocks it...dead!

ARE you ever troubled with ants? Do you occasionally find spiders in the house — or moths, or flying insects of various types? Have you ever wished there was a spray that could knock out insects like fly sprays knock out flies?

Well, now there is one! It's called 'DEADLINE' DOUBLE ACTION INSECT AND ROACH KILLER in a handy aerosol pack. As its name implies, it has a DOUBLE ACTION. It not only knocks insect pests dead in their tracks, but it also actually REPELS them for up to four weeks after it has been used.

Tests carried out by the University of Georgia (U.S.A.), prove that 'DEADLINE' has a two weeks' killing activity — a residual repellent action against cockroaches of up to four weeks!

'DEADLINE' is not just another fly spray. It kills flies and mosquitoes of course, but it is formulated primarily to kill and repel the bigger and tougher insects like SPIDERS, BLOWFLIES, MOTHS, BEETLES, SLATERS, SILVERFISH, WASPS AND COCKROACHES.

'DEADLINE' is perfectly safe. It does not stain carpets or furnishings. It is safe to humans and safe to pets. There's NO odour with 'DEADLINE'.

'DEADLINE' is available everywhere. Giant 13 oz. aerosol pack, 13/11 (\$1.39).

GLENDON LABORATORIES - Division of Sterling Pharmaceuticals Pty. Ltd., ERMINGTON, N.S.W.



*Trade Mark G28.10.65

Advertisement

**New
Hair Beauty**



BEAUTIFUL, silk-soft hair with the exquisite jewel-like translucence of amber or a precious stone, is reflected in your hair when shampooed with the modern "Peek-In" Glow shampoo by Delph.

**MAY WE
SUGGEST?**

**THE IDEAL GIFT
for friends in
Australia or Overseas**

is a
**Gift Subscription
to**

**The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

Rate	1/2 Year	1 Year
Aust.	£1/14/6	£3/9/-
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/-
New Zealand	£2/12/-	£5/8/-
Fiji	£2/12/6	£5/5/-
Brit. Dom.	£2/5/6	£4/11/-
Foreign		

THE IDEAL GIFT!

Look alive with The

The Bulletin

Political comment • News & Views
EVERY WEEK, ONLY 2/-



Thriftiest in the big, big Family Size

Make a salad sensational. Serve it with the crisp, welcome taste of ice-cold Coca-Cola. Coke has a bright way of bringing out the best in all food. Buy Coke in the family size . . . serves one, two, three, four . . . and more. Thrifty.

Serves 4 or more



things go
better
with
Coke



COCA-COLA IS BOTTLED THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA BY INDEPENDENT BOTTLING COMPANIES UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.
"COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

Don't you know the fatter you are, the more there is to love?"

"Oh, Harry." She sighed in supreme content. "You say the sweetest things. And you do them, too."

"I do?" he asked through a mouthful of toast. "Like how?"

"Well, about moving, for instance. If it was me, I'd just sit it out here in Green- away till they found something else to gossip about."

"Why should you? It gets my goat, the lousy way the women freeze up on you every chance they get. It's jealousy, pure and simple, but that doesn't make it any easier to take. Now, in a new place, say Long Island—" He spread a second piece of toast with the amber marmalade. "You'll be Mrs. Harry Caldwell, period. Not a soul will even know you've been married before, let alone about the accident."

"How lucky can you get?" she smiled. "What did I ever do to deserve you?"

"You were just yourself," he said with uncharacteristic courtliness.

"I sometimes wonder," she said wistfully, "if people are nasty to me because they liked Susan and resent me taking her place. Maybe it wasn't a nice thing to do."

"Put that right out of your head. And get this: nobody liked her all that much. She was always polite, but take it from one who knows, she was a cold proposition. Who likes ice cubes?"

"And you don't think she

Continued from page 85

STRICTLY A LOSER

A man in his forties, he was a capable and conscientious practitioner. Now, when Leila let him in, he didn't give her a second look. He was wholly the medical man on a case.

"Where is he?"

She led him into the kitchen where Harry lay sprawled as he had fallen. Gifford knelt beside him as Leila said: "I can't understand it. Right in the middle of breakfast. He was as well as I was. Then, all of a sudden, he was choking and gasping for air. Then he fainted dead away."

Gifford did the necessary things — to his pulse, his chest, his eyelids. Then he rose.

"Has he ever had an attack of this sort before?"

"No, never. Is it his heart? Please — please — do something —"

He looked at her sombrely. "Mrs. Caldwell, I'm sorry

to say I can't. He is past help." He came closer, ready to catch her if she collapsed. But she was tougher than she looked. She braced herself and spoke with control.

"He can't be. He was perfectly all right up to the very minute — Try something — anything! It can't be true. Harry — he's so strong and well — how could he die?"

"I am sorry to add to your distress, Mrs. Caldwell, but that is a question for the police to decide. I'm not satisfied as to the cause of death."

"I — don't — understand." But she looked as if she did.

"There appear to be indications of poison."

She sank into a chair. For all her treader pants and rich curves, she was the essence of tragedy.

"No. No. Not again!" she said huskily. "I can't take it."

Gifford, like all Green- away, knew exactly what she

meant. He was a man of sensibility, with deep sympathy for the disasters he often had to announce. But by the same token, his ear was attuned to the nuances of feeling in the sufferers, and now he thought he detected a revolt against unpleasantness, not true grief.

Leila Caldwell was thinking primarily of Leila Caldwell and her second ordeal with the police in the matter of an unnaturally dead husband. This attitude chilled him.

His tone was slightly less gentle as he asked: "You say you were at breakfast. What did he eat?"

She gestured toward the dinette.

"Just coffee and toast. We both did — Well, no — Harry had jam — and I never eat it."

"That is a possibility. Contamination. It may be tainted. There is a thing called botulism which sometimes occurs

To page 90

BROKEN FINGERNAILS?

What causes them? Who cares? How to strengthen them? With 'TIPT', the miraculous new nail hardener which instantly gives nails strength and flexibility, so that you can grow them to the long, lovely, elegant length you dream about. As easy to apply as nail polish, 'TIPT' improves fragile nails in seconds, and continued use will prevent breaking, splitting, flaking — make them stronger, lovelier and lovelier. 'TIPT' — from chemists and department stores.

TIPT
NAIL HARDENER

Nicholas
Manning

699 Warrigal Rd., Chadstone, Vic.

*****AS I READ*****

THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Dec. 1.

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, grey, blue.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, navy.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, white.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
* Lucky days, Thursday, Sun.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 23
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, orange, tan.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, violet, grey.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 23
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, green.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, blue.
* Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, white, life.
* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, mauve, rose.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, red, gold.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



Triumph
INTERNATIONAL

this is a summer bra, a bra that will make you think of walks through flowering parks, of iced coffee, of patio-parties on summer evenings. Triumph named it Taillana, featherlight under plunging dresses, nearly-nothing cups of french Calais lace, the rest is lycra, that's why it's cool, easy to wash and quick-drying, that's why it's for you!

Taillana bra SL5, white or provocative black, stretch straps. 59/6, \$5.95
Co-ordinating slip has cups and hem frosted with french lace. 70/-, \$7.00

CREATIONS FROM THE HOUSE OF JENYNS



JT-716



IRON-ON TRANSFER

DUTCH motif for place mats and linens is from Iron-On Transfer No. 202. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 1/6 or two for 2/9, plus 5d postage.

Continued from page 89

in canned goods—the marmalade

"That couldn't be. Harry ate some from the very same jar yesterday morning and he was perfectly all right."

Gifford gave her a sharp look. Did she realise what a damning statement that was? Was she stupid as well as selfish?

"In any case, it must be investigated. The phone—?"

She started to her feet and laid a hand on his arm.

"Wait a minute," she said urgently. "I'm heartbroken, doctor, I loved Harry—but I have to think of myself a little. You know about my first husband—who doesn't? If you call in the police, can you

imagine what people will say? I'll be crucified. I just can't go through it again. Please, doctor, examine him yourself—or—if you just stretch a point—do whatever you do in ordinary deaths—"

He stiffened but controlled his anger.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Caldwell, but I cannot sign a death certificate under the circumstances."

"Don't you have a heart? Can't you treat misery as well as symptoms?"

"I'm sorry," he repeated. She gave up.

"There's a phone in the dining-room." She led the way and waited as he dialled the Hackett State Police Barracks. He was re-

lieved that she stayed with him, as it gave her no chance to tamper with the breakfast things in the other room. He got the desk and asked for Lieutenant Storm. He was glad when the lieutenant came on the line. Storm besides being a good friend of Gifford's, was discreet. Should Harry's autopsy reveal nothing unnatural, the doctor had no wish to cause Mrs. Caldwell unnecessary horrors—or criticism of himself. Storm, who was not a publicity hound, would play it down.

"Chris?" he said to Storm on the phone. "Could you come over to the Caldwell house? . . . Yes. Death from undetermined cause . . . Fine. I'll wait. But make it fast, will you? I've a list of calls a mile long."

Christopher Storm knew that Gifford was no alarmist. On his tongue, death from undetermined cause sounded dangerously like homicide. And homicide in the district was as rare as Neanderthal man. The lieutenant and his sergeant lost little time. He delayed only long enough to phone the Medical Officer, Dr. Passmore, and ask him to meet him at the Caldwell house.

Storm, a man nearing forty, was not the formula-picture of tall, hard-bitten man-hunter; nor yet the fat, rambling easy-going Falstaff type with an unexpectedly sharp brain. He looked like a well-dressed prosperous businessman, whose counterpart is seen by the hundreds at any Atlantic City convention.

HE was a man of intelligence and ability who would have succeeded in any line of work, but there was nothing remarkable about him, unless being a good listener could be so called. Often, during an inquiry, he had a trick of asking a question, getting an answer and then falling silent. The result was that the questioner, abhorring the vacuum of silence, would begin to elaborate on his answer and bring to light details which direct questioning would not have elicited. He had found silence a valuable asset in his work.

When he rang the Caldwells' bell Gifford let him in and gave him a rapid whispered resume.

"I'm offering no firm opinion," he finished, "but offhand it has all the earmarks of poisoning to me."

"Passmore's on his way. We'll soon see. It couldn't be a case of acute alcoholism, could it? From what I hear of Caldwell—"

"No. It looks to me like one of the alkaloids. He and his wife were alone in the house. At breakfast." His tone colored his words.

"Hey, Doc, the guy's only married a few months."

"For a bride, I would say she's mighty self-controlled. More worried about scandal than about her bridegroom's death."

"You know why, don't you? She's got one strike against her now. She's the girl who shot her husband—first husband—as a prowler by mistake."

"I realise that—and so does she. She had the gall to ask me to sign the death certificate without benefit of police." Stung anew at the offence against Hippocrates, he added acidly: "You might test his coffee cup for prints. I wouldn't put it past her to have slipped something in his coffee and then washed the cup and poured an inch of fresh coffee back in. That way there won't be any prints on his cup."

Storm stared at him, for once astonished out of his calm.

"Good grief, Giffy, these are high-class citizens."

"They're human, and she's as calculating a customer as I ever broke a death to. I was expecting her to offer me a bribe any minute to keep my mouth shut." He shrugged. "Well, I could be wrong." But he didn't look as if he thought so. He led the way to the dining-room where Leila still waited, and said: "Well, if you can spare me, Lieutenant—" and at Storm's nod left them.

To page 91



"Hanky-panky at Christmas time!"

For the young—or young at heart—gay and distinctive designs make Stoffels Handkerchiefs delightful to give and delightful to receive. So very appropriate for Christmas! Available at your favourite store. Trade enquiries to: Stoffels Handkerchiefs (Australia) Pty. Ltd., 7 Exhibition Street, Melbourne, C.1.

Stoffels

Storm turned to Leila: "Mrs. Caldwell, I'm Lieutenant Storm. I'm sorry to trouble you at such a time, but I'm afraid there's no help for it. If you'll just tell me where . . . ?"

"In the kitchen," she said tonelessly.

He found his own way, followed by Sergeant Kenny. He used his eyes, ranging about the big sunny kitchen, stared at the body of the floor, and lastly at the significant breakfast table.

"Pack this up, lock, stock, and barrel, for the lab. Be specially careful with the dishes and the jam jar. Then go over the house — medicine chest, prime items. Also signs of unlawful entry. The works."

"Right, Lieutenant."

Storm went back to the dining-room.

"Mrs. Caldwell, if you feel up to it, I'd like a full account of the morning's events."

"There weren't any events," she said dully. "Everything was as usual. I got breakfast—"

"Not the maid?"

"My maid's been away ill since Wednesday, so naturally I did it. Harry came down, we began to eat, and suddenly — he had this dreadful attack—"

"Had you been quarrelling — arguing —"

LEILA shook her head. "No. Just the opposite. I was trying to thank him for all the nice things he—". Her voice broke and the first tears sprang to her eyes. Storm waited and sure enough, it paid off as usual. She brushed at her eyes with her hand and went on, steadily enough: "Dr. Gifford said something about poison. But how could that be. We ate the very same things, all but the marmalade, and that couldn't be it because he had a lot of it yesterday and he was perfectly all right." She ran down.

"Was he troubled about anything?"

"Harry? Troubled? He was the happiest—". She broke off and went on sharply: "If you're thinking of suicide, that's insane. Harry loved life. He would no more—"

"The Medical Officer will be here shortly. We'll soon see," he said.

Again, as with Gifford, she showed her mind as transparently as a child.

"Lieutenant, put yourself in my place for a minute. I'm sure you know about my first husband. I'm still suffering from people's suspicious minds. Harry didn't kill himself and I didn't kill him. I loved him. If you go on with this, you won't find anything out of the way, but the very fact that you're looking for something will ruin me. Don't do this to me, Lieutenant."

He began to understand Gifford's reaction. This girl thought of herself before anything else.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Caldwell, but in cases where death occurs from undetermined cause there must be an autopsy to learn the actual facts."

"No! I won't have it!" Her voice rose with beginnings of hysteria: "Darling Harry, carved up like a turkey! I refuse to allow it."

"I'm afraid you have no choice."

Continued from page 90

I have none, either. The law demands it and we must obey."

The arrival of the Medical Officer cut the discussion short. Dr. Passmore, business-like and thorough, went through all the moves Gifford had made before him. He asked Leila a few terse questions and finally gave what findings he could to Storm privately.

"Forget spoiled marmalade, Lieutenant. Botulism would never act that fast. From what she says, it was respiratory failure — an instantaneous powerful alkaloid — poison of some kind is indicated."

"Just what Giffy said."

"He's been dead less than an hour. She's telling the truth there. I'll be able to tell you a whole lot

more after. Meantime, can't hurt to give the medicine chest the once over."

"The Sergeant's looking."

"You, too? I see."

The two men exchanged steady looks. It was the first time anyone had actually postulated an accusation, even if only implicit.

"I'll take her in the living-room, Doc. Give me a hand and call the Barracks for the lab truck, and the fingerprint and picture boys. Use the dining-room phone. If I do it in her hearing we'll have a case of hysterics on our hands."

"Will do."

But when they re-entered the dining-room, the phone was already in use. Leila was saying:

STRICTLY A LOSER

"Right away, please, Marty — something dreadful — I'll tell you when you get here." She hung up and said to Storm: "I called my cousin, Martin Lowry. Perhaps you know him?" Her tone implied that she was not without weapons against this onslaught of the police.

Storm replied neutrally: "The whole district knows Mr. Lowry." "I thought you would. He'll be here any minute."

Storm clamped down on his anger at this transparent flaunting of prestige. Did she think she'd get away with murder because her cousin was a respected man in the neighborhood?

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Caldwell, but if you're up to a few

questions we can save a lot of time now where it counts."

"Nothing could make it worse than it is. Ask your questions."

"Now you said you both ate the same things except for the jam. So let's concentrate on that first. You're sure he ate some yesterday, as well as today?"

"Positive."

"Same jar?"

"Yes. I opened it myself yesterday morning. It can't be the marmalade."

"Going on the assumption for the moment that it was, who had access to it beside yourself?"

"You mean between yesterday and today?"

"Yes."

"Not a soul. Nobody was here yesterday. I know because I was home all day."

To page 92



Once you had to
cook a roast to get
gravy this good

—now Bounty gravies
are here—in cans!
Real roasting pan
flavour. Ready to serve.
Perfect every time!



Also try these other
delicious Bounty Gravies

- * CHICKEN
- * MUSHROOM
- * BROWN ONION

Bounty — NEW FROM THE MAKERS OF *Campbell's Soups*



Steadiflow



Best value for your mummy

In Pyrex, plastic and clear Vislon
AVAILABLE FROM YOUR CHEMIST

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 346.—MATERNITY SHIFT

Pretty maternity shift is available cut out to make in poplin in gold, green, pink, and blue, all with white check. Sizes 32 and 34in bust, £22/2/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £22/4/6. Postage and dispatch 3/- extra.



346

No. 347.—TABLE CENTRE

Table centre is available cut out to embroider on white, cream, pink, blue, and green pure Irish linen. Price is 7/6, plus 1/- postage and dispatch.



348

No. 348.—GIRL'S SHIFT

Attractive girl's shift is available cut out to make in tan/grey, turquoise/grey, and red/grey printed cotton, all with white background. Sizes 6 and 8 years, £1/6/6; 10 and 12 years, £1/8/6. Postage and dispatch 2/- extra.



347

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D.

STRICTLY A LOSER

Continued from page 91

"And how about the evening?"

"We went to the Club for dinner and the Friday night dance."

"So the house was empty from, say, seven p.m. until late last night?"

"Yes. It was." She looked at him, a stirring of hope in her eyes. "You think somebody got in and—" She shook her head, the hope gone. "No. That couldn't be."

"Why not?"

"Lieutenant, do I have to remind you again of my first husband and the dreadful mistake I made?" Storm looked at her without answering. As he expected, she filled the silence with words. "I can't expect you to know the effect it had on me—the horror—the fear of another—my nervousness. So an alarm system was put in for us. Nobody can get into the house by any door or window without alerting the firm instantly, unless he knew where the alarm switch was and could turn it off before he ever tried to get in."

"Who knew where the alarm switch was?"

"Harry and I and Mrs. Griever, my daily woman. But no matter who knew, it wouldn't have done them any good. You have a key to turn the switch off and nobody, nobody but us has one."

"Just how does this alarm work? Do you have to set each window and door individually every time you leave the house or when you go to bed?"

"Not the windows. The house is air-conditioned and the windows are never opened. The alarms are always set on them except when the windows are cleaned. I always turn the alarm off and then reset it afterwards. We only have to set the front and back doors and the small entrance from the garage."

"And you did that last night?"

"Yes."

"Who did it, you or—?"

"I did the front and back doors while Harry got the car out." Her mouth dropped open. Storm waited. After a long pause, she said: "Harry sometimes forgot. It's just possible the garage wasn't set."

"Is there any way to determine whether it was or not?"

"Not now. When he came home—around two o'clock, I guess—I reminded Harry, but he'd had quite a lot to drink, so I can't be sure."

"Then the situation is this: Mr. Caldwell could have left the alarm off either at seven—

thirty when he went to the garage through the small door or at two a.m. when he came in after parking the car."

"That's right."

"And there's no way of making sure?"

"When I went out on the terrace this morning to get the paper, I turned off the switch that governs all three doors. It's automatic with me now. At first, I forgot once or twice and a squad from the alarm people came tearing in."

Martin Lowry arrived. Leila collapsed in his arms and told him the story, punctuated by sobs. His pleasant face darkened to dismay and concern. He said firmly to Storm:

"Lieutenant, I'll talk to you as soon as I've got this poor child to bed. She's in shock, you can see. I'll call my wife to come over—"

"No," said Leila hastily, raising her head from his shoulder. "Don't bother Grace. I'd rather be alone for a while."

After Lowry led her upstairs, Storm stood for a moment, assessing the situation. On the face of it, Leila Caldwell had been the essence of honesty and frankness. Time and again, she had stuck out her chin, repudiating the possible guilt of anybody but herself. Just as Dr. Gifford had done, he asked himself if she was stupid. It seemed the only answer to her guileless admission that it was unlikely that anyone had had access to the house. But was it stupidity? Or was it a complex craftiness?

SHE had volunteered a lot of damning facts when she could have kept her mouth shut without doing any actual lying. But mightn't she have realised that he would have elicited them himself in the long run and that candor and co-operation would be counted to her credit? He noted, somewhat sardonically, that for all her frankness, she did leave herself an enormous out.

If Harry had forgotten to set the garage door, anybody could have got in. Was this the trump card which she had saved for the end of the hand? In a word, was she dumb or deep?

Martin Lowry returned and did his best for her.

"Lieutenant, I'm going to speak plainly. Mrs. Caldwell gave me details upstairs. Now I know you've got a job to do, but didn't you jump the gun a bit, asking her those tricky questions when she hardly knew what she was saying?"

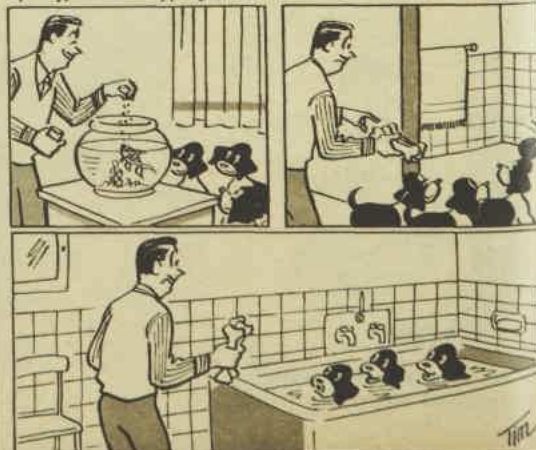
"I asked her if she would help the police by making the

To page 95

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 8, 1965

Nothing equals the gleaming radiance of silver ... and it costs so little!

Only silver lends that magic touch of splendour ... only Grosvenor makes it possible to possess such fine silver for so little. This is CHRISTINE, a slim pattern featuring a finely carved daffodil design. Complete 44-piece setting with silver handles £23/19/6, with pearl handle knives £18/9/6, with xylonite handle knives £17/19/6.

Grosvenor
TABLE SILVER

Write for Free Brochure illustrating Patterns, Accessories and Clear Packs.
Manufactured and Guaranteed by Myton's Limited, Melbourne, Australia.

● Trim a fine linen handkerchief with any one of these three pretty edgings for an always-welcome Christmas gift. One ball of yarn makes all three.

Materials: 1 ball selected color Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 grms.); Milwards steel crochet hook No. 3 (loose workers a size finer; tight workers a size larger hook).
Measurements: 1st edging, 1 in.; 2nd edging, 1 in.; 3rd edging, 1 in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; rep., repeat; sp(s), space(s); lp., loop; d.tr., double treble.

Edging No. 1

Commence with 6 ch. Into 6th ch. from hook work (1 tr., 2 ch.) 4 times, 1 ch., turn, * (into next lp. work 2 d.c., 3 ch.) 3 times, 2 d.c. into next lp., 10 ch., turn, into 6th ch. from hook work (1 tr., 2 ch.) 3 times, miss

3 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., 1 ch., turn; rep. from * for length required, ending with 1 ch., turn, (into next lp. work 2 d.c., 3 ch.) 3 times, 2 d.c. into next lp., 1 sl-st. into 8th of 10 ch. Fasten off. Dampen and pin to size.

Edging No. 2

Commence with 6 ch. Into 6th ch. from hook work (1 d.tr., 1 ch.) 5 times, 1 d.tr., 1 ch., turn, * 5 ch., 1 d.c. into first sp., 1 ch., turn, 6 ch., into 5 ch. lp. work (1

d.tr., 1 ch.) 5 times, 1 d.tr., 1 ch., turn; rep. from * for length required, omitting 1 ch. at end of last rep. Fasten off. Dampen and pin to measurements.

Edging No. 3

Commence with 12 ch. 1st Row: 3 tr. into 6th ch. from hook, 2 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into next ch., 2 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into next ch., 5 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into next tr., 2 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., 3 tr. into next sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into 10th of foundation ch., 5 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 3 tr. into next sp., 2 ch., miss 2 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., 2 ch., miss 2 tr., 1 tr. into next tr., 5 ch., turn.

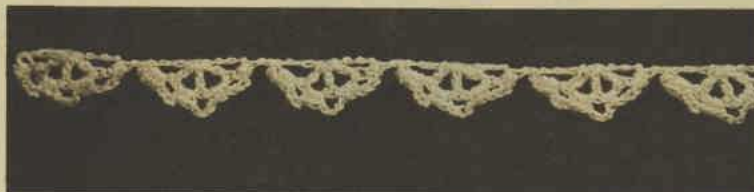
4th Row: Miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into next tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr., 3 tr. into next sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into 3rd of 5 ch. of previous row, 5 ch., turn.

Rep. 3rd and 4th rows for length required. Fasten off.

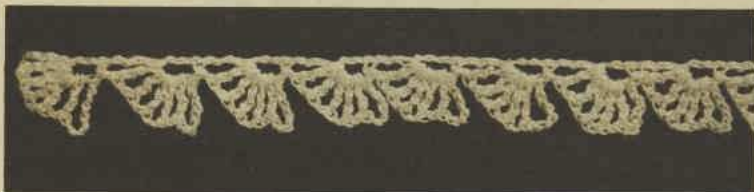
Edging: Attach thread to first foundation ch. worked, * 2 d.c. into next sp., 7 d.c. into next sp., 2 d.c. into next sp.; rep. from * to last sp., 1 sl-st. into next tr. Fasten off.

Dampen and pin out to measurements.

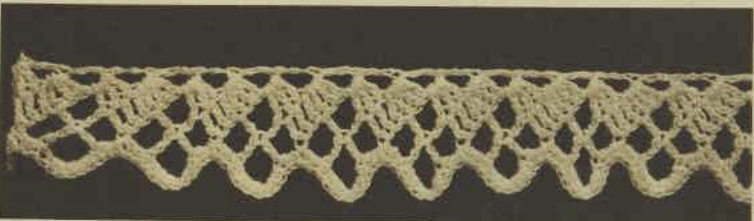
CROCHET EDGINGS



● Edging No. 1.



● Edging No. 2.



● Edging No. 3.



YOUR complexion becomes clearer, smoother and more youthful looking by using a newly developed cleansing milk that beautifies as it cleanses. The gentle dissolving action of Delph cleansing milk lightly lifts and removes every trace of stale make-up without robbing the skin of its natural oils to keep the complexion free of wrinkle dryness. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Delph cleansing milk.

The magazine
of
brighter **16**
reading
Everybody's

who says
you need
more life
assurance?

Maybe you do! Maybe you don't!

To be sure it is necessary to check your position in relation to the financial needs you will have on retirement and the needs your family will have if you do not live to retirement.

An A.M.P. FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP takes out the guesswork — informs you with precision whether or not your present life assurance is sufficient to do the job.

4 FOUR POINT FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP

Your A.M.P. man knows, from training and experience, how to help you—

- ① Check the facts related to your present family and financial position.
- ② Check the extent of your needs — what would be required if your family had to live without you — what you will require on retirement or to take advantage of long service leave.
- ③ Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
- ④ If they are not, your A.M.P. man will show you a family security plan tailor-made to your precise needs and circumstances.

An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or call the nearest A.M.P. Office.

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL
PROVIDENT SOCIETY

Head Office: Sydney Cove



Offices in cities and towns throughout Australia and New Zealand and in the United Kingdom.

Every A.M.P. member enjoys the unquestioned security afforded by assets exceeding £700,000,000 which the Society seeks to invest to the greatest benefit to members.

Trained and reputable field men working everywhere with Australia's largest Life Office make top-flight, all-lines insurance service a practical reality.

Sindy & Paul

SOLVE YOUR GIFT
PROBLEM FOR LITTLE GIRLS
FOR EVERMORE



"SEASIDE SWEETHEART"

"SEASIDE"

"Sindy" is no ordinary doll, she's the first and the most popular "dress up" doll in Australia. 12" tall with washable hair and movable arms and legs, "Sindy" has a wonderful wardrobe of clothes to give her a real personality of her own. Now she has a boyfriend "Paul", just a little taller than "Sindy" and he has a special wardrobe of clothes, too! "Sindy" makes a delightful gift for any little girl . . . a gift that will give her fun for years. "Sindy" comes ready dressed in her "Weekender" outfit . . . other clothes can be added set by set . . . in fact they solve the gift problem for future birthdays and other special occasions. Shown below are some of the beautifully made clothes that can be purchased individually for "Sindy" and "Paul". Your toyshop and department store have these famous dolls now . . . so why don't you make Xmas shopping easier this year with a "Sindy" doll!



YOU CAN BUY
SINDY & PAUL
TOGETHER OR
SEPARATELY



DISTRIBUTED BY: CYCLOPS & LINES BROS. (AUST.) LTD. • SYDNEY • MELBOURNE • BRISBANE • ADELAIDE • PERTH

situation clear," said Storm stiffly. "There was no jumping the gun or tricky questions. She obliged."

"And set herself up as a clay pigeon. In her guilelessness, she ruled out just about every suspect but herself. In your eyes, that makes her guilty. In mine, it shows how utterly innocent she is."

"I don't consider guilt or innocence until I have a great many more facts than I have at present, Mr. Lowry."

"Good. So suppose I give you a few facts. Psychological ones, which go to the heart of this thing. Leila Caldwell is a child of nature, an uncomplicated, not too brainy but altogether harmless little donkey. She could no more commit murder than shoot off an H-bomb. All that goes through her silly pretty head is pleasure. She falls in love easy and often—or thinks she does."

"But I've known her all her life and you can take it from me that her feeling for Harry Caldwell was the real thing for once. They were so happy, it was a pleasure to watch them together. Genuine happiness is a pretty rare thing, but those two had it. I'm telling you all this for two reasons. First, I'd naturally like to help Leila any way I could, but second and more important, the sooner you accept this picture of her as true, the sooner you'll forget about her and get after the real murderer."

"Mr. Lowry, yours is the first mention of the word murder. At this stage, I'm merely investigating a death of undetermined cause. It may be accident, suicide, or even a natural death from heart failure, in spite of the educated guesses of two doctors. Until I'm sure, let's have no more talk of murder and guilt." Deliberately, he added: "Mrs. Caldwell went through a kind of hell with her first husband's death. Let's play this down and see if we can save her a second hell."

Marty stared at him, his feelings mixed. Was this a come-on to get him off guard, or was Storm an honest and understanding man as well as a cop? He considered which was the wiser thing to do—cling to Storm in order to explain anything fishy that might arise before it was misinterpreted, or get away from him so that he himself should not be guilty of Leila's mistake of talking too much. He decided on the latter course.

"If you'll excuse me, Lieutenant, I'll get back upstairs. Mrs. Caldwell oughtn't to be alone."

Storm raised no objection. When he got upstairs, he found Leila sitting on the edge of her bed, staring blankly into space.

"Now, Leila, honey, I told you to get into bed."

"Marty, what am I going to do without him?"

"We won't talk about that now, dear. What you need is rest, a good nap. Any sleeping pills around?"

"No. We neither of us use—." The stark horror of speaking of Harry in the present tense overwhelmed her. Her usually light pretty voice was tinged with real tragedy as she said: "Get me some, please. I need to—black out for a little while."

"Sure. Right away. They know me at the drugstore. I'll phone for some of the harmless things Grace takes now and then."

He picked up the bedside extension and spoke to the druggist. In twenty minutes, the delivery boy brought them. By this time, the technical men from the Barracks had arrived and were busy in the kitchen. Storm was directing them so that Marty was able to intercept the boy at the door without explanation.

Continued from page 92

STRICTLY A LOSER

obligatory. I'm only doing my duty as a police officer and I am asking your help."

"I can't help you at all. I don't know a thing about it."

STORM shrugged. "Perhaps not, but you can put me in the picture. What kind of man was Caldwell? And his wife? Did he have enemies? Money troubles? Entanglements of any kind? Did he leave a will? You see?"

"But why, Marty? I'm sure she'd much rather have you with her."

"For the sake of the lieutenant and the rest of Greenaway," he said bluntly. "I want it to look like she's got backing from somebody beside a blood relation. She's going to need it."

"Marty! How awful! Of course, I'll go right over."

MEANTIME, at the Caldwards', Sergeant Kenny had finished the house, the grounds, and the garage and came in to report:

"Lieutenant, the house is a blank. Nothing more lethal in the medicine chest than aspirin. The windows are like she said they were and there's no sign of forcible entry anywhere. The alarm is off all three doors, front, back, and garage, but who knows when they were turned off?"

"Then we're no further?"

"I wouldn't say that. The house is clean. The garage is something else again."

"What do you mean?"

"It's loaded with sprays, most of 'em marked 'Poison.'"

"You'll find every house in Greenaway is. They're all rabid gardeners, fighting crab grass and insects from April first on."

"The Caldwards weren't. The garage is an inch thick in dust. Looks like the only thing that's been touched outside of his car is a can of nicotine insect killer—which was recently moved."

"How do you figure that?"

"Whoever moved it didn't put it back on the same spot. You can see the clean outline in the dust where it stood before."

"Good thinking, Kenny. Get the boys to try it for prints."

"Will do."

As Kenny left, Grace Lowry came in and introduced herself. She was a clean-cut efficient-looking young woman and Storm felt he might get some useful answers from her.

"Mrs. Caldwell's asleep, I'm told, so I wonder if you would spare me a few moments."

"Certainly, Lieutenant. What is it?"

"Well, I'm rather at sea. Two physicians hold the opinion that this looks like death from poison. Of course, we won't know for sure until—ah—later. But on the chance that it is not a natural death we don't want to waste time. We would like to start our investigation while the trail is hot, so to speak."

"I see," she said thinly. "Not caring whose ox is gored in the process?"

"Now, Mrs. Lowry, you and your husband are good citizens. If this is a case of natural death or accident, no harm is done—"

"Oh, no? Mrs. Caldwell may feel differently with the police putting on a rodeo in a house of mourning."

"I'm very sorry about that, but your good sense will tell you that it is necessary and

him," she quoted. She was not a publisher's wife for nothing. "You might say that of Harry. He wasn't a man to inspire anything as definite as love or hate."

"Not even in his wife?"

"Wives."

"Oh? I wasn't aware—"

"Since you want the full picture, his first wife was a secretary in the Caldwell outfit. When Harry married her they came here to live."

"How long ago?"

"I should say four years or so."

"What sort of marriage was it?"

"Successful, we all thought, until—They were divorced some months ago."

"What was the first wife like?"

"Very decent, I believe. I really hardly knew her, but their next-door neighbor, Mrs. Crane, can tell you more about that. They were very friendly, I understand."

"And the second wife?"

"A pretty little kitten without a brain in her head. About as much a lightweight as Harry. But with no real harm in her. And they were—tremendously in love. They were our guests at dinner last night and they could hardly keep their eyes off each other. Any idea that she might have done this is fantastic, if that's in your mind."

"She seems to have been unfortunate in her husbands' deaths."

She gave him a sharp look, but answered composedly: "A mild word. I would say tragic. And hardly the type to cope with tragedy. Try to go easy on her, won't you, Lieutenant?"

"I'll do my best. And thank you, Mrs. Lowry."

Alone, Storm assessed Mrs. Lowry and her information: doing her duty by her husband's cousin but without an ounce of sympathy. An intellectual snob, a dilettante with words, who disapproved

To page 96

WHAT
A SMART
WAY
to
control
Varicose
Veins



Proper control, real relief, with surgical hosiery that can't be seen. That's the beauty of Scholl. Light, fine, seamless, yet absolutely surgically-correct. Exclusive "soft-grip" top and instep eliminate constriction. Smart women, in sense and dress, prefer Scholl. Recommended by doctors. All fittings from chemists, surgical suppliers and Scholl depots.

Scholl

SOFT-GRIP
ELASTIC HOSE
NYLON OR ELASTIC YARN

kiss it better
with a
BAND-AID
strip

Hurry up
the healing

BAND-AID
plastic strips
Johnson-Johnson

Air vents over the pad let healing air through. Air vents on the tape keep the skin free from wrinkling. Super-stick keeps the bandage put.

BUY BAND-AID BRAND TAPE TOO!

quite highly of the decorative Leila.

He gave Sergeant Kenny a few tasks: to check on Mrs. Griever, the daily woman, the Alarm Company, and the local hardware store as to whether Leila had recently bought any nicotine insect killer. The print men and photographers had finished, Harry Caldwell had been removed to the Hackett morgue, and Storm had done all he could for the moment on the premises. He picked up Grace Lowry's suggestion and decided to interview the Cranes, the next-door neighbors.

Leaving a uniform man at the Caldells, he crossed the grass and rang the Cranes' bell. A rugged little boy of about ten opened the door. Storm gave him a smile and spoke as man to man:

"Good morning, I'm Lieutenant Storm of the the State Police. May I ask your name?"

"Jamie Crane." His eyes sparkled

Continued from page 95

with the excitement of being treated as an equal by a police officer.

"I suppose you know the people next door?"

"That creep? Phoo."

"What makes you say that?"

"He's the world's worst rat."

"What did he do?"

"I'll tell you what." The small chin stuck out. "They had the cutest little dog — the other Mrs. Caldwell, I mean — Ruggles was his well, I mean — Ruggles was his name — she let him come over here a lot of the time — I could make believe he was my very own —" He stopped and swallowed.

"And what did Mr. Caldwell do?"

"When Mrs. Caldwell went away

he was too mean to get Ruggles' meals. So you know what he did? He took him to the vet —" His throat thickened, swallowing didn't help. All Storm could make out was — "gas — till he died."

There were brisk footsteps behind Jamie and a young woman in an apron appeared.

"Jamie, dear, what's all the noise? You'll disturb Dad."

Storm introduced himself. He saw a pleasant-looking, rather harassed young housewife with the ingenious air that might make her easy pickings for his purpose.

"Thanks, Jamie. You've been a help. Now run along and let me talk to your mother for a minute."

"Sure, Lieutenant." He vanished indoors.

STRICTLY A LOSER

Ruth Crane said: "I don't — what's this about?"

"I'd like a little information about your neighbors, Mrs. Crane."

She glanced behind her, more worried than curious.

"All right, but do you mind if we talk on the terrace? My husband is going over some papers from the office—"

"Of course."

She led him to the far end of the flagged terrace and they both sat down.

"Now, what's this about the Caldells?"

"I understand you know them well. What I'd like is your impression of them both."

"But why?"

"I'll tell you. But first—"

"Well, Susan — Harry's first wife — is really my friend. She's a lovely person. I don't care so much for Harry — it's no wonder they broke up. He can't hold a candle to her. And I guess she finally couldn't stick him any more. He's a pretty poor excuse of a man."

"You still see her?"

"Not often. She moved to town and got a job, so we visit mostly over the phone."

"Do you mind giving me her address?"

She gave it and then frowned.

"Lieutenant, why are you asking? Has anything—?"

"Happened to — ah — Susan? No. She's fine. Now about Caldwell's second wife—?"

Her voice rose with indignation.

"If you want the ruth, I can't bear her. She's a — a man-eater. Ask half the women in Greenaway. Nobody's husband was safe from her tactics until—"

A dark saturnine man stood suddenly over them.

"What's going on here? Can't a man have a little peace and quiet to work in?"

Ruth, flustered and conciliatory, introduced Storm. Victor Crane eyed him with a cold stare. He was head of the research department for a prominent Wall Street firm, and his preoccupation with facts and figures seemed to give a rigid cast to his personal life as well.

"May I ask why you are pumping my wife, Lieutenant?"

Storm gave it to him straight from the shoulder.

"Mr. Caldwell died about an hour ago, apparently of poison, under questionable circumstances. I spoke to your wife as a neighbor who might possibly give me an unbiased line on conditions—relationships — I will probably question everyone who knew them — looking for a hint as to enemies — anyone with a grudge—"

Death took precedence over "papers from the office." Victor Crane was not entirely a mathematical robot. He gave a short sardonic grunt, smothering Ruth's cry of horror.

Finally Victor said: "Who in heaven's name would want to murder him?"

"He was well liked?"

"Hardly. He was nothing. A zero. Just part of the scenery. Unless somebody was so bored with him he went berserk."

To page 98

HE'S A TWICE-A-DAY-TEK MAN



He has the twice-a-day TEK habit. Uses a TEK Anti-Germ — the only toothbrush with built-in germ fighting action to keep bristles free from germs. He knows it's smart to ask for TEK — it's the best toothbrush money can buy!

Johnson + Johnson

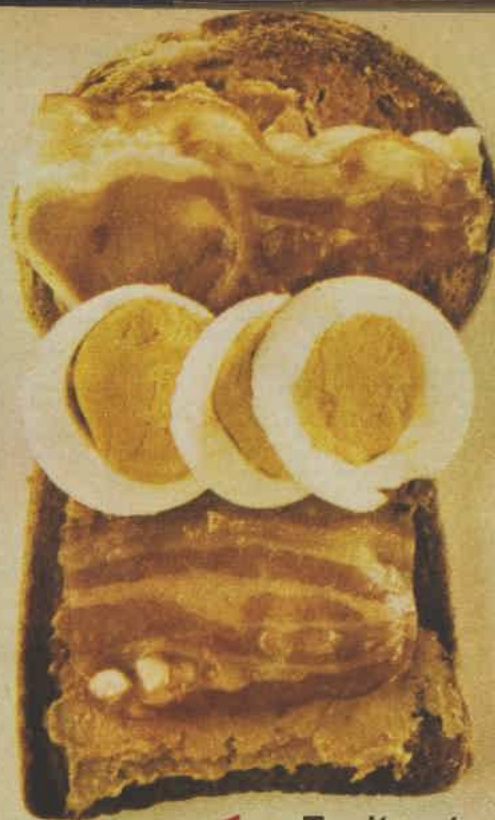
REMEMBER TO REPLACE YOUR WORN-OUT TOOTHBRUSHES REGULARLY. CHECK NOW!



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





Build up on ETA peanut butter spread generously on good fresh bread

1 • Try it on toast with crisp bacon and hardboiled eggs.



2 • How about ETA peanut butter with lashings of strawberry jam, freshly sliced banana or a cherry or two?



3 • Or top it with fresh salad vegetables or savouries.

Build up on ETA Peanut Butter with an open sandwich. Use bread or toast and ETA Peanut Butter as a solid foundation. Then top off ETA's fresh roasted peanut flavour with anything else you fancy. You'll find that ETA Peanut Butter teams with 'most any food.

Product of ETA Foods division of the Marrickville Holdings Group—an all-Australian Company.

These are just a few thought starters for quick, easy meals and snacks. Once you've started you'll invent many more and why not? ETA Peanut Butter is a natural source of vitamins and protein to nourish your family. Build up on ETA Peanut Butter today.



Look for this new 12 oz. measuring jar at your store now.

1148/65.

Page 97

"Bores can be well-hated," observed Storm.

"He was too insignificant to hate. If somebody killed him, it wasn't for what he is but for what he's got."

"He was well off?"

"He came into a sizable fortune recently. Find out who gets it."

"Do you know who his lawyer is?"

"Most likely Stanley Rankin. Most of us use him. He lives here and he's a good tax-lawyer. But, of course, Harry may have used his firm's lawyers. Caldwell's has a formidable legal department, I believe."

"That's helpful to know. I'll see Rankin later. Now I'd like your opinion on another matter." He sprinkled a little judicious sugar. "You seem to have an intelligent discerning outlook. I'd like your thinking about his first marriage and the circumstances of the divorce."

"All I can say is that only an ass like Harry Caldwell

would have swapped his first wife for the second one he married. Today in America there's no holding most women. They've got the bit in their teeth and they run wild. But Susan Caldwell is something of an exception. She has decency and self-respect and, as far as I know, she did all she could to make the marriage a success. About the divorce, I can't help you. I know nothing about it."

"Well, I do!" Ruth cut in. "Susan confided in me. Everybody in Greenaway thinks he got rid of her because he was so crazy about Leila Thomas. He was, of course, but that wasn't the main reason. They just outgrew each other—didn't like the same things any more. So they decided to separate without any hard feelings. But Susan has a thing about divorce. It wasn't anything to do with religion for her, but she believes marriage is for always. So Harry

went to Reno and got it himself. Just to show you what she's like, she wouldn't take a penny of alimony, although goodness knows, with all that money, she could have stuck him for plenty. Instead, she took a job and supports herself." Ruth ran down.

STORM thanked them, asked for Rankin's address and who else had been at the Lowry dinner the night before.

"The Tylers," Ruth said hotly before Victor could speak. "And if you ask me, Grace Lowry ought to have her head examined inviting them with the Caldwells." Storm waited. As he hoped, the rest came pouring out. "Leila did everything the law allows to hook Jim Tyler. Poor Betty was half crazy. Only, of course, when Leila found out about Harry coming into all that money she

dropped Jim like a brick and went all out for Harry."

"That'll do, Ruth. Leave the gossip to the rest of this chattering community. The lieutenant's after facts, not rumors."

Storm knew when he was licked. He thanked them again and left—with more doubts than when he came. Did the Cranes have a private axe to grind? Did Ruth's loyalty to Susan make her paint Leila blacker than she was? Had Victor been attracted to Leila? He decided to see the Tylers and the lawyer Rankin before he tried to sort out his own impressions.

Since the Tyler house was nearer, he went there first. He found Betty Tyler on the lawn settling a spirited fracas between the two older of her brood. When she had created order, she said hospitably to Storm: "I'm just giving Jim

coffee before he makes his train. Do join us."

No questions as to why he was here. Jim Tyler was dressed for town and going over some notes for his evening news telecast. After he had introduced himself, Storm spoke to Tyler.

"I understand you folks were at the Lowry dinner last night, so I figure you know the Caldwells pretty well. Do you mind giving me your unbiased opinion of them?"

Before he could answer, Betty said tartly: "We couldn't. We're both as biased as hell. Me because she did her damndest to break up our home. Jim, because she gave him the brush-off."

"Why do you want to know?" asked Tyler, hastily shutting Betty off.

"I'll tell you in a moment. What sort of chap is Caldwell?" He had nearly said "was."

Tyler looked slightly relieved that it was Harry whom Storm was interested in.

"Old Harry's all right. Bit of a blowhard but not a bad sort. Dumb but happy, to coin a phrase." He smiled his famous smile, showing his famous teeth.

"I'm sorry for him," said Betty.

"Why, Mrs. Tyler?"

"That baby-faced money-grabber. She's already killed one husband for his insurance. Now Harry's come into millions I wouldn't put it past her to put arsenic in his beer."

"Hey, honey, watch it. Them is slanderous words." Tyler did his best to be airy, but Storm could read the discomfort underlying the light tone. Tyler hated the subject. Storm guessed that when Leila threw him back into the pool of married life, Betty forgave him—but not graciously. The popular newscaster found her digs hard to take. Now he rose and said curtly: "I'll have to cut this short. I've got a train to make."

Deliberately, Storm said: "Mrs. Tyler hit the nail on the head. Somebody did feed him poison."

They goggled. Tyler sank into his chair, train time or not.

"Good heavens, Lieutenant! You saying Harry's dead?"

"I am, indeed."

"And you think Leila—"

"I didn't say that."

Tyler's eyes narrowed and he shrugged ostentatiously. "I'm sorry to hear it, of course, but it's hardly our problem. The Caldwells are merest acquaintances."

Storm figured that Tyler, in his sensitive job, was afraid of bad publicity. And Betty was with him on that score, so Storm changed the subject, knowing that he would get nothing more about Leila that was useful.

"Did you know his first wife?" he asked.

"Slightly," said Tyler.

"What is she like?"

"Colorless. Just a hausfrau. No mixer."

"How did she react to the divorce?"

Tyler laughed. "You—hunting for motives, Lieutenant? Well, as a murderer, Susan Caldwell's a washout. She wouldn't say boo to a fly."

"Jim's right. She'd think murder was bad form," said Betty.

"I understand she fought the divorce."

"Not according to Harry. He gave everybody the impression that she walked out on him, complete with note on the pincushion and the household keys nearby. But he beat her to the draw. He high-tailed out to Reno and got the divorce himself."

"Harry says more than his prayers. Maybe it's true, and then again— It's just what he would say so people wouldn't boycott them when he came back married to that—"

"Is the first Mrs. Caldwell an attractive woman?"

"Not bad-looking," said Tyler. "And she's got a really stunning figure once you look at her. Thing is, nobody does. In my book, she's strictly a loser."

ALONE in his car after leaving the Tylers, Storm considered. The Tylers' comments were even more loaded than the Cranes'. Perhaps the lawyer Rankin would be more impartial.

The lawyer Rankin was pruning the hedge of his parents' garden, his long, skinny body bent over the shears. Storm went through the preliminaries and then said: "I understand you are Harry Caldwell's lawyer."

"I look after his tax report."

"That's all?"

"Well, he never needed help otherwise—" He stopped and then added: "He did come to me some months ago—"

"About his divorce?"

"Yes. I turned him down. I wanted no part of it." He pursed his lips and adjusted his heavily framed glasses.

"Why are you asking?"

"I'll tell you. But first, may I ask why you turned him down?"

"Frankly, I was disgusted with his procedure. He fell for a pretty face and wanted to shed a decent devoted wife so he could marry her. I suggested that he come to my office with his wife and talk it over."

"And did they?"

"They came, yes. But you couldn't reason with Harry. He knew what he wanted and he was going to get it, no matter who got hurt in the process."

"Meaning his first wife?"

"Yes. He was positively brutal."

"And she?"

"She behaved like the lady

To page 104

ELEGANCE... has no place for unwanted hair

What adds up to elegance? Perfect make-up... clever choice of clothes... care for your figure. But there is something more. Something you daren't ignore if you want to be truly elegant, really well-groomed. And that's the regular removal of unwanted hair. It's an absolute "must". Today's fashion and good taste insist on it.

The gentlest solution. There are several ways of dealing with unwanted hair. It is important that you choose the kindest because

it on you realise that Veet 'O' is more than just an ordinary depilatory.

Not just special occasions. Make good grooming a habit. Never risk spoiling a glamorous



evening dress or a pretty summer sleeveless dress. Be sure that your arms, particularly underarms, are satin-smooth and shadow free. Unwanted hair is definitely frowned upon. So don't let a hint of it let you down.

Focus on legs. It isn't only arms and underarms that need this special care. Shorter skirts and finer stockings are focusing attention on legs. Fine nylons show up rather than

conceal unsightly hairs. Another reason for gentle Veet 'O'.

All the year round. Although dresses and beachwear highlight the problem, a smooth, shadow-free skin is part of your year-round beauty care. In fact, winter woollies make it even more important to remove unwanted hair. It helps day-long personal freshness. Avoids the possibility of any tell-tale perspiration 'cling'.

The modern way is the kindest way. Today, thanks to Veet 'O', you don't have to bother with old-fashioned (often painful) methods. You simply cream away unwanted hair. Veet 'O' is not only the most effective, safest, most fragrant cream, it's kinder to your skin. Lanolin enriched, and made by specialists famous in the care of the skin. Veet 'O' is easily the most popular depilatory, not only in Australia, but all over Europe.

Takes only minutes. Veet 'O' is the ideal cream depilatory. Easy to use, it melts away unwanted hair in minutes. From Chemists, Veet 'O' costs 4/6; large tube 6/9.



Veet Odourless

The hair removing cream with Lanolin

LULUBELLE

"And 'Neat and Tidy' was the only good thing in your school report!"

I wish they'd load my tree with Hotpoint gifts...



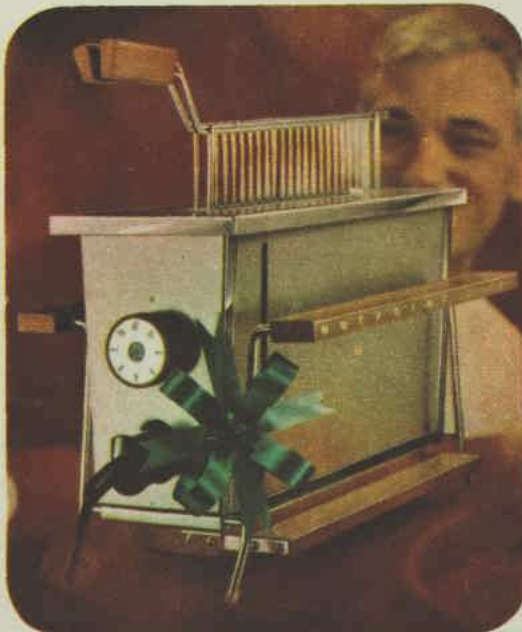
From Father—a Steam-and-Dry Iron to make ironing his shirts a breeze.



... from Johnny—an Automatic Toaster he can forget to watch.



... from Auntie—this new Frypan with Teflon for non-stick, non-fat cooking.



... from Uncle—who fusses over grills—a speedy Vertical Grill to cook meats juicier.



... from Sue—to speed up my cuppa—the fastest-boiling Automatic Jug.

I wish they'd all give me



HOTPOINT electrical appliances
Hotpoint homes lead the world in better living

It takes all kinds, in a residential

NOW I am not a roving reporter. I am a stay-put, yet I am going to report on the people I know. We all live in a guesthouse, so called because someone had the good idea to buy a cheap house with many rooms, put a second stove into the kitchen, and rent each room—to singles, couples, or families, often new settlers, but just as many fair-dinkums.

The landlady is very nice, as long as you don't ask for the impossible, such as a cleaned bathroom.

"I'm sorry, dear. I only clean once a week. The rest is up to the tenants."

The bathroom looks like it. So does the kitchen.

We call a roster. Mrs. Miller, a talkative woman who comes from Bristol, pins up a list.

Monday: Mrs. Lear. Tuesday: Mrs. Beny. Wednesday: etc.—single men included.

For a while the kitchen is somewhat cleaner. But the rubbish bin, handy between the two stoves, seems to be forever overflowing.

"Now, who piled the rubbish on top? The whole kitchen is in a mess again. I'm not going to clean that out. I'm not the kitchen-maid around here," storms Mrs. Becks.

Mrs. Becks will tell everyone: "I would not have suffered my maids to do the

● **Newcomer MARGIT de GROOT wrote this article while living with her husband and small daughter in one room of a residential and saving up for a home. She observes with affection the way in which people of mixed origins generally managed to live together tolerantly and with good humor under difficult, crowded conditions. The names she uses are not the real ones.**

For washing-up there is only one sink, and whoever manages to put his/her dirty dishes on the sink has first go. Sometimes it can happen this:

Bill Main comes out of his room, finds only a few other dishes on the sink, and proceeds to rinse his few belongings.

Mrs. Beny walks in, stares at him disapprovingly. The very cheek he has!

"Excuse me, Mr. Main, but I was here first!"

"No. The sink was vacant when I came out into the kitchen."

"But no, you see, I went only to my room to get more dishes of me. Mine was standing here on the sink before. I put them there by myself!"

"Well, I'm here now. Anyway, I haven't got much."

Mrs. Beny is quite disgusted. She turns to me in German:

"The manners those

yourself, I have so much to do."

"But it is really quite important. Come dear, you can finish that later on."

A little annoyed, but good-heartedly she puts everything away and locks her cupboard. They are very suspicious, and keep everything always under lock and key.

HANS FRISCHE, the tall, handsome bachelor from Bremen, knocks at my door. "I've got a problem, Mrs. Ratek. Could you help me?"

I invite him in. He has a stack of letters. He looks a bit sheepish as he explains.

"You see, I advertised for a girlfriend, with view to marriage. I have sorted them out, and here are a few which sound quite promising."

So we sit and read the letters. Some are quite nice and sincere, some cheeky, some funny.

One lovelorn girl writes from Germany: "Since I was quite small, I always had the desire to migrate to Australia. I think life in a cabin would be such a lot of fun. I am sick and tired of the boring life here and would love to come to become your wife. I am seventeen."

We dismiss all but three. Hans Frische writes to them. He would be quite prepared to pay the fare for the right girl. One reply goes to Brisbane.

As it is afternoon and Jan is not home, the door is left open while Hans is there, to avoid talk. Mrs. Beny joins us as well.

AT a sale in the city Muriel and I buy material.

Cabbage, the Hungarian way

As we leave the shop, I ask her, "Are you going to have the dresses made?"

"Good heavens, no," she replies. "That would be far too expensive!"

As I do all our sewing on my new machine, I agree. But she has no machine.

She adds, "I'll have them made up in a jiffy."

Later we are both sitting on the lawn. I am darning and she is working on the frock for Norma, her eight-year-old daughter.

Several hours later Norma comes to me to show off her new dress.

"Oh my, you do look very nice!" I tell her. "Your mother is very clever to do it so quickly—and all by hand!"

Even with my machine it would have taken me much longer, but, then, I am rather fussy. I like things to be neat and tidy, inside as well.

Norma is pleased with my praise and holds up her skirt to show it better.

To my astonishment, I see that the whole thing is done with a large tacking-stitch.

Later Muriel wants my opinion on her work. Carefully I venture, "Oh yes, once it is finished it will be very nice."

"What do you mean—once it is finished? It is finished! It took me only thirty-five minutes. Didn't I tell you I would do it quick?"

Mrs. Becks is hungry when she comes home from work. She can hardly wait to open her tin of peaches. She owns no kitchenware, so uses the articles belonging to the house, and these are always dirty.

She takes a spoon from the bench, wipes it on a piece of tissue-paper from around her loaf of bread, and by the simple means of her tongue cleans the spoon. Ready for use!

Jan and I witness this and shudder inwardly.

Mrs. Becks delights in cooking a meal for herself now and then. The saucepan is filled to the brim.

Unfortunately, the lid falls on to the piled-up rubbish bin. After carefully picking off a few hairs and other bits sticking to the lid, Mrs. Becks puts the lid back on to her saucepan. She can hardly wait for the finished product.

"You wait and see, Mrs. Ratek. When it is ready, grab yourself a plate and I'll let you have a try of this. You'll love it! Cabbage. Ha! You haven't tasted it the Hungarian way yet. You haven't tasted cabbage yet! Delicious, I tell you!"

She smacks her lips. My stomach turns somersaults.

"Oh no, thank you very much, Mrs. Becks; you are a darling, but I couldn't possibly. If I try your dinner now, I shall not be able to judge the taste of my own cooking. I know you use a lot of paprika for your cooking. Thanks all the same."

"That does not matter. I will still give you some for your husband. He is from Poland and he'll love it!"

Again I must thank her. "You know, Mrs. Becks, my husband is rather funny. He refuses to eat anything unless I cook it myself. Thanks again."

Mrs. Becks thinks it a shame, and offers a try to Mrs. Lear, who refuses the generous offer with the same excuse. Mrs. Becks shakes her head.

"My word, but you have funny husbands!" To our relief she is not offended.

She enjoys her meal at the kitchen table, and judging by the sounds we hear it must taste nice.

WHOEVER wants to use the phone has to ask the Benys for the key. The phone is locked.

Near it, in the hall, are two large wooden boxes containing the Benys' last possessions.

"Ah! I sought I hear someone!"

They worry lest someone should steal them.

Anyone remaining in the hall for a long period will find a head popping out of the Benys' door.

Recognising the one in the hall, the head will say, with a friendly smile, "Ah, it's you! I sought I hear someone!"

For a joke, we suggest they connect the two crates with a chain and lock. The idea is gladly taken up. None can now steal one crate without the chain making a noise.

Mrs. Becks once again has beautified herself. We cannot see it so much in her rejuvenated face, but cucumber slices, lemon peel, and paprika seeds are strewn around bathroom and kitchen, on the table and under.

Usually this process takes place on Saturday mornings. Hans Frische, who wants a quick meal in the kitchen, growls.

"It may pretty you up, Mrs. Becks, but what about the mess? Why can't you use your own room? Or do you think we will not know there just how beautiful you are?"

"But darling," she coos, "don't make such a row! I will clean it all up later. Be a good man now. See, I clear a space for you right now. There!"

At least he can sit down. She forgets the "later" almost always. All the same, one cannot help liking her.

As a young woman she had endured great sorrows. I believe something inside her broke forever.

Now she has many men-friends, and receives many presents—all honorable, she assures Mrs. Beny and me.

We believe her, for in spite of all, we like her.

In the meantime, Hans Frische has been to Brisbane to meet and to look over a prospective bride.

He is full of praise, and

life may not seem lonely for him much longer. We all like him very well, for he is a cheerful and honest young man.

One morning Gisela comes racing into our room, her cheeks red with excitement. "Mummy, Mummy, the little baby is eating Mrs. Lear's little tummies up! I seen it, I did!"

I explain to her one of the facts of life. She is very happy with my explanation, and I dismiss the matter from my mind.

But I am reminded again, when I find her sitting in the laundry with her dress and undies pushed up as far as possible. She presses a doll to her own tummy.

"Gisela, what ever are you doing?"

She beams up at me. "My baby is hungry, and wants a little bit of my tummy to eat."

As simple as that. Again I explain, and tell her not to do it. Only real babies are allowed to eat like this.

She is an obedient child. I discover her, feeding her "baby" on her knee.

"She can have a little bit to eat from my knees, can she, Mummy?"

Educating your child is not easy in a guesthouse. I often run into difficulties.

With motherly care, Gisela puts her "baby" to sleep, complete with lullaby. Something must be amiss, for she tips the whole lot out again, baby and all.

This is not what I mind. What I do mind is the juicy swearing which accompanied the action. I show my objection by taking her to the bathroom to wash those words out of her mouth with soap.

A long lecture follows, on how much we love each other. With hearts full of love, there can be no room for such nasty talk. We are quite happy afterward.

Muriel Miller is quite surprised when she hears about this little incident.

"Fancy, only four and using that language! Now, if my Norma did that, I'd give her a good hiding, I sure would."

Her surprise turns to embarrassment a few days later, when she tells her Norma:

"You bloody fool, look what you've done! Get it cleaned up at once or I'll crucify you!" Norma has tipped over a cup of flour.

My surprise must be reflected in my face, but so is embarrassment on Muriel's as she turns around to find me in the kitchen. Her expression changes to a sheepish grin.

"Oh, well, you know how it is! I don't really mean it. It just comes out this way!"

Yes, Muriel! Unlike Mrs. Lear, who is quiet, humble, and a very lovable friend to have, Muriel is the opposite.

Mrs. Lear avoids meeting

Kitchen is a meeting place

work I am doing today! If you could have seen my house!

"You never saw such beautiful furniture. Much of it antique!"

Apparently Mr. Becks was a wealthy man, but now he isn't here to confirm her statement. A shame, for most of us appear to believe her—but don't.

BY the way, I am Magda Ratek. Jan is my husband. Gisela, our little girl, is four. The three of us are very happy, although we only call one of the smaller rooms our home.

"I think the Millers are very nice. She seems to be very friendly," I informed Jan as soon as they moved in. It was a week after our own arrival. "She asked me to call her Muriel."

"Don't become too friendly," Jan warned. "Better make sure first."

I dismissed his warning, feeling slightly annoyed, for I found her quite charming.

The kitchen is a meeting place for all the tenants. The too-crowded stoves do overtime. Husbands and children must be fed, and the singles want meals, too.

Unemployed wives try to prepare as much in advance as possible, but even then they have to use the stoves.

The goodwill needed is often missing.

people have! An ox could have better."

She is sort of a caretaker here, because our landlady lives somewhere else.

Whereas I usually have my doubts when people try too hard to convince me how much they once possessed, in the case of the Benys it is quite true. They really have been rich.

She tells us much of the wonderful life she and her family enjoyed until—well—poverty struck them.

But she still has all the bubbling joy of life and the warm charm of a born Viennese. Our families have many cosy get-togethers which last deep into the night.

After she called my coffee "plum-water," Mrs. Beny taught me to make real coffee.

Now people love my coffee, a fact of which I am proud.

The Benys are elderly, but in their love for each other they are young. He is quite jealous if she talks too long to anybody. She calls him her child. This is exactly what he is.

"Marie, come inside. I want to read to you something very interesting," he calls to her on numerous occasions when she is working.

"Oh, Tibor dear, I cannot possibly come now. See for

● There was Hans, who advertised for (and found) a bride . . . flighty, fun-loving

Muriel . . . lonely little Sandra . . . Mrs. Becks, bereaved in wartime horrors

in Hungary, trying to keep her beauty with cucumber peel and paprika seeds . . .

her. She abhors the occasions when Muriel proudly displays her bruises.

"Look, see for yourself what a brute my husband is—here and here—he did it last night. He was thumping me again. Just wait until I win Tatts! I'll take my Norma, and he'll never see us again."

In the beginning I was quite horrified. He must be a real brute, I told Jan.

And he, my Jan, who is the gentlest of husbands, answers: "She only gets what she asks for!"

I find it out one Saturday. Harry Miller is going out with Jan to see a show. They may be late home. We stay home. That is, I stay.

"I'm going dancing tonight," Muriel's eyes already dance, as she informs me. She is pressing her frock in the kitchen.

"You know what may happen if you do," I warn her, for I heard Harry order her to stay home.

"Oh, that's nothing. Comes almost like a birthday present to me now. I'll go, no matter what."

As she gets herself ready, Norma, who is in bed, threatens and begs: "If you go, I'll tell Daddy. Please, Mummy, don't go. He'll only hit you again if you do."

"If you blasted thing so much as breathe a word, I'll thrash the living daylight out of you," Muriel cries.

Then, "Oh, darn it, wouldn't you know it, my dress is torn. Be a dear and stitch it for me."

Thunderclouds

So, with the dress on, I stitch it for her at the neck. Muriel says a fond good-night to her child.

"Goodnight, my darling, and see you stay in bed or I'll give you a good hiding." The light is turned off.

The most I can do is to prevent Muriel from locking her child in the room. I point out the fire danger.

The two men arrive very late at night. Jan is happy to be home again. Home is a cosy roof, table set for a nice little snack.

He invites Harry in for a cup of tea. He comes in, his face threatening thunderclouds ready to burst into a storm. But he makes no comment.

A key sounds in the front door; a little later, a room-door closing. Harry excuses himself and leaves us.

"I think Muriel is going to get it," Jan says. I shudder, for by the thumping noises from the front room, I know he is right. Tomorrow I will see bruises proudly displayed by Muriel.

WE meet Herta Meisner, who is proudly introduced to us as Hans Frische's fiancée. We like her right from the start.

Not only is she beautiful, but she displays a warm personality and charm.



Behind her back, the Benys and I throw looks of our approval over to Hans. He beams.

While Mrs. Beny attends to her washing up, Herta plays with the children. Later, Hans is worried.

"I am rather disappointed," he says. "I hope I haven't been too hasty."

"Why, what is wrong?" Mrs. Beny and I ask.

"I think, instead of playing with the children, she ought to have offered to help in the kitchen. I doubt if she will make a good housewife."

We talk him out of his doubts.

"You are just over-anxious that she should make a good impression on us. Well, she has done so, without wiping a few dishes."

Now he is happy, really happy. Our ears get bashed with wedding talk. We don't mind. The only pity is that we shall lose him, for he will go to Brisbane to live.

★ ★ ★

The Millers have left. Not to our sorrow. Their room is occupied by a small family of three, the Dobsons. Sandra is five, and adorable.

Not only is she beautiful, but angelic in her behaviour. Her mother never raises her

voice, yet every wish is obeyed immediately.

Sandra and Gisela become firm friends. We all like and respect her mother.

Not so her father. He comes to all our rooms to introduce himself with a drink "to share around."

A few polite words, and then: "I will now go back to my family. I don't see them often, and when I get the chance to be home I like to be with them."

We are often surprised to find little Sandra sitting patiently on one of the boxes in the hall.

"What are you doing here, Sandra? Why aren't you playing?"

"Oh, I am not allowed in the room now. My daddy is home and he wants to rest." She comes with me to our room.

But finally Mrs. Beny puts the question point-blank to Mrs. Dobson: "Why?"

The story is not a nice one. They are not married, but Sandra is his child.

He is not fond of children. Mrs. Dobson takes the beatings from him, for he maintains them. And out of a sense of guilt she feels, as she has sinned, she must bear her punishment.

We feel tremendously sorry for her, and try to make things easier for her through our friendship.

Several months later, while we are working in the kitchen, I see Sandra standing at the door.

She stands strangely erect, her blue eyes opened far too wide. She stares into nothing. "Sandra, are you all right? Is something wrong?"

Slowly I see the veil lifting from her eyes, and slowly they fill with tears. With indescribable sadness she says:

"My Daddy has left us! My Daddy has left my Mummy and me!"

Tears come

And with her words her tears are released. I take her into my arms so she can cry out her sorrow. And I cry for her. Why are adults permitted to hurt children so deeply?

Sandra and her mother leave shortly afterwards. She has found a job where she can look after her little girl. We are sad to lose her.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Main is disgusted with me.

Although I find it praiseworthy of him to clean the table after his breakfast, I object to the use of the hand-broom for this purpose. We use the broom to clean after the cat and the general dirt.

"Mr. Main! Good grief, WHAT are you doing?"

"What am I doing? As you see, I am cleaning the table. What's wrong with that?" He is most surprised.

"Nothing is wrong with cleaning the table," I say helplessly, "but to use this dirty, messy broom to do it IS!"

I must have hurt his bachelor pride, for now he lets me have a bit of his mind:

"You are—you are nothing but a fastidious woman! Fussy, that's what you are! You have nothing to do all day, that's why you have the time to be overtidy. A fuss-pot! Don't YOU tell ME what I must do!"

★ ★ ★

Well, people come and go, move in and move out. We are all in the same boat.

One day, so dream most of us, we will have a nice house of our own and we'll laugh about everything. Time goes on. We save and wait.

Wedding bells ring for Hans Frische. He has left us, and once again we have said a fond farewell.

For our family, it is two further years until the longed-for moment has arrived. We buy our house! Our happiness reaches the extreme.

The unsuccessful bidders and curious bystanders are leaving. Gisela puts her little hand into mine and asks, "Are you happy, Mummy?"

Tears of excitement stream down my cheeks, and my hand is madly shaking as I sign the cheque for my deposit.

A Christmas message to the understanding Mother

If you have a little girl . . . in her formative years . . . present her with a "Budding Beauty" gift this Christmas. "Budding Beauty" bath care toiletries were created by Tussy for little girls from ten to teens. "Budding Beauty" will help them *now*, to appreciate, and prefer the fresh-flower, delicate perfumes in life. "Budding Beauty" gifts will give little girls confidence in their use of perfumes — and confidence in you, as an understanding mother.

BUDDING BEAUTY

a fragrance for little girls from ten to teens (pert, cute and oh-so-delicate)



Skin Perfume and Hand Lotion 16/- □ Talc and Guest Soap 12/- □ Skin Perfume and Guest Soap 12/-

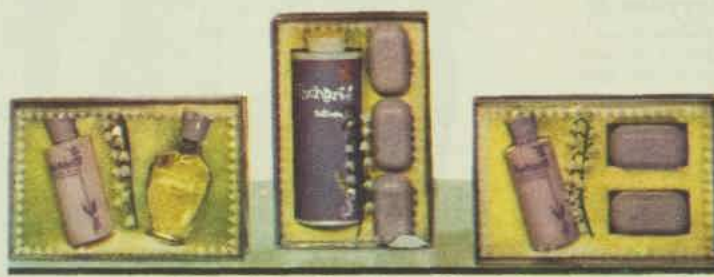


Powder Mitt 13/9 □ Soap-on-a-Rope 13/6 □ Bath Cubes 6/6 □ Skin Perfume, Hand Lotion and Guest Soap 19/-

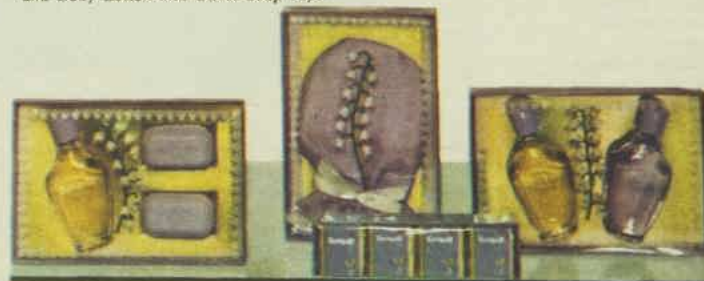
If you have a young beauty in your life (already with a mind of her own!), give her an "Enchanté" gift this Christmas. It will show her that you appreciate her emergence into womanhood. You will also indicate with your gift, the right path for her to take with perfumes. That's because "Enchanté" bath care toiletries were created especially for the early twenties. Young, fresh, feminine! With just a hint of spice.

ENCHANTÉ

a fragrance for the young — enchanting, fresh-flower, with just a hint of spice!



Skin Perfume and Hand and Body Lotion 21/6 □ Talc and Guest Soap 14/9 □ Hand and Body Lotion and Guest Soap 12/3



Skin Perfume and Guest Soap 15/9 □ Satin Powder Mitt 14/6 □ Perfume Cubes 8/6 □ Skin Perfume and Bath Oil 24/-

TUSSY
est Terrifique!

There are only three ways to sew—by machine by hand and with elna



new elna world's best from Switzerland

Advertisement

Beautify your complexion



YOUTHFUL, line-free loveliness is restored to the complexion when it is generously nourished at night. After removing your make-up, massage gently with Ulan vitalizing night cream, paying particular attention to the crow's-feet area where ageing lines and wrinkles first appear. This skin nourishment should be maintained during the day by smoothing in a film of oil of Ulan before making-up.

... Margaret Merril

FEATURES
JOKES
FICTION

16

for all the family in
Everybody's

look alive with The
The Bulletin
Political comment • News & Views
EVERY WEEK, ONLY 2/-

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE solved the mystery of Opolo, who has now returned to his native land and his beloved Adrana. This week a new adventure. NOW READ ON...



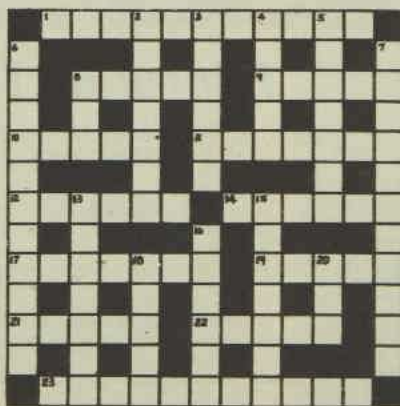
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. I reap fast in this disparaging approbation (5, 6).
8. Carpenter's instrument in which a car turns (5).
9. A super may keep his money there (5).
10. Additional in a complex tragedy (5).
11. Quivering effect, in which you get a lot more (7).
12. Ceremonial and mostly moral (6).
14. Gets up (6).
17. Comes to pass (7).
19. Draw conclusion from carotin fertilizer (5).
21. Indian corn (5).
22. Composer of Fra Diavolo (5).
23. When rare tea is found in pottery (11).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. In a rag a river between the U.S.A. and Canada (7).
3. Rest in an Italian river makes your music very quick (6).
4. Copious of a politician and the French (5).
5. Shakespeare, in "As You Like It," Act II, finds them in stones (7).
6. Based on experience, not theory (4, 2, 5).
7. Show with a devil's treat (11).
8. Small piece of a rabbit (3).
13. Facsimile (7).
15. At night this is the shepherd's delight (7).
16. Find a way out (6).
18. Anything that happens (5).
20. Tree to be found in an infirmary (3).

Rodd

TABLE SILVER

lovely

Gardenia

PATTERN

is my choice



44-piece Service
£23.16.0



With the gay, modern lines of "Gardenia", RODD brings you the smartest contemporary table silver at a remarkable price—£23.16.0 for a 44-piece service, with silver-handled knives. A full range of matching pieces is available, too. "Gardenia" may also be purchased with gracefully shaped pearlex-handled knives for only £18.18.0. For a free folder illustrating all RODD patterns, write to RODD (AUST.) LTD., Dept. A, P.O. Box 117, St. Kilda, Vic.

Rodd

H934

THE LOOK AND FEEL OF QUALITY

Advertisement

Lemons for Beauty

To keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamor of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

MAY WE SUGGEST?

THE IDEAL GIFT
for friends in
Australia or Overseas
is a

Gift Subscription

to

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Notes	1/2 Year	1 Year
Aust.	£1/10/6	£3/9/6
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/6
New Zealand		
S. Fiji	£2/12/6	£5/5/6
Foreign	£3/5/6	£6/11/6

THE IDEAL GIFT!

look alive with The

The Bulletin

Political comment • News & Views
EVERY WEEK, ONLY 2/-

she is. He practically ordered her out of the house, so she handed him her keys and said when he came to his senses he could find her at their New York apartment. She refused my suggestion of a settlement or separate maintenance, and I understand she's gone back to work and is supporting herself. I shouldn't be telling you all this, but I wasn't the lawyer in the case and I feel no obligation to keep Harry Caldwell's manoeuvres a secret. And now, if you'll tell me why you're asking—?"

"Mr. Caldwell died this morning and two reputable physicians call it death by poison."

Rankin stared at him owlishly for a long minute. Then he gave a short cynical laugh.

"You find it funny, Mr. Rankin?"

"No. Not his death, though he

Continued from page 98

was asking for trouble. What's funny is that doll-faced ghoul overreached herself this time." The memory of Leila's "Lanky Ranky" still festered.

"Will you explain, please?"

"Mrs. Caldwell had scruples against divorce. So Harry went over her head and bought himself one in a Reno mill. To the best of my belief, Mrs. Caldwell didn't lift a finger to fight it. If I'm right, she's still his wife—his widow—in the eyes of the New York courts and, consequently, his heir."

"You're saying—?"

"If she didn't contest or have legal representation in the Nevada action, New York doesn't recognise the second marriage."

STRICTLY A LOSER

Storm left with a flea in his ear. Did Susan Caldwell have legal representation in the Reno court? If she did not, was it deliberate? If it was, her motive for killing Caldwell stood out like a sore thumb. He would have to find out how she was fixed on opportunity. Altogether, she was a tremendous question mark. Both Tyler and Rankin had mentioned her return of the house keys so definitely that the emphasis on it was fishy in itself. Who had made such a point of it and why?

And everybody had a good word for her, the dour Victor Crane, the airy Tyler, and the humorless Rankin. Not a dissenting voice. Was anybody all that perfect? He

decided he would have to see this paragon. Logic told him that if this was murder (and it looked very like it) he had a cut-and-dried suspect in Leila Caldwell. She certainly had means, opportunity, and motive, if you could believe the Greenaway women, while any case against Susan Caldwell was shadowy in the extreme.

How many women would know a legal technicality such as Rankin had mentioned? He himself had been hazy on the subject. And granting that she knew that Caldwell's death would make her fabulously wealthy, how could she have known that just that night Caldwell would leave the garage door unprotected by the alarm,

even if she had had an extra key to get in with? It just didn't hold water.

He didn't know himself why he decided to jump the gun and see Susan that very night. Possibly a feeling of fair play for the vulnerable Leila made him bend over backward to give her every chance.

But first he went back to the barracks to clear up the reports of other cases on his desk and to wait for real news from Dr. Passmore and the laboratory. At six o'clock he went off duty, leaving word he could be reached at home. He lived with a widowed sister and was just finishing dinner when the awaited message came: Harry Caldwell had died of nicotine poisoning, and the jar of tomato marmalade was loaded with the deadly drug.

Roberts, the lab chemist, made an informed guess: "I've isolated nearly two ounces of the stuff in the jam jar. It's strong but not refined. I believe you can rule out drug-gists' solutions."

"A commercial product?"

"That's my opinion. I used it myself last year in a spray when we had that Japanese beetle pest. I threw it out, though, because it was too risky to have around with the kids in the house."

"Easy to buy?"

"Oh, sure. There are dozens of patent bug-killers on the market full of it."

"There's a can and a half of nicotine insect killer in the Caldwell garage."

"Shoot 'em over and we'll print 'em."

"You've got them. Your print man is probably trying to get me right now."

"Then I'll hang up. But don't go haywire. Probably every household in Greenaway's got a can of the stuff in the garage. Most of 'em think more of their gardens than they do of anything else."

"I'll remember. And thanks."

The print man did call five minutes later with the news that the can had been wiped clean of all prints. That ruled out accident or suicide . . .

SUSAN'S mood of exhilaration was still with her on Saturday morning, but tempered now by a canny care for self-protection. Knowing Harry's habits as well as she did, she felt it was likely that there would be immediate results to her last night's actions. The half-full jar of marmalade in the refrigerator indicated that he was still indulging in his favorite sweet, and at a leisurely Saturday breakfast he would probably go right on indulging it.

That meant that death and news of the death might be immediate. Commonsense told her that Harry's ex-wife would come under a certain amount of scrutiny in the investigation which was bound to follow. Since it was no part of her plan to pay the penalty for what she had done, she must act her new role up to the hilt.

When her phone rang she was quite sure it was the police, and she set herself to react with recent but not too emotional shock. It was Ruth Crane. She gave Susan the news and all the details of Lieutenant Storm's interview with them.

She finished: "He asked for your address, so he's probably coming to see you. I thought you ought to know so it won't be such a shock hearing it from the police."

Susan acquitted herself well; just the right amount of horror, regret, and disinterestedness. She thanked Ruth for her thoughtfulness and promised to phone her soon.

To be concluded

Copyright (c) 1965 by Edna Sherry.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscript, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4085WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

CHOCOLATE RECIPE IDEAS FROM CADBURY'S



Yule Log Cake

YOU'LL LOVE BAKING IT . . .
THEY'LL LOVE EATING IT!

INGREDIENTS: 3 eggs, 4 ozs. castor sugar, 4 ozs. self raising flour—less 1 tablespoon, 1 tablespoon Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons boiling water.

METHOD: Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs. Add a pinch of salt to the whites and beat till stiff, but not dry, beat in the sugar in three portions. Add the yolks and beat until thick and creamy. Sift the flour and cocoa together three times and fold lightly into the mixture, using a scraper or metal spoon. Add the hot liquid and fold lightly into the mixture. Pour into a swiss roll tray, approximately 13" x 9", which has been greased and lined on the bottom and sides with paper. Bake in a moderately hot oven 375° or Regulo 6 Gas—425° Electric for 10-12 minutes. Turn out onto greaseproof paper which has been sprinkled with castor sugar. Carefully remove the tray lining paper and roll up with the sugar-sprinkled paper inside. Leave to cool and then gently unroll. Remove the paper and spread with sweetened whipped cream. Re-roll and completely cover with chocolate butter cream.

Decorate with a sprig of holly.

CHOCOLATE BUTTER CREAM: 4 ozs. butter, 12 ozs. icing sugar, 2 tablespoons Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, boiling water, vanilla essence.

METHOD: Cream the butter, and gradually add the sifted icing sugar and cocoa. Add sufficient boiling water to make a soft spreading consistency. Flavour with a few drops of vanilla essence.



Chocolate Coconut Ice

ALWAYS A FAVOURITE . . .
CHRISTMAS OR ANY TIME!

INGREDIENTS: 1 lb. icing sugar, ½ lb. coconut, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 egg whites—slightly beaten, 4 ozs. Copha—melted but not hot, 1 dessertspoon Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa—sifted.

METHOD: Sift the icing sugar into a basin, add the coconut, vanilla and egg whites. Add the Copha and mix thoroughly. Press half of the mixture into a 6" square cake tin lined with greaseproof paper, making sure to completely cover the base of the tin. Add the sifted cocoa to the remaining mixture, mixing until the cocoa is evenly blended. Press the chocolate mixture evenly onto the white layer. Stand in a cool place to set, then cut into small blocks.

"Christmas comes but once a year" and when it does, reach for Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa. Nothing else gives you the deep-down chocolate flavour that makes Yule Log Cake or Chocolate Coconut Ice so popular with all the family. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa is so pure, so finely ground, that it blends to perfection with all other cake ingredients. Never be without Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa at Christmas or any time.



B11/FPC/5

PUT THAT 'PERSONAL TOUCH' INTO ALL YOUR COOKING WITH

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

Gala trimmings at little cost

● These lovely Christmas decorations are inexpensive and easy to copy, and are composed mainly of household odds and ends, with the addition of paint, glitter, and bright ribbons. The decorations will be among exhibits at the sixth annual Festival of Christmas Trees to be held in the Blackwood Memorial Hall, Adelaide, on December 9, 10, and 11 in aid of the Father Adelaide Christmas Fund, which each year provides gifts for 2000 underprivileged children.

FESTIVE WREATH (right).

Door wreath is made from double sheets of newspaper. Cut one double piece about 15in. in diameter and the second about 13in. in diameter. Cut 5/8in. hole in centre of each, and cut into eight sections with end of incisions about 1/4in. from centre edge. Pin back the outer ends of each of the eight sections to form cone shapes. Spray with gold inside and out and add glitter when still wet. Pin to 6in. plastic wreath base (these can be bought at department stores) and tie a circle of tinsel at the base of each cone. Add ribbon bow or Christmas ornament or holly if desired, for a pretty finish. Made by Mrs. F. Jones, of Blackwood, S.A.

Pictures by Vic Grimmert



MATCHBOX TREE (shown above).

Matchboxes make novel trimming on this tree decorated by Mrs. W. T. Lyne, of Eden Hills, S.A. Cover the boxes with colored paper, then glue on Christmas motifs. (These can be cut from old used Christmas paper.) Glue glitter to boxes. Attach ribbons inside each box lid, allow them to trail down.

UMBRELLA TREE (shown right).

Umbrella tree stands on 6in.-square wooden stand which is covered with gold or silver paper. Centre pole is a piece of bamboo. Three lampshade rings (16in., 10in., and 3in. in diameter) are placed at equal intervals and secured by green braid or ribbons. (You'll need about 14yds. of ribbons.) Finish off tree by making red ribbon bows (another 14yds.) to pin to rings. Made by Mrs. Ainslie Roberts, of Belair, S.A.



PAINTED BRANCHES (shown above).

Dry branches make excellent Christmas trees. Strip branch (about 20in. in length), taper it from top. Paint with black enamel, sprinkle it with gold or silver glitter. Embed in a 3in. plastic flower-pot with plaster of paris. Paint pot black and top red, sprinkle with glitter. The tree (at left above) is decorated with colored baubles, smaller tree with poppy seed heads painted in reds, greens, sprinkled with glitter. The seeds are threaded with copper wire. Made by Mrs. R. R. Roads, Eden Hills, S.A.

HOLIDAY HAIR CARE

● The girl whose hair looks casually spruce and well cared for on holiday has almost certainly taken no end of trouble to make it so.

THE two big enemies of a well-kept summer-coiff are dryness and a tight scalp, caused by that extra dose of sun and sea, and it's important to know how to handle them.

The treatment is oil, oil, and more oil, and the idea is to get doing in advance of your holiday as well as at the time.

Give yourself an oil shampoo treatment at least a week beforehand. To do this, make a parting in your hair and rub in a little warm olive oil on a piece of cotton-wool. Then make another parting an inch away and do the same thing, repeating all over the head.

Next wring out a cloth in hot water and wrap it round your head to force the oil into the scalp. Leave about 10 minutes, renewing the heat if need be, then shampoo in the ordinary way after massaging the scalp with the fingertips, moving the scalp well all over.

At other times, you can step-up the good work by following your shampoo with an extra, final lather with one of the good conditioning creams before the final rinse. These leave the hair glossy without suggestion of stickiness.

— CAROLYN EARLE

Handling money with a budget

FOR many students leaving school the problem of handling their own money is at hand, but many teenagers do not know the advantage of a budget.

All that is needed is a small amount of time, commonsense, and a little willpower. The rewards for this small outlay are great. There are four things a budget will achieve for you:

1. It will make you the master of your own financial affairs.

2. It will help you to make sure that you live within your income.

3. It will help you make sensible divisions of money for both luxuries and necessities.

4. It will help you save for future pleasures and emergencies.

The simpler you make your budget, the easier it will be to keep. Allow enough for the necessities you must pay for, allow a little more than enough for expenses which can't be estimated accurately.

Most important, don't set yourself impossible targets, and bank a little each week for a special holiday account.

— "Budget," Echuca, Vic.

Dress judgment

TO prove a point, I went to a dance wearing a frock which, although neat, was not very up-to-the-minute in style. I didn't have one dance.

A week later I went to the same dance hall in a modern shift, and although I'm far from pretty I had almost every dance. I proved my point, but was rather shocked at the same time.

Teenagers DO regard clothes as the most important aspect of looks. I hope that by the time these teenagers have grown up they will be able to accept people for what they are, not for what they wear.

— Julie Fields, Gordon Park, Qld.

Better future

WE all like pop tunes, and at the moment protest tunes are the rave. All the modern teenagers are standing up and shouting about the ruin and suffering that goes on in the world—their own pessimistic natures shining through.

But exactly how many of us realise that these songs are brainwashing us into being morose and bitter?

We, the teenagers, have the greatest gift there is, that of having the world to build into a place where either bitterness or friendship and harmony can prevail.

Protests are no good, they fall on deaf ears. Protests about the war in Vietnam are pointless and stupid. Be realistic. The older generation have this war going. But when you are older and take over, you will be able to prevent war, making the world a better place to live in.

In a few years you will have power in your hands. Will you use it wisely or put it to bad use? A great many of you, when you read this, will say, "Yes, that boy is right. He has the answer." And you will promptly forget it.

If this is the case, then I have written in vain. — Peter J. King, Granville, N.S.W.

Rules for boys

BOYS, if you want to win your girlfriend's respect, never:

Call on her at inconvenient times.
Invite yourself around to her home.

Ask what she is going to wear when taking her out.

Be uncomplimentary towards her.

Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

BEATNIK



"Do you always make them so happy when you ask them for a date?"

Display ill manners in front of her.

Insist on anything that she doesn't want.

Talk about other girls in front of her.

Better yourself by lying.

Boast or act tough while you are with her.

Swear or use crude language in front of her — or anyone else. — "Ashley," Glen Waverley, Vic.

School spirit

THERE is definitely a lack of school spirit, and I would put it down to many reasons. Chiefly there is not enough emphasis put on teamwork.

The student teamwork of a school is outside the schoolroom, and I think the trouble could be rectified by having school clubs, actively working in lunch hours and after school, with students

engaged in activities from motor mechanics to making puppets.

These clubs would stem from the students' hobbies, and would provide more togetherness at school, thus providing the interest needed by the pupils in their school.

In sport, if a student is not participating, he or she seems to lose interest, and this should not be so. In American schools they have cheer squads for those not playing. This not only makes a lot of noise and adds color, but the squad members look as though they are having as much or more fun than the team playing. — "President," Wangaratta, Vic.

School study

AS a progressive solution to the problem of students not being able to study because of unfavorable conditions at home, my school, Heidelberg High, has opened its library on weeknights.

With facilities for study and access to books, many students have approached their studies with fresh enthusiasm.

Perhaps with a little more original thought other students could have their chances improved instead of having vainly to study against a background of family discussion and TV. — Anne Quinlan, Ivanhoe, Vic.

38-24-38
HOURGLASS DAY

ROUND
ROBIN

● I see that a German beauty contest recently ended with the girls walking out on strike.

THEY told the organisers that they had decided the prizes and facilities were inadequate.

Industrial trouble in the beauty queen business has been brewing for a long time.

Beauty contestants say that organisers make money letting men ogle them.

So, they say, they are entitled to a fair day's pay for a fair day's smirk.

And every girl enters a contest hoping for a good award. On the other hand, organisers point out that they want only single girls—thus, non-union labor.

And, they say, the girls already get appearance money. Of course, quest organisers cannot complain if their girls take industrial action. They want striking beauties.

Anyway, the upshot of the German dispute was that the opposing parties went into court to settle the matter.

The case was delayed for a while when the beauty queen's counsel, Miss Dresden, challenged the organisers' lawyer.

She claimed he was wearing a wig.

The beauties said that because they had to wear bikinis in cold weather they wanted danger money.

The organisers countered that often the girls wore full-length evening gowns — and the girls didn't have a bare leg to stand on. The case resulted in a mixed verdict.

The judge told the girls their strike was illegal and warned them never again to call, "Every body out!"

But he gave tall girls in bikinis long surface leave.

— Robin Adair

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



Pick of the bunch

● Five beautiful bridal bouquets, made by Australia's five top junior florists, were on display in Melbourne during an Interflora convention, held there recently.

THE junior bridal bouquet competition was a "play off" for the five State representatives who had won their local championships back in August.

The girls competing, all under 21, had to design the bouquets to be displayed with a wedding dress.

Before the competition they were sent a sketch of the dress and samples of the heavy white crepe and lace used in its making.

They worked out their designs and were then flown to Melbourne for the staging of the competition.

In less than two hours they created their bridal bouquets from flowers they had ordered in Melbourne the same day.

The winning bouquet was created by Victorian entrant Laraine Hall, aged 20, who has been working in a florist shop

in Balacava for nearly six years.

Entrants from the other States were Lorraine Fisher, of Adelaide (20), Denise Rollason, of Brisbane (18), Sandra Damm, of Perth (19), and Maureen Turnen, of Sydney (20).

This was the first junior bouquet competition organised, and it caused so much interest it could become an annual event.

—JAYNE STUART

LEFT: Sydney entry was made by Maureen Turnen. She used a long trail of roses for her bouquet. The rose leaves and the maiden-hair fern provided a dainty, pretty backing.



RIGHT: Top Australian junior florists proudly display their bouquets. They are, from left: Lorraine Fisher, of Adelaide; Maureen Turnen, of Sydney; Laraine Hall, the winner, from Victoria; Sandra Damm, of Perth; and Denise Rollason, of Brisbane.

FIVE GIRLS WHO SAY IT WITH FLOWERS



MODEL Lorraine Childs holds Laraine Hall's winning bouquet.



Teenagers
WEEKLY

VIETNAM DIGGERS DIG LUCKY STARR

● Australian pop singer Lucky Starr recently flew to Vietnam, at his own expense, to entertain Australian, New Zealand, and American troops. With the Sydney band The Rajahs he travelled to military areas by helicopter. He often gave 12 shows a day.



A GROUP of Australian soldiers climbed on top of an Army truck for a better view. You can pick the Americans in the crowd by their hats, like baseball caps.



TROOPS in Vietnam roared approval when Lucky sang his top hit, "I've Been Everywhere." He was the first Australian entertainer to sing for the troops so far.

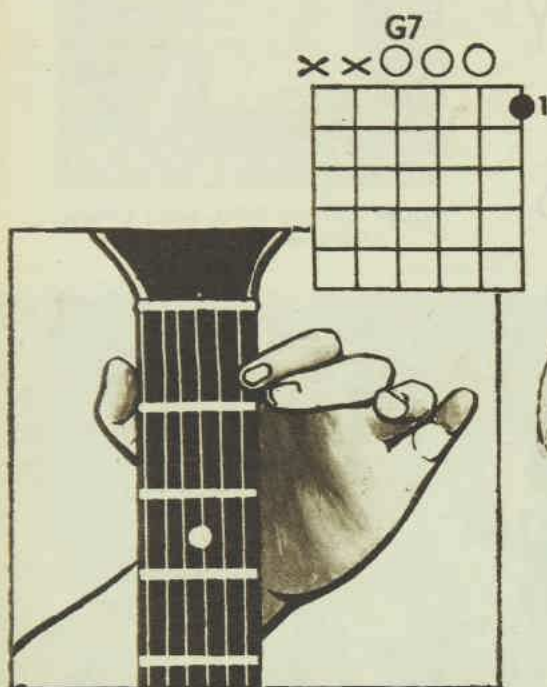


THE "STAGE"—a table-top truck—was draped with colored parachutes when Lucky Starr and The Rajahs gave this show for more than 500 soldiers.

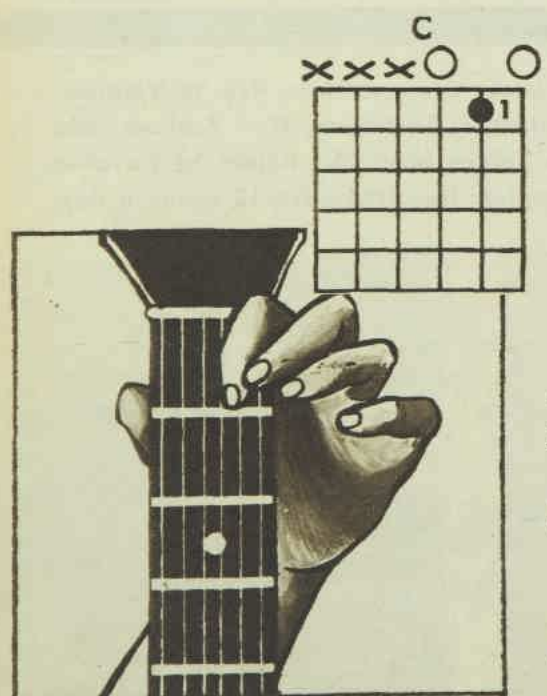
**Easy, no-strings-attached
(well, almost!) system**

By
**CARROLL
CALKINS**

COMPLETE ON *How the*



● Your first chord is simple. Press down the first string just behind the first fret with the first finger of your left hand. Strum the four outside strings, and you have a G7.



● For the tonic chord in the key of C, move your first finger over one string on the same fret. Strum only three strings. O indicates unfingered (open) strings. Don't strum strings marked X.



● You can tell by the sounds they make that most musical instruments hate beginners. But the guitar, bless it, is a friend to all.

A CHILD can strum across the strings and make a pleasant sound; the great virtuoso can spend a lifetime and never plumb its fullest depth; and YOU can easily learn to play.

Take a guitar in hand (someone you know must have one) and hold it as shown above. Instantly you look like a guitar player.

Slowly strum the strings with your right thumb. You still aren't in trouble. Go this far without practice on other instruments and, musically, you've had it.

With only two chords you can accompany many numbers

Put the index finger of your left hand just behind the first wire crosspiece (fret) and press down on the first string—the one on the far side of the neck.

Now nonchalantly strum the four outside strings with your right thumb. Congratulations, you have just played a G7 chord.

Next, with your index finger placed on the second string, you can play a C chord. With these two chords at your

command you can accompany yourself (or the Vienna Boys' Choir) while singing a surprising number of songs.

The drawings (left) show how to finger the chords. Put your finger where the dots are—right on the strings, just behind the frets. Frets are numbered from the top of the neck.

Whenever possible, strings on the first fret are pressed with the first finger of the left hand. Strings on the second fret with the second finger, and the third fret with the third finger.

Hold the guitar properly and your fingers fall naturally into position.

Starting with the G7 chord, which is easiest, draw your right thumb across the first four strings (the outside four). We'll come to grips with the other two strings later.

You'll find it easier to hit just the four outside strings with your thumb if you rest your little finger on top of the guitar.

If the strings make a buzzing or muffled sound, push down harder or move closer to the fret until the tone is clean and clear as you stroke the strings. Now, with the first finger of the left hand, try the C chord.

Strum this a few times and change to G7. When you can do this with fair proficiency you are ready to step confidently into the tuneful world of the folksinger.

THESE PAGES to play guitar



Here are three songs you can sing right now—while strumming your two favorite chords.

Your first triumph on the guitar will be to play the accompaniment for "Oh, My Darling Clementine," an old favorite that everyone can sing and, incidentally, calls for just two chords.

For now, stick with the simplified chords so far. After a few sessions with these you'll be ready to add the bass notes and play all six strings, as explained below, at right.

The lyrics here are printed to show you which chord to play when. Sing all the words printed in light type to the C chord and all the words in **boldface** to the G7 chord.

An air of confidence is necessary to impress people

To get yourself on pitch (whenever singing in the key of C), pluck the open third string and start off in the neighborhood of that sound.

As for the tempo, if at first you can't keep up a steady one, two, three (it's a waltz you know), just strum the right chord at the beginning and middle of each line.

Strum with an air of confidence and no one will know the difference.

Remember: Light type for C, **boldface** for G7.

OH, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his daughter
Clementine.

Chorus:

Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling
Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry,
Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water, every morning,
just at nine,
Stubbed her toe upon a splinter, fell into the
foaming brine.

Chorus

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft
and fine;
But alas I was no swimmer, so I lost my
Clementine.

Chorus

Here's another good old song with an engaging melody.
It's in 2/4 time. Count one, two; one, two.

LONG LONG AGO

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long long ago, long long ago.
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,

Long long ago, long long ago.
Now you are come all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long long ago, long ago.

And, finally, here's a real swinger for an encore. Don't be discouraged, it sings much better than it reads—especially for a group. Play a good, steady rhythm, four beats to the measure, with the accent on two and four.

HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS

He's got the whole world in His hands,
He's got the whole wide world in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands,
He's got the whole world in His hands.

There are endless verses to this:
He's got the tiny little baby in His hands, etc.
He's got the brothers and sisters in His hands, etc.
He's got everybody in His hands—and so on.

You can make up more as you go along. Repeat the new line three times and end each stanza with the title line.

When you get to the point where you can concentrate on the sound of the chords instead of the fingering, your ear will tell you when the changes should come.

Don't let early success go to your head

When you are ready, here are some others to try which can all be played with the same two chords: "Skip to My Lou," "Polly Wolly Doodle," "She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain," and "Down in the Valley."

The best thing to do, after playing the first two or three in public, is to stop in the full blush of success.

Don't push your luck. Just say that your fingers are sore, which they will be.

And, above all, don't play for that audience again until you have learned the four other chords shown below. With

11 BOOKS FOR FURTHER GUITAR FUN AND STUDY

● To make the most of your newly won talent here are some books recommended for beginners by leading Australian guitar players:

THEY are available at most music shops and many bookshops . . .

- "Mel Bay's Modern Guitar Method." Seven books for various grades. 15/- each.
- Pete Seeger's "Folksinger's Guitar Guide." 34/-.
- "And More Folk Strums for Guitar," by Ronny Lee. 17/6.
- "Folklore for Guitar," by Hy White. 16/-.
- "Quick and Easy Guide to Playing Guitar," by Frederick M. Noad. 16/6.

all six chords at your command, you can accompany more than 100 songs.

Be prepared to resign yourself to the admiration that's sure to follow your musical success. Chin up. It's not so demanding to be the belle of the ball.

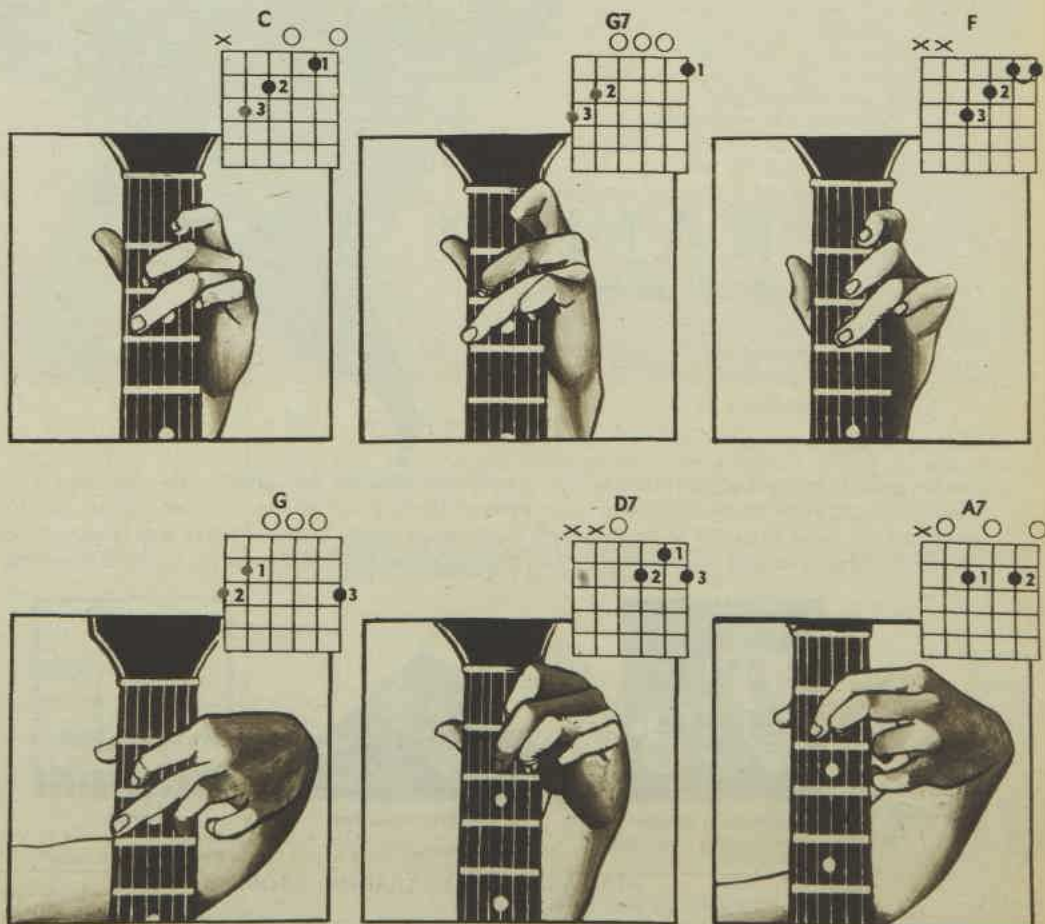
A note about the instrument:

The "folksinger's" guitar, with nylon strings, is easiest to learn on. You can buy one in most music stores. Needless to say, you get about what you pay for. It's hardly worthwhile to pay less than £15 or so for a new guitar and, as you learn, you'll probably want a better one.

Get a pitch pipe for tuning (one costs about 10/-) and use it often. No matter how well you play it all comes to nothing if the guitar is out of tune.

NOW, FOR THE SIX-STRING CHORDS . . .

● When you have mastered the simplified four-string chords, fingering shown in black, you will not find it difficult to add the fingering shown in grey and play the full six-string chords. The drawings show where each finger goes. You'll find F to be tricky (the first two strings are pressed with the one finger), but it will come with practice. You can now sing the two chord songs in the key of G by substituting G and D7 for C and G7.



Louise
Hunter

Here's
your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Beaching him

"I AM 15 and in love with a 16-year-old boy, and I am sure he loves me. My problem is that he lives and works in Sydney and his parents have a weekend near our place. I met him at the local theatre one Saturday night. That is the only night I see him, as he goes to another beach on Sundays. I don't want to ring him up at work as he might get into trouble, although he is always telling me to. How can I talk him into coming to my beach? Do you think I should ring him at work?"

"In Love," N.S.W.

No, don't ring him up at work. Next time you see him on a Saturday night, say something like "Why don't you come to our beach

tomorrow—it's beaut there." Tell him where you and your friends will be sitting. If you go home for lunch, say that he could go with you if he liked.

She drops them

"I AM a fairly attractive girl of 17. The thing that worries me immensely is that when I go out with a boy I like I soon grow tired of him and drop him. Do you think that I will ever change? If not, it is quite obvious that I will never get married. My mother and my friends say I am stupid and there must be something wrong with me. Are they right? I know I am too young to be thinking of marriage now, but I have been like this ever since I was 14

and show no signs of changing." "Fickle," Tas.

One day when you meet someone who will be special for you, you will change. I don't think there is anything wrong with you. What makes you different is only that you know your own mind. Stop worrying.

Asking him out

"I HAVE just turned 21 and I like a boy who plays in a band. He came to my party after the dance and gave me a box of chocolates, but not even a kiss for my birthday. He is 22 and doesn't have a steady girlfriend. I am really wrapped in him and would like to go steady with him. He comes and talks to me when he's off stage, but that's as far as it goes. I would like to get to know him better, and my greatest wish is to go out with him."

"Dancer," Vic.

Next time there is a party on ask him to go with you. If, however, he makes an excuse not to go, you will have to accept the fact that he is not interested in you as a girlfriend. Unless he is very shy I believe he would have asked you out before now if he was keen on you, though his work with the band probably stops him going out very much.

He's made threats

"THERE is a boy who is absolutely crazy about me. I met him about two months ago. He is the same age and height as I. He has asked me out many times, but I have always said no. I like him as a friend only. I told him this and he said that we could make the best of it. I see him every day, and he gave me a ring, which I didn't want. His friend said he would hate me if I didn't go out with him. Last week his friend told me that if they saw me go out with another boy they would bash him up. Please tell me what to do?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

First of all, are you sure you're not enjoying the drama—and half encouraging it? If you are not, and there is any sign of real trouble, you should tell your parents. I think that as soon as you show him you mean what you say he will stop being so silly. Keep being friendly toward him, but don't be bullied into going with him unless you want to.

Leaving school

"I AM not sure whether I should go back to school next year or leave and go to work. I am in fourth year. Earlier in the year my parents and I had a disagreement and they sent me away to school. Should I go back to school as they wish, or leave? If I did leave school would they be disappointed in me?"

"Confused," N.S.W.

I am sure your parents would be disappointed if you left school, but that is not the only reason you should stay. You might not realise it now, but two years is not a long time and the extra education you will get will make a difference for the rest of your life. Stay at school and be glad you have the chance.

Work for charity

"I WOULD like to do some charity work which would involve working with people of my own age and would be grateful if you could suggest a suitable organisation to join."

"Nineteen," Vic.

Ask around your friends if they know of any organisation. If not, ring your local council or ask your local church. There are many charitable organisations that would welcome your help, but you will need to find one with a branch in your neighborhood.

Don't forget ...

Give him
PYRAMID
The Quality Handkerchief

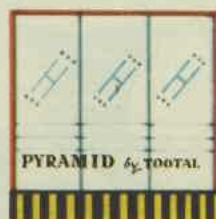
Director or Dogman—playboy or plasterer, Pyramid Handkerchiefs are the Christmas gift every man is proud to receive. Faultlessly finished from the finest Egyptian cotton, Pyramid Handkerchiefs tell him he's mighty special. Your man, for instance, knows that the name PYRAMID on handkerchiefs always spells quality. In snowy whites, with or without initials, in dashing colours, too, Pyramid Handkerchiefs are one gift he'll be proud to use. And how clever of you to choose something so inexpensive.



Boxed White or Coloured
3 handkerchiefs ... 13/6
6 handkerchiefs ... 27/-



De Luxe Deep Rich Satins
Single ... 5/11
Gold box of 3 ... 19/6



Initialed
Single ... 4/11
Box of 3 ... 14/9

AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



2153

3559.—Sleeveless, back-buttoned dress with contrast skirt and fringe trim. Scarf with bias tape tie. Sizes 2 to 6X (21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 25in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.



3512

2153.—Young Junior and Teen full-skirted dress with fitted bodice, self-bound shallow neck, eyelet trim threaded with ribbon. Bust sizes: Young Jun., 30½, 31½, 33in.; Teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. Price 5/- includes postage.

2704.—Holiday or sportswear wardrobe all in one pattern. Reversible jacket, shift, long pants, Jamaica shorts, and overblouse. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3512.—Pretty cowl-necked blouse and self-tie belt especially designed for sheer fabrics. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 5/- includes postage.

3012.—Misses and Women's dress with raglan-sleeve detail and slightly bloused bodice, slim skirt. Raglan-sleeved jacket pattern also provided. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Price 5/9 includes postage.

3471.—Princess-seamed, semi-fitted, slightly A-line dress with scooped neckline detail. Pattern also includes semi-fitted coat. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 7/- includes postage.



3559



3012



3471

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		

This month in Reader's Digest a leading pediatrician, who is also a mother, writes about:

The World Within The Womb

THE SECRET WORLD OF THE UNBORN

As weightless as an astronaut, the unborn baby swims in his balloon of fluid with the grace of an underwater swimmer. He sees, hears . . . even cries if he's uncomfortable.

In the same issue read about how Mrs. Hayden, Mrs. Liszt and Mrs. Berlioz conspired to *silence* their husbands, in the article:

MEN, WOMEN AND MUSIC

As soon as the music becomes halfway audible, wives ask: "Does it have to be so loud?" Here a husband gropes for Freudian support to explain why women feel "threatened" by music . . . why they think hi-fi is "the latest refuge of a scoundrel."

These and many more absorbing articles, including:

Give your mind a chance

This businessman had to break a thigh-bone to learn a lesson many people never learn: snap judgements need review . . . some period should be set up every day just for thinking! Read how quickly you can improve your life if you make use of some of your unused thinking capacity.

Your voice is you

Nothing else about you is at once so versatile and so distinctively yours. It reveals much to a job interviewer or a psychologist. Read how your "voice box" functions its split-second operation controlled by your brain . . . and about the new voice-operated door lock: it opens only if you say "Open, Sesame!"

Why Negroes Riot

Read why: Negro leaders can't prevent riots without being smeared as "Uncle Toms!"

Five little pigs

Imagine losing your heart to a litter of wild pigs! It happened to Irving Petite, and he tells why in this condensation from his book, *The Elderberry Tree*. Read why he says, "Their sheer gusto reassures me in my own attitude to life: live each day as if it were a heaven-sent gift . . . it is!"

The wonder of the winds

What are the 2 primary causes of the world's winds? Why can a west wind raise temp. 62° in Montana in a few hours? — while a "norther" can drop Texas air 53° overnight? Here's a report of the awesome behaviour of the great shaper of storms, rainfall, droughts and man's destiny.

"R U there madam?"

A fascinating document that preserves the record of a 6-month struggle between a helpless customer and a department store computer.

READING AT ITS BEST! THERE IS SO MUCH IN THIS MONTH'S READER'S DIGEST TO INTEREST YOU.

Reader's Digest

DECEMBER ISSUE 2/6 at your Newsagent NOW!



Seasons
greetings
from

ROTHMANS
OF HOLLAND & AMSTERDAM



SPECIAL GIFT PACKS. 50 AND 100